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## NONNOS DIONYSIACA

III





# NONNOS DIONYSIACA

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## PREFACE

I SHOULD like to have written an estimate of Nonnos as poet and man of letters, but that is hardly what would be expected in a translation. His Niagara of words is apt to overwhelm the reader, and his faults are easy to see; but if we stand in shelter behind the falls, we can see many real beauties, and we can see his really wonderful skill in managing his metre long after stress had displaced the old musical accent. He has left his mark, indirectly at least, on English literature; for one man of genius was for ever quoting him, and had him in mind when he created his incomparable and immortal drunkard, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. He it was who summed up in four lines the sordid ambitions of all the tyrants of the world, from Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar to Timour and Attila and Napoleon,

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter.  
And so we thought it meeter  
To carry off the latter.

W. H. D. ROUSE

HISTON MANOR  
CAMBRIDGE  
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## ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

### ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ

#### • ΤΩΝ ΥΠΟΛΕΙΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἕκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης  
Βάκχος Δηριάδῃ κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἑβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης  
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἶθοπι δαλιῷ  
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἡνιοχῆος.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λείσσεις  
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰδῶν.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαϊγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἰδῶν,  
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νιεί Μύρρης  
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτῃ.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφῃνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι λιγαίῳ  
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἡμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὁππόθι μέλπῳ  
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐννώ.

## SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

### HEADINGS OF THE LAST THIRTEEN BOOKS OF THE *DIONYSIACA*

- (36) In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.
- (37) When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.
- (38) When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaëthon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.
- (39) In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.
- (40) The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.
- (41) The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amy-mone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.
- (42) The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.
- (43) Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

## SUMMARY OF BOOKS

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἦχι γυναῖκας  
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψαι, ὁππόθι Πεν-  
θεὺς  
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ἑκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἴδε πλέον, ἦχι ιοήσεις  
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκτον Ἀγαύην.

Ἑρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἑβδομον, ὁππόθι Περ-  
σεὺς  
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἀβροχίτων Ἀριάδῃ.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἶμα Γιγάντων,  
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Λῦρης.



## SUMMARY OF BOOKS

- (44) The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.
- (45) See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaïos.
- (46) See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.
- (47) Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icaros, and Ariadne in her rich robes.
- (48) In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.



NONNOS  
DIONYSIACA

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἔκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης  
Βάκχος Δηριαδῇ κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

Ὡς φάμενος θάρσυνε γεγηθότας ἡγεμονίῃας·  
Δηριάδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.  
ἀμφοτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ραετῆρες Ὀλύμπου  
κεκριμένοι στέλλοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐννοῦς,  
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου. 3  
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ὑψίζυγος ἰψόθι Κέριης  
Ἄρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδόν· οὐρανιόθεν δὲ  
ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεις προκαλίζετο κυαιοχαίτης  
Ἥελιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ἄρης, Ἥφαιστος Ἰδάσπην·  
Ἥρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὀρεστιάς Ἄρτεμις ἔστη. 10  
Λητώην δ' ἐπὶ δῆριν εὐρραπὶς ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς.

Καὶ ζαθέου πολέμου διδυμόκτυπος ἔβρεμεν ἡχῶ  
ἀμφοτέροισι μακάρεσσιν. ἐπεσσυμένειν δὲ κιδοιμῶ  
Ἄρης ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο Τριτογενεΐη,  
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἱαλλεν· ἀνουτήτου δὲ θεαΐνης 15  
μέσσην αἰγίδα τύψεν, ἀθηήτου δὲ καρήνου  
ἤλασε Γοργεΐης ὀφιδώδεα λήια χαίτης,  
Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος· ὄξυτεινῆς δὲ  
πεμπομένη ροιζηδὸν ἀκαμπέος ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ  
ποιητὴν πλοκαμίδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδούσης.  
κούρη δ' ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπαΐξασα καὶ αὐτὴ 20

## BOOK XXXVI <sup>a</sup>

In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

WITH this speech he encouraged the glad leaders ; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaïos. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seabluehair of the waters challenged fiery Helios, Ares challenged Brighteyes, Hephaistos Hydaspes ; highland Artemis stood facing Hera ; Hermes rod in hand came to conflict with Leto.

<sup>12</sup> A double din of divine battle resounded for the two parties of the Blessed. As they rushed to conflict, sevenrood Ares joined battle with Tritogeneia and cast a valiant spear ; the goddess was untouched, but it struck full on the aegis, and ran through the snaky crop of hair on the Gorgon's head, which none may look upon. So it wounded only the shaggy target of Pallas, and the sharpened point of the whizzing unbending spear scored the counterfeit hair of Medusa's image. Then the battlestirring maiden,

<sup>a</sup> The battle of the gods is imitated rather closely from *Il.* xx. 32-74 ; xxi. 328-513.

σύγγονον ἔγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ' Ἄρει Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,  
 κείνο, τό περ φορέουσα λεχώιον ἥλικι χαλκῷ  
 ἄνθορε πατρώοιο τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνιου.  
 καὶ δαπέδω γόνυ κάμψε τυπεῖς περιμήκετος Ἄρης· 23  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὀρθώσασα παλινδύητον Ἀθήνη  
 μητρὶ φίλῃ μετὰ δῆριν αἰνούτατον ὥπασεν Ἥρη.

Ἥρη δ' ἀντεριῖδαιεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διοιύσου  
 Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστιάς, ἰδυτενὲς δὲ  
 τόξον ἔον κύκλωσεν· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ 30  
 Ἥρη Ζηνὸς ἐλοῦσα νέφος πεπυκασμένον ὥμοις  
 ἄρραγὲς ὡς σάκος εἶχε· καὶ Ἀρτεμις ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
 ἡερίης πέμπουσα δι' αἰτυγος ἰὸν ἀλήτην  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐὴν ἐκείνωσε φαρέτρην,  
 καὶ νεφέλῃν ἄρρηκτον ὄλῃν ἐπύκαζεν οἰστοῖς· 35  
 καὶ γεράνων μιμηλὸς ἦν τύπος ἡεροφοίτης  
 ἱπταμένων στεφανηδὸν ἀμοιβαίῳ τινὶ κύκλῳ·  
 καὶ νέφεϊ σκιοῦντι πεπηγότες ἦσαν οἰστοί·  
 ὠτειλὰς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμοινας εἶχε καλύπτρῃ.  
 καὶ κραναὸν κούφισσεν ὑπνήμειον βέλος Ἥρη, 40  
 χειρὶ δὲ δινεύουσα πεπηγότα ἰῶτα χαλάζης  
 Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμινι·  
 τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνέθλασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῇ·  
 οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ· Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ  
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσαίτατον· ἡ δὲ τυπεῖσα 45  
 ἔγχεϊ παχυνέντι χαμαὶ κατέχευε φαρέτρην.  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώουσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφῃ·

“Ἄρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε· τί μείζουσιν ἀντιφερίζεις;  
 καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι· τί σοὶ μόθος; οὐτιδανὰς δὲ  
 ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κνημίδας Ἀθήνη· 50

\* Appropriately; by a popular ancient theory, Hera (Ἥρα) is the atmosphere (ἀήρ).

motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

<sup>28</sup> Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow aiming straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds <sup>a</sup> of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all; and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground. Then the wife of Zeus mocked at her:

<sup>48</sup> "Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags—what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your

καὶ λῖνα σείο τίνυσσε δολοπλόκα· θηροφόνιοι γὰρ  
 σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσουσι, καὶ οὐ πτερόεντες ὀιστοί·  
 οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνον μεθέπεις βέλος· ἀδρανέων γὰρ  
 σῶν καμάτων ἰδρῶτες ἀνάλκιδές εἰσι λαγῳοί·  
 σῶν δ' ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράου σείο δῖφρου, 53  
 σῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε· τί σοὶ Διὸς νῖα γεραίρειν  
 πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἥνιοχῆα λεόντων;  
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἔχε τόξον, Ἔρως ὅτι τόξα τιταίνι·  
 παρθενικὴ φυγόδεμνε μογοστόκε, πορθιὸν Ἐρώτων  
 κεστὸν ἔχειν ὥφελles ἀοσητήρα λοχείης, 63  
 σὺν Παφίῃ, σὺν Ἑρωτι· σὺ γὰρ κρατέεις τοκετοῖο.  
 ἀλλὰ, τελεσσιγόνοιο κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,  
 ἔρχεο παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων,  
 καὶ λοχείοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύουσα γυναῖκας  
 εἵκελος ἔσσο λέοντι λεχωίδος ἐγγύθι νύμφης, 65  
 ἀντὶ φιλοπτολέμοιο μογοστόκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς  
 λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἵνεκα μίτρης,  
 ὅττι τῶν μελέων μεθέπων τύπον ὑψιμέδων Ζαῖς  
 παρθενικὰς ἀγάμους νυμφεύεται· εἰσέτι κείῃ  
 εἰκόνα σὴν βοόωσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ἱλνι, 70  
 Καλλιστοῦς ἀγάμοιο γαμοστόλον, ὑμετέρην δὲ  
 ἔμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἔτι στενάχουσι κυλῶναι  
 μεμφομένην νόθον εἶδος ἔρωμαιὲς ἰοχαίρης,  
 θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρον ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης.  
 ἀλλὰ τεὴν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρίψασα φάρετρήν 75  
 Ἥρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἀρείονος· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,  
 ὡς λοχίῃ πολέμιζε τελεσσιγάμῳ Κυθερείῃ."  
 Ἐννεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρήλυθεν Ἄρτεμιν Ἥρη.  
 τὴν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζων

<sup>a</sup> Cf. Π. xxi. 483. Many other close imitations will be



cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love's ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of child-birth; be like a lion<sup>a</sup> beside the young wife in labour, be midwife rather than warrior. Nay, cease to be chaste yourself because of your chaste girdle, since Zeus our Lord on High assumes your shape to woo virgins unwedded.<sup>b</sup> The Arcadian woods still tell of that love-stealing copy of you which seduced unwedded Callisto; the mountains lament still your bear who saw and understood, and reproached the false enamoured image of the Archeress, when a female paramour entered a woman's bed. Come, throw away your useless quiver, and cease fighting with Hera who is stronger than you. Fight Cythereia, if you like, the childbed-nurse against the marriage-maker."

<sup>78</sup> So Hera spoke, and passed on, leaving Artemis discomfited and drunken with fear. Phoibos threw found if the reader compares this book with the passages cited in the note on the title of this book.

<sup>b</sup> He disguised himself as Artemis to approach Callisto; she was afterwards changed into a bear (authors differ as to the reasons).

ἀμφοτέρω πήχυνε κατηφεί Φοῖβος ἀγοστή, 80  
καί μιν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος εἶδοθι λόχμης·  
νοστήσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὁμίλεε θέσπιδι χάρμη.

Καὶ βυθίου προμάχου πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἔσθη,  
Φοῖβος ἐς ὑσμίνην Ποσιδήιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ 90  
θῆκε βέλος καὶ πυρσὸν ἐκούφισε Δελφίδι πεύκῃ  
ἀμφοτέρῃ παλάμῃ περιδέξις, ὄφρα κορύσση  
ὀλκῶ κυματόεντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τριαίνῃ.  
αἰχμὴ δ' αἰθαλόεσσα καὶ ὕδατόεντες οἶστοι  
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· κορυσσομένοιο δὲ Φοίβου

Ἀρεος ἐσμαράγησε μέλος πατρώιος Λιθῆρ, 100  
βρονταῖον κελάδημα· θυελλήεσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ  
οὔασι Φοιβείοισιν ἐπέκτυπε ποντιάς 'Ηχώ·  
Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβόμβεεν ἡθάδι κόχλῳ  
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ἰξύος ἔγχλοος ἰχθύς·  
Νηρεῖδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης 110  
σειομένου τριόδοντος Ἄραψ μυκήσατο Ληρεὺς.

Οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος ὑπέρτεροι ἦχον ἀκοίων  
Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μὴ ἐννοσίγαιος ἀρίστων  
γαῖαν ἱμασσομένην ῥοθίων ἐννοσίχθονι παλμῶ  
ἁρμονίην κόσμοιο μετοχλίσσειε τριαίνῃ, 120  
μὴ ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπίδα βερέθρων  
θηητὴν τελέσειεν ἀθηήτου χθονὸς ἔδρην,  
μὴ βυθίων φλέβα πᾶσαν ἀναρρήξειεν ἐναύλων  
Ταρταρίῳ κευθμῶνι χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,  
νέρτερον εὐρώεντα κατακλύζων πυλεῶνα. 130

Τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων,  
καὶ χθόνιαι σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ  
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσεύρασε μέλιχος Ἑρμῆς·

\* To Nonnos Apollo is the Sun, though originally there is no connexion between them. Here, then, Fire is fighting Water.

both his arms about her in pity, and brought her out of the turmoil ; he left her in a lonely coppice, and returned unnoticed to join the battle of the gods.

<sup>83</sup> And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos,<sup>a</sup> to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand <sup>b</sup> doubledextrous, to use fire against the surging sweep of water, and arrows against the trident. Fiery lance and watery arrows crashed together : while Phoibos defended, his home the upper air rattled a thunderclap for a battlesong ; the stormy trumpet of the sea brayed in the ears of Phoibos—a broadbeard Triton boomed with his own proper conch, like a man half-finished, from the loins down a greeny fish—the Nereïds shouted the battlecry—Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

<sup>97</sup> Then Zeus of the underworld <sup>c</sup> rumbled hearing the noise of the heavenly fray above ; he feared that the Earthshaker, beating and lashing the solid ground with the earthquake-shock of his waves, might lever out of gear the whole universe with his trident, might move the foundations of the abysm below and show the forbidden sight of the earth's bottom, might burst all the veins of the subterranean channels and pour his water away into the pit of Tartaros, to flood the mouldering gates of the lower world.

<sup>106</sup> So great was the din of the gods in conflict, and the trumpets of the underworld added their noise. But Hermes lifted his rod as peacemaker and

<sup>b</sup> If this means anything, it signifies that his bow and arrows (=sunrays) were of fire.

<sup>c</sup> Pluto in Hades.

# NONNOS

τρισοῖς δ' ἀθανάτοισι μίαν ξυνῴσατο φωνήν·

“ Γνωτὲ Διὸς καὶ κοῦρε,

σὺ μὲν, κλυτότοξε, θυελλαις 110

πυρσὸν ἕα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχίνα τριαίνης,  
μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσωσι κυδοιμῷ,  
μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δῆριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου  
δεύτερον ἀθανάτοισιν Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος εἴη,

μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνον Ἰαπετοῖο, 113

μηδὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου

φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐῷ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς

ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον αἰτυγα κόσμου,

ὔδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα· μηδὲ νοήσω

ἡερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἄρμα Σελήνης· 120

μὴ ψυχρὴν ἐχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἔμπυρον αἶγλην.

πρεσβυτέρῳ δ' ὑπόεικε κυβερνητῇρι θαλάσσης,

πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅτι γεραίρει

εἰναλίην σέο Δῆλον ἁλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων·

μή σε λίπη φοῖνικος ἔρως καὶ μνηστὶς ἐλαίης. 123

τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικασπόλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροφ,

τίς πάλιν Ἰναχος ἄλλος ἐὼν πόλιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη,

ὅτι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσειαι, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,

καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἔχεις προτέρην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἥρης;

καὶ σύ, πάτερ μέγαλοιο, κερασφόρε, Δηριαδῆος, 130

Ἡφαίστου πεφύλαξο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,

μή σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξειε κεραυνῷ.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἔμφυλον Ἐινῷ.

καὶ τότε λυσσῆεις παλινάγρετον ἄμφεπε χάριμιν

<sup>a</sup> Sacred trees in Delos.

<sup>b</sup> As he was between Poseidon and Athena.

checked both parties, and addressed one speech to three of the immortals :

<sup>110</sup> “ Brother of Zeus, and you his son—you, famous Archer, throw to the winds your bow and your brand, and you, your pronged trident : lest the Titans laugh to see a battle among the gods. Let there not be intestine war in heaven once again, after that conflict with Cronos which threatened Olympus : let me not see another war after the affray with Iapetos. Let not Zeus be angry again for lateborn Bacchos as for Zagreus, and set the whole earth ablaze with his fire a second time, and pour down showers of rain through the air to flood the circuit of the eternal universe. I hope I may not behold the sea in the sky and Selene’s car soaking ; may Phaëthon never again have his fiery radiance cooled !

<sup>122</sup> “ You then yield to your elder, the ruler of the sea ; do this grace to your father’s brother, because Earthshaker the ruler of the brine honours your seagirt Delos : cease not to love your palmtree, to remember your olive.<sup>a</sup> And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge <sup>b</sup> here ? What second Inachos <sup>c</sup> has awarded her city to Hera that you take arms against Apollo as well as Athena, and seek a second quarrel after your quarrel with Hera ?—And you, horned one,<sup>d</sup> father of great Deriades, beware of the fire of Hephaistos after the torch of Bacchos, or he may consume you with his firepronged thunderbolt.”

<sup>133</sup> This appeal put an end to the gods’ intestine strife. Then Deriades, mad and furious, when he

<sup>c</sup> When Poseidon and Hera strove for possession of Argos ; usually Phoroneus is said to have judged between them.

<sup>d</sup> Hydaspes.

Δηριάδης βαρύμηνης, ἀπήμονας ὡς ἴδε Βάκχας· 133  
καὶ μόθον ἀρτεμέοντος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου  
εἰς ἐνοπὴν οἷστροσε πεφυζότας ἡγεμονίῃας·  
καὶ ξυνὴν πρυλέεσσι καὶ ἱππήεσσι ἀπειλὴν  
βάρβαρον ἐσμαράγησε βαρυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·

“Σήμερον ἦ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμίδος ἐρύσσω, 140  
ἢ ἐ μόθος Βακχεῖος αἰστώσει γένος Ἰνδῶν.  
ὕμεῖς μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην  
στήσατε· Δηριάδης δὲ κορυσσέσθω Διονύσω.  
ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτῃλα καὶ ὄργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου  
φλέξατε, καὶ κλισίας ἐμπρήσατε· Μαιναλίδας δὲ 145  
δμωίδας αὐχέντι κομίσσατε Δηριαδῇ·  
καὶ πυρὶ δῆια θύρσα μαραίνετε· βουκεράων δὲ  
Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλῶν  
λήιον ἀμήσαντες ἀλοιητῇρι σιδήρῳ  
στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίροισι καρήνοις. 150  
μὴ Φαέθων στρέψειε πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους,  
πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι κομίσσω  
σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῇ δεδαϊγμένον αἰχμῇ  
ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,  
θύρσον ἀπορρίψαντα· ταινυπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν 155  
χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐμῷ τεφρώσατε δαλῷ.  
θαρσαλέοι δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ χάρμην  
νίκην κυδιάνειραν αἰείσατε Δηριαδῆος,  
ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν  
Ἰνδοῖς Γηγενέεσσιν ἀνικῆτοῖσιν ἐρίζειν.” 160

“Ἐνεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος

ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ

ἡνιόχους οἷστροσεν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,  
καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆας ἐπεστήριξεν ὁμίλῳ  
μαρναμένους πυργηδόν· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν 165

saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again ; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice :

<sup>140</sup> " This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation ! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force : let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp ; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades ; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy ; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaëthon not turn his fireblazing horses to his setting before I bring in the Satyrs, and Bacchos bound with galling fetters, with his spotted cloak torn to rags on his chest by my spear and his thyrsus thrown away. Burn to ashes with my brand the long flowing hair of the women and their wreaths of vine ! Courage all ! After the Indian battle you may sing the glorious victory of Deriades, that even in many generations to come people may shiver to face the unconquerable Indians born of the Earth ! "

<sup>161</sup> He spoke, and passing from one to another of his chieftains he goaded on the drivers of the elephants, those creatures of endless life, and set the chiefs in their places to lead the army of footsoldiers to the battle in close columns. With equal passion for the fight, Bacchos thyrsusmad drove to the combat



εἰς ἐνοπὴν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφές δὲ μαχηταὶ  
 δαιμονίῃ βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ,  
 καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μαινόμενος θήρ·  
 ὠμοβόρων δὲ δράκοντες ἀποπτύοντες ὀδόντων  
 τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἡέρα πίδακας ἰοῦ 170  
 χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος,  
 λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς ἀντιβίους δὲ θορόντες  
 αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήεστες οἰστοί·  
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἰνδῶν  
 εἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρῇ 175  
 εἰς δρόμον αἰσسونτας. Ἀρειμανέες δὲ γυναῖκες  
 δῆριν ἐμιμήσαντο δρακοντοβόλου Φιδαλείης,  
 ἧ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
 δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσι κορύμβοις . . .  
 καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἰάλλων 180  
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κατέπτυε Δηριαδῆος,  
 καὶ φονὴν ραθάμιγγι χάλυψ ἑδιαίνετο θώρηξ.  
 καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεῖς ζῶοιτι βελέμινω,  
 ἄπνοος ἀμφιέπων βέλος ἔμπνοον. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ  
 εἰς λοφιὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἀναΐξας ἐλεφαίτων 185  
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν·  
 πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείοιο κατεστήρικτο καρήνου,  
 καὶ δρόμον ἠώρησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφαίτων.  
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἔπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 φρικτὸν ἐρημονόμων αἶων βρύχημα λεόντων· 190  
 καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκήματα ταύρου,  
 καὶ βοὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωχίνα κεραίης  
 λοξὸν ἀκοντίζουσαν ἐς ἡέρα· φοιταλέος δὲ  
 εἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρουσεν ὑποφρίσσω γένυν ἄρκτου·  
 θηρείαις δ' ἰαχῇσιν ὁμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω 195



his line of wild beasts from the wilderness. These mountainbred warriors roaring under the divine whip rushed madly on. Many wild beasts were there with their weapons in their mouths. There were serpents spitting from their ravening teeth fountains of poison, which they sent farshot into the air with hissing gape and rattling throat. Leaping sideways and darting at their foes, the snaky arrows found a mark which offered itself; the bodies of the Indians were surrounded and imprisoned by the coils, the feet of men starting to run were entangled in a rope. The war-maddened women imitated the attack of Phidaleia <sup>a</sup> the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

<sup>180</sup> One shooting a spike of poison from his mouth like a longshafted spear bespattered Deriades, and his corselet of steel was wetted by the deadly drops. Dead on the ground lay a body struck by a living missile, lifeless with a living shot in him. A panther leapt through the air with his feet upon the curved neck of a straightleg elephant, and stuck close to the monster's head delaying the course of all the longlegged elephants. A great swarm fell, when they heard the lions from the wilderness and the terrible loud roar resounding from their throats. One was conquered trembling at the bellow of a bull, and seeing the point of his formidable horn stabbing sideways into the air; another leaped into flight shuddering at the jaws of a bear; the hounds of an invincible Pan gave tongue one after another, in

<sup>a</sup> Wife of Byzas, founder of Byzantium. The Scythians attacked the city in his absence, and she drove them off by throwing snakes at them.

Πανὸς ἀνικήτοιο κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ,  
καὶ μόθον ὕλακόμωρον ἐδείδισαν αἰθοπες Ἰνδοί.

Εὐνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγος ἦεν Ἐννύ.  
γαῖα δὲ διψῶουσα φόνου κυμαίνεται λίθων  
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαρμέντων 200  
πληθύι τοσσατὴ νεκύων ἐστείνεται Λήθη.  
χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Ἀΐδης ὀρφναῖον ὄχητα  
εὐρυτέρους πυλεῶνας ἑὼν ὥϊζε μελίσθρων  
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, δικσσιμείων δὲ βερίθρου  
Ταρτάριον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἔκτυπον ὄχθαι. 205

Καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἦεν κτύπος, ἀντιβίων δὲ  
ὠτειλὴ κταμένων ἐτερότροπος, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
ἰππόθεν ὠλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνιερῶνα,  
ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέρινοιο περίτροχον αἶτυγα μαζοῦ,  
ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεῶνα πεπαρμένος ἔκπαισε δίφρου· 210  
ἄλλος ἐυγλώχινι παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον οἰστῷ  
βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλει γείτοι πότμῳ,  
ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ αἶτυγος, ὥς δὲ δι' ὤμου  
καὶ φυγὰς ἄλλος ἔπιπτε ῥάχιν τετορημένος αἰχμῇ,  
πεζὸς ἀελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἵππον εἰσάσας· 215  
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σῖντροφον ἦβην  
καὶ τις ἀναλθήτῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ οἰστῷ  
κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπεγδούπησε κοιήν,  
κράτα παρακλίνας δαπέδῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας  
αἵμαλέην πήχυνε κατηφεί γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ. 220

Καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἱππῆος ἐναντία δόχημος ἴσθη,  
καὶ σάκεος κενεῶνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,  
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, δεδεγμένος ἀνέρος ὀρμῆν·  
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέῃ πολυδαῖδαλον ἀσπίδα τείνων  
ἱππεῖην ψαμάθοισιν ὅλην ἔρραιεν ὀπωπὴν· 225  
βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἄνω νείοιτι προσώπῳ  
ἵππος ἀνηώρητο κονισαλέην τρίχα σείων,

concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

<sup>198</sup> There was hard fighting on both sides alike; the thirsty earth was inundated with blood and gore in the common carnage, and Lethe was choked with that great multitude of corpses brought low and scattered on every side. Hades heaved up his bar in the darkness, and opened his gates wider for the common carnage; as they descended into the pit the banks of Charon's river echoed the rumblings of Tartaros.

<sup>206</sup> Loud indeed was the battlestirring noise, many the wounds of the falling combatants on both sides. One struck in the throat slipt from his horse, one pierced through the chest in his rounded bosom, one wounded in the belly fell from a chariot. Another hit just in the midnipple with a barbed arrow rolled himself over to meet approaching death; one fell struck right on the waist, one through the shoulder, another left his swift horse struck, and fleeing on foot fell pierced by a lance through the spine. Another, felled before the down was on his face, mourned for his yearsmate youth. Another mortally wounded by an arrow in the liver, fell tumbling off his elephant with a thud into the dust; his head sank on the ground, he scrabbled with his hands and clutched the bloody soil in despair.

<sup>221</sup> A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man's onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse's head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust

καμπύλα δ' εὐλαίγγος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλικοῦ·  
 τρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοιτα παλαιομείην γένυν ἀφρῶ  
 ὑψιτενῆς δεδόνητο, καὶ ὄρθιον αὐχένα πάλλων 220  
 οἰστρήεις ἀχάλινος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ  
 ποσσὶν ὀπισθιδίοισι, καὶ αἰθύσσων κόνιν ὀπλῇ  
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα.

αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένῳ ταχὺς ἔδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνὴρ,  
 γυμνὸν ἔχων θοὸν ἄορ· ὑπὲρ δαπέδον δὲ ταθείτος 230  
 κυανέου προμάχοιο διέθρισεν αἰθερεῶνα.

Ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἐχάζετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,  
 γείτονος ἠνιόχοιο δεδεγμένος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης,  
 οἰκτρὸν ἐὼν θνήσκοντα διαστείβων ἐλατῆρα,  
 κείμενον ἀρτιδαίκτον, ἐπισπαίροντα κοινή. 240

Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεια μορφήν,  
 δύσμαχος, ἐννεάπηχυς, ὁμοίος Ἄλκιοιτι,  
 Βακχείης κατὰ μέσσον ἐμαίνετο δημοτῆτος·  
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόιον ἤθελεν ἱλκεῖν 245  
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμναιῶν,

καὶ κενεῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἀνὴρ,  
 οἷος ἦν θρασὺς Ὀτος ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαίνων,  
 ἄγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ἰοχαιρῆς,  
 οἷος ἦν φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμναιῶν Ἀθήνης  
 ὑψινεφῆς ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀκοιτίζων Ἐφιάλης. 250

Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖος ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,  
 Γηγενέος προγόνοιο θεημάχον αἶμα κομίζων,  
 Ἰνδοῦ πρωτογόνοιο· καὶ ἄρκιος ἔπλετο μορφῇ  
 δῆσαι θοῦρον Ἄρῃα μεθ' υἱέας Ἰφιμεδεΐης·  
 ἀλλὰ τόσον περ ἑόντα γυνὴ κτάνεν ὀξεί πέντρῳ, 255

<sup>a</sup> A giant.

<sup>b</sup> Otos and Ephialtes, the gigantic sons of Aloeus and

out of his mane, and spat out the curved ends of his jewelled bit. His champing teeth and jaw were covered with foam, he rose high, shaken, mad, and now free of the bit he rose up on his hind legs quivering and shivering his outstretched neck; then pawing the dust with his hoof he shot his rider flying to the ground. The other man rushed fiercely upon him as he lay, with swift sword drawn, and cut the throat of the black soldier stretched on the ground.

<sup>237</sup> Another horse hearing the crack of some driver's whip hard by, took fright and bolted in retreat, trampling on his own rider, who lay wounded and dying, poor wretch, gasping in the dust.

<sup>241</sup> Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Alcyoneus,<sup>a</sup> went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. He wished after the battle to drag a company of Basarids to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man: like bold Otos,<sup>b</sup> who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed

Iphimedeia, tried to scale heaven by piling mountains on one another, *Hom. Od. xi.* 305 ff. (That they did it to win goddesses to wife is a later fancy; in Homer they are children.) They also bound Ares, *Il. v.* 385 ff.

Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης.

Καί τις ἀριστεύουσιν ἰδὼν ὑψαίχαια κούρην  
θαῦμα χόλῳ κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Ἄρες, Ἄρες, λίπε τόξα

καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σίο λόγχην,

Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασον· ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ 260

ἀλλοίας Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκει·

ὅπλοφόρους δονέουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ὑμετέρου γὰρ

οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος ἕως ἐκόμισσε γυναῖκας.

ξεῖνον ἴδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ τύπον· οὐ σάκος ὦμοις,

οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζονίδες Διονύσου· 265

οὐτόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες

Καυκασίδες· Βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

φυλλάδας αἰχμάζουσι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρου.

ὦμοι Δηριάδαο μεμνηνότες, ὅτι γυναῖκες

χαλκείους ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσι χιτῶνας.” 270

Ἔννεπε θαμβήσας κραναὸν βέλος, οἷον ἐλοῦσα

τηλίκον ὑψικάρηνον ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχῃ.

Δηριάδης δ’ ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε θυιάσι Βάκχαις,

καὶ Χαρόπην ἐδίωκε λιθοσσόον· ἡ δὲφυγοῦσα

μάρνατο θαρσήεσσα παρισταμένη Διονύσω, 275

θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμῃ.

Δηριάδης δ’ Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίωσε σιδήρῳ,

Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης.

καὶ κοτέων ἐτάριοιο δεδουπότος ἀρχὸς Ἀβαίτων

Καρμίνων βασιλῆα κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς, 280

Κύλλарον, ὀξύεντι κατ’ αὐχένος ἄορι τύψας,

Λωγασίδην θ’, ὃς μῶνος, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητῆς,

Δηριάδῃ μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλέον Ἰνδῶν

\* Hindu Kush.

\* See xx. 198.

him with a sharp stone, Charopeia a leader of the Bacchic dance.

<sup>257</sup> And one seeing the noble deed of the high-necked girl, spoke in trembling tones with wonder and anger mixed :

<sup>259</sup> "Ares ! Ares ! Leave your bow and shield and your spear ! Ares, you are conquered ! Leave the Caucasos,<sup>a</sup> for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon<sup>b</sup> has he brought his women. I have seen a strange and incredible spectacle ; the Amazons of Dionysos have no shields on their shoulders, carry no valiant spear ; with strong corselets and all, the Caucasian women do not so play the heroes. The Bacchant women cast bunches of leaves from foliage-loving hands, and they need no steel. Alas for the madman Deriades, when women tear coats of mail with their fingernails ! "

<sup>271</sup> This he said, when he marvelled at the rude missile which the Bacchant girl picked up and killed that huge highheaded man.

<sup>273</sup> But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone ; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen,



καί μιν ἄναξ φιλέει· μετὰ Μορρέα· πολλάκι δ' αὐτῇ  
 Ὀρσιβόῃ καὶ ἄνακτι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τριπέζης, 20  
 θυγατέρων βασιλῆος ὀμέστιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ  
 ἔγχει καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἡβην.  
 ἔνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμος ἦρυσεν· ὑψιφανῆς δὲ  
 Πευκετίῳ πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,  
 καὶ Φλογίῳ κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρεί Ληγεύς. 200  
 Ὑσμίνης δὲ τάλαιτα πατὴρ ἔκλινε Κρονίων·  
 καὶ βριαρῷ Διόνυσος ἐμάρνατο Δηριαδῇ,  
 μίξας ἔγχει θύρσον· ἀκοιτοφόρῳ δὲ μαχητῇ  
 πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντι μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων  
 δύσατο παντοίης πολυδαίδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς. 205  
 πῇ δὲ θυελλήεσσα κορύσσετο μαινομένη φλόξ,  
 ἀγκύλον αἰθύσσουσα σέλας βητάρμοιι καπνῷ.  
 ἄλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔρρεεν ὕδωρ,  
 ὑγρὸς οἰστεύων διερὸν βέλος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ  
 ἰσοφυνὲς μίμημα λεοντείοιο προσώπου 210  
 ὄρθιον ἡέρταζε μετάρσιον ἀνθερεῶνα,  
 τρηχαλέον βρύχημα χέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ  
 καὶ κέλαδον βροιταῖον ἐρισμαράγοιο τοκτῆος·  
 καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπίρης  
 ἄλλοφανῆς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἵκελος ἔρνεϊ γαίης 215  
 αὐτοτελῆς ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθέρα τύπτων,  
 ὥς πίτυς, ὥς πλατάνιστος· ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρῆνου  
 μιμηλοῖς πετάλοισι νόθην δειδρώσατο χαίτην,  
 γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περιμήκετον· ἀκρεμίας δὲ  
 χεῖρας εἰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτῶνας, 210  
 καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν· ἀνακρούων δὲ κερναῖαις  
 μαρναμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεψιθύριζε προσώπῳ·  
 καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων  
 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄλματι ταρσῶν,  
 καὶ λοφιῆς ἐπέβαινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἐλεφάντων 215



and the king loved him best after Morrheus—often he touched one table with Orsiboë herself and the king, living in the family with the king's daughters, for both with spear and wits he surpassed all his years-mates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

<sup>291</sup> Father Cronion tilted the balance of battle. Now Dionysos attacked mighty Deriades, matching spear with thyrsus. As the chieftain stabbed and thrust, the god changed his shape, and put on all sorts of varied forms. Sometimes he confronted him as a wild storm of fire, shooting tongues of crooked flame through dancing smoke. Sometimes he was running water, rolling delusive waves and sprinkling watery shots. Or taking on the exact image of a lion's face, he lifted high his chin straight up and let out a harsh roar through the hairy throat, with a noise like his loudcrashing father's rattling thunder. Next like something with an overshadowing mass of variegated fruitage he changed into another shape, and like a sapling of the earth he ran up selfmade, bursting into the sky untouched, a perfect pine, or a plane; for his head changed and his hair became what seemed the counterfeit foliage of a tree, his belly lengthened into the trunk, he made his arms the boughs and his dress the bark and rooted his feet, and knocking up with his long branches he whispered into the face of the fighting king. Then he wove a dappled pattern over his limbs, and like a panther he was up in the air with flying leaps, and dropping with gentle steps upon the neck of some lofty elephant;

<sup>1</sup> φιλέει Tiedke, φιλέοι MSS. and Ludwig.

<sup>2</sup> So MSS.: Ludwig κεραίαις.

κουῖφα βιβάς· ἑλέφας δὲ παρήγορος ἄρμα τινάσσων  
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζε θεημάχον ἥνιοχῆα,  
 σείων φαιδρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλιῶν.  
 οὐδὲ πεσὼν ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ  
 μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῇ. 320  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετὰμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ὑψιφανῆς γάρ,  
 ἥερα θερμαίνων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,  
 αἰθύσσων ἀνέμοις φλογόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς  
 στήθεα λαχνήεντα διέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος  
 κυκλόθεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἄλματα καπνοῦ 325  
 ἀργενναῖς λαγόνεσσιν Ἄραψ ἐμελαίνετο θώρηξ,  
 βαλλόμενος σπινθῆρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆος  
 ἡμιδαῆς ζείοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνεται πῆληξ . . .  
 ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνετο κάπρος ἀλήτης,  
 εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνιος, 330  
 καὶ λοφιὴν πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆος  
 ὀρθὸς ὀπισθιδίοιο ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῷ,  
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσματι κωφῷ,  
 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἤθελε δ' αἰεὶ 335  
 ἀψαύστοις ἀκίχητον ἐλεῖν εἶδωλον ἀγοστοῖς·  
 ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὼν δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,  
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυειδέϊ Βάκχῳ·

“ Τί πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε;

τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;  
 Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις; 340  
 πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπτολέμου Διονίσσου,  
 ἄρκτον οἶστεύω, καὶ δένδρεον ἄορι τέμνω·  
 ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράζω.  
 ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σέ κορίσσω·

the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle.<sup>a</sup> Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaïos transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian mailcoat was blackened as the gusts of smoke struck on his white flanks from above and the sparks fell on him; his crest burnt up and the helmet grew hot, half-scorched upon the firestruck wearer. [Then he took a lion's shape, and . . .<sup>b</sup>] From a grim lion he changed to a wild boar, opening the wide gape of his hairy throat, and bringing his bristles close to the belly of Deriades he stood up straight rearing on his hind legs, and tore through his flank with sharp hooves.

<sup>334</sup> Proud Deriades went on fighting against these unsubstantial phantoms, driven by vain hopes, ever seeking to grasp the intangible image with hands that could not touch. At last he thrust his lance in the face of the lion before him, and cried threatenings against Bacchos of many shapes:

<sup>339</sup> "Why do you hide yourself, Dionysos? why tricks instead of battle? Do you fear Deriades, that you change into so many strange forms? The panther of runaway Dionysos does not frighten me, his bear I shoot, his tree I cut down with my sword, the pretended lion I will tear in the flank! Well then, I muster against you my wise Brahmans, unarmed.

<sup>a</sup> He seems to see the elephant yoked to a chariot, as at Pompey's triumph.

<sup>b</sup> Several lines are lost here.

γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάασι, θεοκλήτοις δ' ἐπαοιδαῖς 343  
πολλάκις ἡερόφοιτον, ὁμοῖον ἄζυγι ταύρῳ,  
οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάξαιτο Σελήτην,  
πολλάκι δ' ἱππεύοντος ἐπείγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων  
ἄσταθέος Φαέθοντος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείην.

Ἐννεπε παπταίνων ἐτερότροπα φάσματα Βάκχου· 350  
καὶ νόον εἶχεν ἄπιστον· ἀκηλήτῳ δέ μειοιῇ  
τέχνην φαρμακόεσσαν ἐπιρράψας Διοτύῳ  
ἔλπετο νικήσειν Διὸς νιέα μύστιδι τέχῃ.

Ἐνθα θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑψόθι δίφρων· 353  
καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θεημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεύων  
ἄμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἀρηγόνα δημοτῆτος.  
καί τις ἐσταφύλοιο θεήλατος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ  
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήτην  
Δηριάδην ἔσφριγεν ἀπειλητῇρι κορύμβῳ,  
ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδημένον· ἀρτιθαλῇ δέ 360  
σύμφυτον αἰθύσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυν ἀλήτην  
μαινομένου βασιλῆος ἐπισκιάωντα προσώπων  
σείετο μιτρώσας ὅλον ἀνέρα· Δηριάδην δέ  
αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ·  
γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσίδηρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταρσῷ, 363  
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων . . .  
ἄρραγέος κισσοῖο· καὶ οὐτόσον ὀλκάδα πόιντου  
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχεννίδος ἄκρα γενεῖων  
δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστῆριξε θαλάσση·  
τοῖον ἦν μίμημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων 370  
ἡνίοχος βαρύδουπον ἦν ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην,  
κέντροις ὀξυτέροις ἀπειθέα νῶτα χαράσσω.  
καὶ τόσον Ἰνδὸν ἄνακτα,

τὸν οὐ κτάνεν ἄσπετος αἰχμή,  
ἀμπελόεις νίκησεν ἔλιξ πρόμος· ἀμφιέπων δέ  
ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεῶνα 373

For they go naked ; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaëthon swiftly driving his hurrying car."

<sup>350</sup> He spoke, surveying the varied visions of Bacchos, and his mind was still unbelieving : with implacable will he hoped to contrive some scheme of magic against Dionysos, and to conquer the son of Zeus by mystic arts.

<sup>354</sup> Then he leapt unhindered into his car ; but the god seeing the impious man still foolish, made a vine grow to help his attack. The godsent plant laden with clusters of winefruit crept quietly upon the cart with its silver wheels, and smothered Deriades in its threatening clusters, and entangled him round about and over all, dangling bunch after bunch new grown upon itself before the mad king, shading his face and enveloping the whole man. And Deriades was intoxicated by the sweetsmelling fruit of the selfgrown vine ; it threw fetters not of steel about his two feet, and rooted to the ground the legs of the yoked elephants with trails of unbreakable ivy<sup>a</sup> : not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a holdtheship,<sup>b</sup> when she fastens her sharp fangs on the timbers. Yes, it was just like that ! In vain the driver whipt up his elephants and swung his cracking lash, tearing the obstinate hide with sharper prickles. The great Indian prince, whom countless blades could not kill, was conquered by the tendrils of a champion vine ! Deriades struggling with his throat entangled in the

<sup>a</sup> This seems the general sense of the Greek.

<sup>b</sup> See xxi. 45 and note.

## NONNOS

πνίγέτο Δηριάδης σκολιῷ τεθλιμμένος ὀλκῷ.  
 καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσεται μαινάδι φωνῇ,  
 λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεουδέος ἀνθερεῶνος,  
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων·  
 καὶ παλάμην ὥρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ 350  
 μόχθον ὅλον βοόων· τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔπλετο φωνή.  
 καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἐὼν πολυδέσμον ὁπώρην  
 γυιοπέδην εὐβοτρὺν ἀνέσπασε Δηριάδης,  
 καὶ στέφος ἡμερίδων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐλάσσας  
 δέσμιον αὐχένα λῦσεν ὁμοπλεκέων ἐλεφαίντων. 353  
 οὐδὲ φυγῶν δρυόεντα ταινυπτόρθοιο κορύμβου  
 δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνάγκην  
 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπεν ἐθήμονα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς,  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν  
 διχθαδίην, ἧ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἧ δριῶα τελέσσαι. 359

Ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφίδρομος ὀρφή.  
 καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὑπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων  
 ἐγρομένους θώρηξεν ἀμοιβαίῃ πάλιν Ἥως.

Οὐδὲ μόθων τέλος ἦεν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ,  
 ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλιδομένων ἐνταυτῶν 363  
 ῥυθμὸν Ἐνναλίῳ μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ.  
 ἦδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπεί νύσση  
 Βακχιάς ὀψιτέλεστος ἐμαίνεται μᾶλλον Ἐινῷ.

Οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρειμανέος Διοιύσου  
 κάλλιπον ἀμνήστοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις 400  
 Δικταῖοι Ῥαδαμᾶνες ὁμόφρονες· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ  
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας  
 ποίπνυον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὁ μὲν τορνῶσατο γόμφους,



vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

<sup>382</sup> Then Dionysos dispersed his entangling fruit, and broke off the fettering grapes from Deriades; then shedding the twines of ivy, he undid the wreathing garland of garden-vines from the yoked elephants' necks. Yet Deriades, now free from the woody bonds of the long branching clusters crawling of themselves, and the constraint which threatened him, did not desist from his wonted threats and boasts. Once more he was the chieftain defying the gods; he only hesitated whether to slay Bacchos or to make him a slave.

<sup>391</sup> But darkness surrounded both armies and put a stop to the fight. Night past, the battle began again; when they awoke from sleep and bed, the succeeding dawn armed them once more.

<sup>394</sup> Not yet was it the end of conflict for impatient Dionysos; yet first there must be many cycles of rolling years while the trumpet blazed the tune of war in vain; but after the varied course of so many battle-stirring years, now the conflict of Bacchos grew more violent for the end.

<sup>399</sup> Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaïos. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the

ὅς δὲ μέσσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρόπιν, ἴκρια δ' ἄλλος  
 ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμίνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὑφαίνων 408  
 ὀλκάδι τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκениδας δὲ συνάπτων  
 μηκεδανὰς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομείη δὲ μεσὸδμῃ  
 μεσσοφανῇ μέσον ἰστὸν Ἄραψ ὠρθώσατο τέκτων  
 λαίφει πεπταμένῳ πεφυλαγμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ  
 δουρατέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐτορνύσαντο κεραίην 410  
 ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἥφαιστου καὶ Ἀθήνης.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ τέχῃ  
 Βάκχῳ νῆας ἔτευχον· ἐπασχαλόων δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἑῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεΐης,  
 ὅττι τέλος πολέμοιο φανήσεται, ὅπποτε Βάκχοι 415  
 εἰναλίην Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐννῶ.

Καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' οἷδατος ἡγεμονεύων,  
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν ὑποδρήσων Διονύσου,  
 ἄβροχον ἡνιόχευεν ὁδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,  
 ἦχι σοφοὶ Ῥαδαμᾶνες, ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται, 420  
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 καὶ τότε τετραπόροιο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίδων,  
 ἱππεύων ἔτος ἕκτον, ἐλίσσετο καμπύλος Αἰών . . .  
 εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἰδῶν  
 Δηριάδης σκηπτουῆχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ 425  
 λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἐτερόθροος ἦε κῆρυξ.

αὐτίκα δ' ἡγερέθοντο πολυσπερέων στίχες Ἰδῶν,  
 ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων·  
 λαοῖς δ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἄναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεΰς·

“ Ἴστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες,

ἃ περ κάμον ὑψόθι πύργων, 430  
 εἰσόκε γαῖα Κίλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν  
 αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριάδης·  
 ἴστε καί, ὅσσα τέλεσσα καταιχμάζων Διονύσου,



keel, one fitted the planks straight over the pairs of ribs, and fastened the long sideplanks fixed to the ribs making the vessel's wall<sup>a</sup>; an Arabian shipwright raised upright in the middle of the deep mastbox the mast amidships, reserved for the spreading sail; and skilled workmen of deft Hephaistos and Athena rounded the wooden yard for the top.

<sup>412</sup> So they wrought ships for Bacchos with really incomparable art. And Dionysos amid the anxieties of war remembered the prophecy of his own Rheia: that the end of the war would be seen, when Bacchants fought by sea against Indians.

<sup>417</sup> Lycos appointed by irrevocable command of Dionysos to serve as commander on the surface of the sea, drove his seachariot undrenched travelling upon its way to the place, where the Rhadamanes, those clever voyagers into foreign parts, had built the ships for seafaring Dionysos. And then circling Time, rolling the wheel of the fourseason year, was whirling along for the sixth year. King Deriades summoned to assembly the blackskin nation of Indians; the herald with hurrying steps went gathering the people and cried his call in their different languages. At once the many tribes of Indians assembled, and sat down in companies on rows of benches, and prince Morrheus addressed the assembly:

<sup>430</sup> " You all know, I think, my friends, what labours I went through among the mountain strongholds, until the Cilician land and the Assyrian nation bowed their necks as slaves under the yoke of Deriades. You know also what I have done in resisting Dionysos,

<sup>a</sup> Hom. *Od.* v. 252-253.

μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμητῆρι σιδήρῳ  
 τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα βοοκραίροιο γενέθλης, 435  
 ὁππότε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημένον ἔσμον ἐρύσσας  
 ὦπασα Δηριάδῃ, πολέμου γέρας, ὦν ὑπὸ λίθρῳ  
 ἄστεος εὐλαίγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγνυαὶ  
 κτεινομένων· ἕτεραι δὲ μετάρσιον ἀμφὶ χορείῃν  
 ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ· 440  
 ἄλλαι δ' ὕδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,  
 κρυπτόμεναι κευθμῶνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεῶντος.  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναέττησιν ἀρείονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνω·  
 εἰσαῖω Ῥαδαμᾶνας, ὅτι δρυτόμῳ τινὶ τέχῃ  
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσω· 445  
 ἔμπης οὐ τρομέω δόρυ ναύμαχον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ  
 ἄνδρα φερεσσακέων κεκορυθμένον ὑψόθι ιηῶν  
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;  
 ἢ πότε λυσσῶν ὀρεσιδρόμος ὑφίκερως Πᾶν  
 θηγαλέοις οἰνύχεσσι διατμήξει νέας Ἰιδῶν; 450  
 οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ Σειληνὸς ἀράσσω  
 ἀπτολέμῳ νάρθηκι μαχήμονα ιῆα καλίψαι,  
 εἰς χορὸν αἱματόεντα θορῶν λυσσῶδεϊ ταρσῷ,  
 κῶμον ἀνακρούων θανατηφόρον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 ταυρείοις κεράεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄνδρα δαμάζει 455  
 ἀγχιφανῇ μεσάτοιο διχαζομένου κενεῶντος,  
 ἀλλὰ τυπεῖς προκάρηνος ἀτυμβεύτῳ τινὶ μοίρῃ  
 κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοισιν· ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχαι  
 ἔγχεσι μηκεδανοῖσι μαιφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἄλμης,  
 τυπτόμεναι· καὶ νῆας αἰστώσω Διοιύσου, 460  
 ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυν δι' ὀλκάδος ἔγχος ἐλίσσων.  
 ἀλλά, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· ἀντιβίων δὲ  
 μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα ιηῶν  
 Βακχιάδων· Ἴνδοι γὰρ ἐθήμονές εἰσι κυδοιμοῦ  
 εἰναλίου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσση 465

fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some wood-cutter's art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill a man in a ship full of shields? When will highhorn Pan, the crazy ranger of the hills, tear Indian ships to pieces with sharp claws? No Seilenos can row over the loudrumbling waters, and sink a ship of war with a peaceful ferule, leaping to bloody dance with frenzied foot, striking up a chant with death in it; in the sea he will never transfix a man with his bullhorns, and get near enough to cut him in two at the waist and vanquish him. No! one blow shall send him headlong, and he shall lie in the billows where he will find no tomb; the Bacchant women struck down with long spears shall sink into the depths of the sea soiled in blood. And the ships of Dionysos I will destroy, thrusting a twentycubit seafighting spear through the hulk!

<sup>462</sup> "Come on, friends, fight with all confidence. Let no one shrink when he sees opposed to us the ships of Bacchos in line; for Indians are used to fighting by sea, indeed they have more prowess when

## NONNOS

ἢ χθονὶ δηριόωντες. ἀνικήτω δὲ σιδήρῳ  
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους ληίσσομαι, ἀλλὰ κομάων  
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἔνα μουῖον ἐρύσσω  
θηλυμανῇ Διόνυσον, ὅπασα Δηριαδῆος."

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριαδῆα 470  
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις· ἐπεφθέγγαντο δὲ λαοὶ  
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες· ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
οἴδμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἡχώ.  
λῦσε δ' ἄναξ ἀγορὴν. Βρομίῳ δ' ἐστέλλετο κῆριξ 473  
πόντιον ὑσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ.

"Ἀμφῷ δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ἐρυκομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
ἀμβολίην ποίησαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,  
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαΐκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν·  
ἦν δέ τις εἰρήνη μινυώριος Ἄρεϊ γείτων,  
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσαν ἀφαπλώσασα γαλήνην. 480

they fight by sea than by land. My invincible steel shall not take many Satyrs ; but instead of two hundred warriors I will drag home one by the hair alone, womanmad Dionysos, to be the servant of Deriades."

<sup>470</sup> With this appeal, Morrheus, cunning man, persuaded implacable Deriades. The people all cheered loudly and applauded the speech : one concordant cry resounded from all throats like the noise of stirring waves. The king dismissed the assembly. The herald was sent to Bromios to declare war by sea against willing Bacchos.

<sup>476</sup> But both men agreed to forbid war and make a truce for three circuits of the moon, until they should do the solemn burial rites for the host of the dead who had fallen. So for a short time there was peace, never far from war, spreading abroad a calm that was pregnant with strife.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

\**Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἔβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης  
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.*

*Ὡς οἱ μὲν φιλότῃτι μεμηλότες ἔμφρονες Ἴιδοί,  
Βακχείην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες Ἑϊνῷ,  
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανόιτας,  
οἶα βίου βροτέου γαίῃα δεσμὰ φυγόιτας  
ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, ὅθεν ἤλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρῇ δ  
νύσσαν ἐς ἀρχαίην· στρατιῇ δ' ἀμπαύετο Βάκχου.*

*Καὶ φιλίην Διόινυσος ἰδὼν πολέμοιο γαλήιην  
πρώιος ἡμιόνους καὶ ὀμήλυδας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων  
ἄζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὄρεσίτροφον ὕλην,  
ὄφρα πυρὶ φλέξειεν ὀλωλότα νεκρὸν Ὀφέλτην. 10*

*Τῶν μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος ἔσω πιτυώδεος ἔλης  
Φαῦνος ἐρημονιόμῳ μεμελημένος ἡθάδι λόχμῃ,  
μητρὸς ὄρεστιάδος δεδαημένος ἔνδια Κίρκης.  
καὶ δρυτόμῳ στοιχηδὸν ἐτέμνετο δένδρα σιδήρῳ·  
πολλῇ μὲν πετελέῃ τανυήκεϊ τάμνετο χαλκῷ, 15*

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<sup>a</sup> The transmigration of souls was and is an Indian doctrine ; this was one of the few things about India known to the average Greek.

<sup>b</sup> This description imitates the burial of Patroclus in Homer,

## BOOK XXXVII

When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

So the Indians, now sensible and busy with friendship, threw their Bacchic war to the winds, and buried their dead with tearless eyes, as prisoners now set free from the earthy chains of human life, and the soul returning whence it came, back to the starting-place in the circling course.<sup>a</sup> So the army of Bacchos had rest.

<sup>7</sup> When Dionysos saw friendly calm instead of war, early in the morning he sent out mules and their attendant men to bring dry wood from the mountains, that he might burn with fire the dead body of Opheltes.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Their leader into the forest of pines was Phaunos who was well practised in the secrets of the lonely thickets which he knew so well, for he had learnt about the highland haunts of Circe <sup>c</sup> his mother. The woodman's axe cut down the trees in long rows. Many an elm was felled by the long edge of the axe,

*Il.* xxiii. The whole book is quite minutely imitated from the same model.

<sup>c</sup> Circe is mother of Latinos and Agrios as early as the Hesiodic poems ; here she is the mother of the Latin wood-fairy.

πολλή δ' ὑψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρυς,  
καὶ πολλή τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη  
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι· πολυσπερέων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων  
τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι·  
καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυνάδων μετανάστιος ἔστιχε Νύμφη, 20  
πηγαίῃ δ' ἀκίχητος ἀήθει μίγνυτο κούρη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένοισιν ὀριδρομος ἦεν ἀνὴρ,  
οὔρεος οἶμον ἔχων ἐτερότροπον· ἦν δέ νοῆσαι  
ὑψιφανῇ προβλήτα κατήλυδα λοξὸν ὁδίτην  
ποσσὶ πολυπλανέεσσιν· εὐπλέκτοιο δέ σειρῆς 23  
πυκνὰ περισφίγγαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῶ  
οὐρήων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν· ἐσσυμένων δέ  
ἡμιόνων στοιχηδὸν ὀριδρομος ἔκτυπεν ὀπλῇ  
σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυψαμάθοιο κοίτης  
συρομένων κατόπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτῳ. 30  
καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πᾶνες ἐποίπνουν, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
ὑλοτόμοις . . . παλάμησιν

ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων . . .  
φिटροὺς ἀκαμάτοισιν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀγοστοῖς  
ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθοισιν ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπνῃ·  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθονὶ κάτθεσαν, ἤχι τελέσσαι 33  
Εὖιος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τύμβον Ὀφέλτῃ.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἦν ἐτερόπολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ  
πενθαλέην πλοκαμίδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ·  
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,  
νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὅλον σκιάωντες ἐθείραις. 40  
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτοιο προσώπου  
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρῆνου  
πλοχμὸν ἓνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο δῶρον Ὀφέλτῃ.

Ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἐκατόμπεδον εἴθα καὶ εἴθα  
Ἰδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου· 43  
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτῃ στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ



many an oak with leaves waving high struck down with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir stooped its dry needles ; as the trees were felled far and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home, and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the brooks.

<sup>22</sup> Parties coming up would often meet, men on the hills traversing different mountain-paths. One saw them up aloft, out in front, coming down, crossing over, with feet wandering in all directions. The sticks were packed in bundles with ropes well twisted and fastened tight and trim, and laid on the mules' backs ; the animals set out in lines, and the hooves rang on the mountain-paths as they hurried along, the surface of the sandy dust was burdened by heavy logs dragged behind. Satyrs and Pans were busy ; some cut wood with axes, . . . some pulled it from tree after tree with their hands, . . . or lifted trunks with untiring arms and rattled over the rocks with dancing feet. All this woodmen laid out upon the earth, where Euios had marked a place on the ground for the tomb of Opheltes.

<sup>37</sup> There was a great swarm of men from different cities. Over the body they cut the tress of mourning with the steel of sadness. Groaning for him, they streamed one after another, and covered the whole body with their hair each in his turn. Bacchos lamented the dead with unmournful face and tearless eyes, and cutting one lock from his uncropt head he laid it upon Opheltes as his gift.

<sup>44</sup> The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way, and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.

Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος ἐπήγορον ἄορ ἐρύσσας  
 Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας  
 θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσιπτέρω τινὶ κόσμῳ·  
 ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας. 50  
 καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πώεα ποιίμης  
 πρόσθε πυρῆς· κταμένειν δὲ βοῶν ἐπενήνιεν νεκρῶ  
 σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,  
 ὧν ἅπο δημὸν ἅπαντα λαβὼν στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστου,  
 ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίοια μίτρην. 53

Ἐνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε· φιλοσκοπέλοιο δὲ Κίρκης  
 Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,  
 ὥς πάις ἀγροτέρης δεδαημένος ἔργα τεκούσης,  
 πυρσοτόκους λαίγγας, ὀρειάδος ὄργανα τέχνης,  
 ἤγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλοιο, καί, ὀππόθι σήματα Νίκης 60  
 ἡερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστώσαντο κεραυνοί,  
 λείψανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἤγαγεν, ὥς κεν ἀνάψῃ  
 πυρκαϊὴν φθιμένοιο· Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεεῖῳ  
 ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεῶνας ἀλείψας  
 πυρσοτόκων· καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίοιο κορύμβου 63  
 κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάοι μίγνυε πέτρῳ·  
 τρίβων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἄρσειν θῆλυν ἀράσσω  
 ἔγκρυφον αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρνε λαίνεον πῦρ,  
 πυρκαϊῇ δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὅπῃ πέλεν ἀγριάς ὕλη.

Οὐ δὲ πυρὴν φθιμένου

περιδεδρόμεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ, 70  
 ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαέθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα ταινύσας  
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσεν Ἑώιον Εὐρον ἀήτην,  
 πυρκαϊῆς ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὐρην.  
 καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἑωσφόρος ἔκλυε γείτων

\* Nonnos seems to confuse the striking together of flints with the rubbing or twirling of a hardwood ("male") stuck in a groove or hole in one of soft wood ("female").

Asterios of Dicte drew the sword that hung by his side, and cut the throats of twelve swarthy Indians over the body, then brought and laid them in a close orderly circle around it. There also he placed jars of honey and oil. Many oxen and sheep of the flock were butchered in front of the pyre; he heaped the bodies of the slain cattle round the body, together with rows of newly slaughtered horses, taking from each of them in turn all the fat which he laid like a rich girdle all round the body.

<sup>56</sup> Now fire was wanted. So Phaunos the son of rock-loving Circe, the frequenter of the wilderness, who dwelt in the Tyrsenian land, who had learnt as a boy the works of his wild mother, brought from a rock the firebreeding stones which are tools of the mountain lore; and from a place where thunderbolts falling from heaven had left trusty signs of victory, he brought the relics of the divine fire to kindle the pyre of the dead. With the sulphur of the divine bolt he smeared and anointed the hollows of the two firebreeding stones. Then he scraped off a light dry sprig of Erythraian growth and put it between the two stones; he rubbed them to and fro, and thus striking the male against the female, he drew forth the fire hidden in the stone to a spontaneous birth,<sup>a</sup> and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

<sup>70</sup> But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaëthon,<sup>b</sup> called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his

<sup>b</sup> Looking straight at the sun, which apparently was just rising or risen.

ίκεσίνης, καὶ γνωτὸν ἔον προέηκε Λυαίῳ, 73  
 ἄσθματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.

Καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπὼν μητρῷον Ἑοῦς  
 πυρκαϊὴν φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπιζεν αἴτης  
 πάννουχος, αἰθύσσων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ·  
 καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὖραι, 80  
 γείτονες Ἡελίοιο. σὺν ἀχινυμένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἷμα κομίζων,  
 Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου  
 εὐόδμον, δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσε κοινήν,  
 ψυχὴν ἠνεμόφοιτον Ἀρεστοριῖδαο γερνίων. 83

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσεροῖο προάγγελος ἄρματος Ἑοῦς  
 ὄρθρος ἐρευθιῶν ἀμαρύσσετο νύκτα χαράσσων,  
 δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ  
 πυρκαϊὴν ἐτάριοι κατέσβεσαν ἱκμάδι Βάκχου.  
 καὶ βαλῖαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐχάζετο θερμὸς αἴτης 90  
 εἰς δόμον Ἡελίοιο φαεσφόρον. Ἀστέριος δὲ  
 ὅστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ  
 εἰς χρυσὴν φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.  
 καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιον Ἰδης, 91  
 νεκρὸν ἐταρχύσαντο, μιῆς οἰκήτορα πατρὸς,  
 Κρήτης γνήσιον αἷμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων 93 97  
 τύμβον ἐτορνώσαντο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου·  
 καὶ κόνιν ὀθνεῖην πυμάτην ἐπέχευαν Ὀφέλτῃ, 98  
 καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέροισιν ἀνεστήσαιοτο δομαίοις,  
 τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἔπος νεοπενθεί τύμβῳ· 100  
 “νεκρὸς Ἀρεστοριίδης μινυῶριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,  
 Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος,

Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης.”

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων

appeal, and sent his brother <sup>a</sup> to Lyaïos, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

<sup>77</sup> The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night <sup>b</sup> long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaïos, Asterios of Dicte who was one of his kindred, holding a twohandled cup of sweet fragrant wine, made the dust of the earth drunken in honour of the soul of Arestor's son now carried on the wind.

<sup>86</sup> But when morning, the harbinger of Dawn's dewy car, scored the night with his ruddy gleams, then all awoke, and quenched their comrade's pyre with cups of Bacchos's juice in turn. Then the hot wind returned on quick pinions to the lightbringing mansion of Helios. Asterios collected the bones, and wrapping them in folded fat laid the relics of the dead in a golden urn. Then the whirling Corybants, since their lot was cast in the haunts of Ida, gave burial to the body as an inhabitant of one country, a true-born son of Crete, and digging the foundations deep they made his round tomb in a hollow dug in the earth, and last of all they poured foreign dust over Opheltes. They built up his barrow with taller stones, and engraved these lines on this monument of their recent sorrow: "Here lies Arestor's son who untimely died: Cnossian, Indianslayer, comrade of Bromios, Opheltes."

<sup>103</sup> Then the god of the vine brought the funeral

<sup>a</sup> Euros; presumably both are children of Astraïos, *cf.* vi. 18, 40. No earlier author has this genealogy.

<sup>b</sup> Taken over from Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 217, but there it is in place, here Nonnos has just implied that it was early morning.

αὐτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,  
 τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἱππήλατον· ἐν δαπέδῳ δὲ 105  
 ὀργυίης ἰσόμετρος ἦν λίθος εὐρεὶ μέτρῳ,  
 ἡμιτόμου κύκλοιο φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μήνης,  
 ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν εὐξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων  
 ἐργοπόνοις παλάμησι γέρων τορινώσατο τέκτων,  
 ἔνθεον ἀσκῆσαι ποθέων βρέτας· ὃν τότε γαίῃ 110  
 κουφίζων παλάμησι πέλωρ ἰδρύσατο Κύκλωφ  
 νύσσης λαϊνέης αἰτίρροπον, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ  
 ἀντίπορον λίθον ἄλλον ὁμόζυγον ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας.  
 ποικίλα δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα, λέβης, τρίπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,  
 ἄργυρος, Ἴνδὰ μέταλλα, βόες, Πακτώλιος ἱλὺς. 115

Καὶ θεὸς ἱππήεσσιν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης·  
 πρῶτῳ μὲν θέτο τόξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην  
 καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρηιφίλην τε γυναῖκα,  
 τήν ποτε Θερμώδοντος ὑπ' ὀφρύσι πεζὸς ὀδειῶν  
 λουομένην ζώγρησε, καὶ ἤγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν· 120  
 δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σὺνδρομον αὖρη,  
 ξανθοφυῇ, δολιχῇσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,  
 ἡμιτελὲς κνέουσας ἔτι βρέφος, ἧς ἔτι φόρτῳ  
 ἵππιον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονῆς οἰδαίνετο γαστήρ·  
 καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ· 125  
 τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμιος ἄκμων  
 ἀσκήσας χρυσέῳ δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω  
 ὀμφαλὸς ἀργυρέῳ τροχόεις ποικίλλετο κόσμῳ·  
 πέμπτῳ δοιὰ τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης.  
 ὀρθῶθεις δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρας· 130

“ὦ φίλοι, οὓς ἐδίδαξεν Ἀρης πολίπορθον Ἐινυῶ,  
 οἷς δρόμον ἵπποσύνης δωρήσατο κυαινοχαίτης,  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαήμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω,  
 ἀλλὰ πόνοις βριαροῖσιν ἐθήμονας· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ  
 παντοίαις ἀρετῇσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί· 135

prizes. He kept the people there, and marked out a wide space for games with the goal for a chariot-race. There was on the ground a stone of a fathom's width, rounded into a half-circle, like the moon, well smoothed on its two sides, such as an old craftsman has fashioned and rounded with industrious hands wishing to make the statue of a god. A giant Cyclops lifted this in his hands and set it in the earth for a stone turning-post, and fixed another like it at the opposite end. There were various prizes, cauldron, tripod, shields, horses, silver, Indian jewels, cattle, Pactolian silt.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>116</sup> The god offered prizes of victory for the chariot-eers. For the first, a bow and Amazonian quiver, a demilune buckler, and one of those warlike women, whom once as he walked on the banks of Thermodon he had taken while bathing and brought to the Indian city. For the second, a bay mare swift as the north wind, with long mane overshadowing her neck, still in foal and gone half her time and her belly swollen with the burden her mate had begotten. For the third, a corselet, and a shield for the fourth. This was a masterpiece made on the Lemnian anvil<sup>b</sup> and adorned with gold patterns; the round boss in the middle was wrought with silver ornaments. For the fifth, two ingots, treasure from the banks of Pactolos. Then he stood up and encouraged the drivers :

<sup>131</sup> " My friends, whom Ares has taught citystorming war, to whom Seabluehair has given the racer's horsemanship ! You whom I urge are men not unacquainted with hardship, but used to heavy toils ; for our warriors hold dear all sorts of manly prowess.

<sup>a</sup> *i.e.* gold.

<sup>b</sup> Therefore presumably by Hephaistos.



εἰ γὰρ ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο γένος λάχε Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,  
 ἵππειος τελέσει Πελοπηίδος ἄξια νίκης·  
 εἰ δὲ πέδον Πισαῖον ἔχει μαιήιον ἵππων  
 Ἥλιδος εὐδίφροιο καὶ Οἰνομάοιο πολίτης,  
 οἶδεν Ὀλυμπιάδος κοτιτηφόρον ὄζον ἐλαίης· 140  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Οἰνομάοιο πέλει δρόμος, οὐκ ἐλατῆρες  
 ἐνθάδε κέντρον ἔχουσι κακοξείνων ὕμναιών,  
 ἀλλ' ἀρετῆς δρόμος οὗτος, ἐλεύθερος ἀφρογενείης·  
 εἰ πέδον<sup>1</sup> Ἄονίης ἢ Φωκίδος αἶμα κομίζει,  
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι τετιμένον οἶδεν ἀγῶνα· 145  
 εἰ μεθέπει σοφὸν οὐδας ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,  
 ἔγνω πιαλέης ἐγκύμονα κάλπιν ἐέρης·  
 εἰ πέλεν εὐώδινος Ἀχαιῖδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,  
 Πελλήνην δεδάηκεν, ὅπη ριγῆλὸν ἀγῶνα 150  
 ἄνδρες ἀεθλεύουσι φιλοχλαίνου περὶ νίκης,  
 χειμερίῳ σφίγγοντες ἀθαλπέα γυῖα χιτῶνι·  
 εἰ ναέτης βλάστησεν ἀλιζώνιο Κορίνθου,  
 Ἴσθμιον ἡμετέροιο Παλαίμοις οἶδεν ἀγῶνα."  
 Ὡς φαμένου σπεύδοντες ἐπέτρεχον ἡγεμοιῆς,  
 δῖφρα περιτροχόωντες ἀμοιβαδὶς· ὠκυπόδην δὲ 155  
 Ξάνθον ἄγων πρῶτιστος ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δῆσεν Ἑρεχθεὺς

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: σχεδὸν Ludwich.

\* In this passage, Nonnos takes occasion to exploit his knowledge of the mythology of athletic contests. Dionysos's men include Lydians; but Pelops (137) was son of Tantalos the Lydian, so they may take example from his defeat of Oinomaos (cf. xix. 152). But this is one of the many mythical origins of the games at Olympia, so if they come from Pisa (the nearest town to the precinct of Zeus where the games were held) that may encourage them, especially as this is to be a clean and fair contest, with no tricks such as Pelops played for the sake of his love of Hippodameia (141-143; the Foamborn is Aphrodite). Or



If one is of Lydian birth from Tmolos, he will do deeds worthy of the victorious racing of Pelops. If one comes from the land of Pisa, nurse of horses, a man of Elis with its fine chariots, a countryman of Oinomaos, he knows the sprigs of Olympian wild olive : but this is not the race of Oinomaos, our drivers here have not the goad of a marriage fatal to strangers—this is a race for honour and free from the Foamborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>154</sup> He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (*cf.* ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (*schol.* Pind. *Ol.* xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast.

ἄρσενα, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφήκωσε Ποδάρκην,  
 οὓς Βορέης ἔσπειρεν ἐνπεριύγων ἐπὶ λίκτρων  
 Σιθονίην Ἀρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμιον ἔλκων,  
 καὶ σφεας, Ὠρείθυιαν ὅθ' ἤρπασεν Ἀτθίδα νύμφην, 160  
 ὥπασεν ἔδνον ἔρωτος Ἐρεχθεὶ γαμβρὸς ἀήτης.  
 δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἰσμηνίδα πάλλεν ἱμάσθλην  
 καὶ τρίτος ὕδρομέδοντος ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου  
 Σκέλμις ἦν ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἔγραφε πολλάκις ὕδωρ  
 πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης. 165  
 τέτρατος ἄνθορε Φαῦνος, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος  
 μῦνος ἔχων τύπον ἴσον ἐῆς γενέταο τεκούσης,  
 Ἥελίου μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας ἵππους·  
 καὶ Σικελῶν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,  
 οἴστρον ἔχων Πισαῖον ἐλαιοκόμιου ποταμοῖο, 170  
 ἵπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδον ὥκεε νύμφης  
 Ἀλφειοῦ δυσέρωτος, ὃς εἰς Ἀρίθουνσαν ἰκάνει  
 ἄβροχον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγων στεφαιτηφόρον ὕδωρ.

Καὶ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα λαβὼν ἀπάνευθεν ὁμίλου  
 παιδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους· 175

“Τέκνον Ἀρισταίῳ περισσινόῳ τοκῆς,  
 οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι φέρεις σθέιους ἄρκιον, ὅττι κομίζεις  
 σύμφυτον ἡγορέη κεκερασμένον αἰθεμιον ἥβης,  
 πάτριον αἶμα φέρων Φοιβήιον, ἡμέτεραι δὲ  
 κρείσσονες αἰσσοῦσιν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες ἵπποι· 180

<sup>a</sup> Cf. ii. 688; Oreithyia was daughter of Erechtheus (or Pandion) king of Athens.

<sup>b</sup> Theban, from the river Ismenos (properly Hismenos), near Thebes.

<sup>c</sup> The genealogy is Helios-Circe-Faunus, cf. xxxvii. 13.

<sup>d</sup> The story of how Alpheios, the river of Elis, loved Arethusa, the fountain of Syracuse (among other places),

fastened in his mare Swiftfoot ; both sired by Northwind Boreas in winged coupling when he dragged a stormfoot Sithonian Harpy to himself, and the Wind gave them as loveprice to his goodfather Erechtheus when he stole Attic Oreithyia for his bride.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>162</sup> Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian <sup>b</sup> lash. Third was speedyfoal Scelmis, offspring of Earthshaker lord of the wet, who often cut the water of the sea driving the car of his father Poseidon. Fourth Phaunos leapt up, who came into the assembly alone bearing the semblance of his mother's father,<sup>c</sup> with four horses under his yoke like Helios ; and fifth Achates mounted his Sicilian chariot, one insatiable for horsemanship, full of the passion which belongs to the river that feeds the olivetrees of Pisa. For he lived in the land of the nymph loved by hapless Alpheios, who brings to Arethusa as a gift of love his garlanded waters untainted by the brine.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>174</sup> Bold Actaion was led away from the crowd by his father, who addressed these loving injunctions to his eager son :

<sup>176</sup> " My son, your father Aristaïos has more experience than you. I know you have strength enough, that in you the bloom of youth is joined with courage ; for you have in you the blood of Apollo my father, and our Arcadian mares are stronger than any

and consequently his waters flow under the sea without mingling with the salt water, to join hers, is told a hundred times in ancient authors, *e.g.*, in Strabo vi. 2. 4. The epithet *στεφανηφόρον* probably means that if a garland is thrown into Alpheios it will reappear in Arethusa ; elsewhere it is a silver cup, or dirt of some kind, or generally anything that may be thrown into the river which gives this proof of the story. But it may simply refer to the garlands given as prizes at Olympia.

# NONNOS

ἀλλὰ μάτην τάδε πάντα,

καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων  
νικῆσαι δεδάασιν, ὅσων φρένες ἡνιοχῆος·  
μούνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύεαι· ἵπποσυνῆ γὰρ  
χρηίζει πινυτοῖο δαήμοιος ἡνιοχῆος.

ἀλλὰ σὺ πατρὸς ἄκουε, καὶ ἵππια κέρδεα τέχνης, 183  
ὅσσα χρόνῳ δεδάηκα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὶ διδάξω.  
σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαῖς ἀρετῇσι γεραίρειν·  
καὶ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης μεθέπει κλῖος, ὅσων Ἴνυά·  
σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοισι

μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραίρειν·  
Ἄρεα νικήσας ἐτέρην ὑποδύσειο νίκην, 190  
ὄφρα μετ' αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλίσσω.  
ὦ τέκος, ἄξια ῥέξον ὁμογνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,  
ἄξια καὶ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,  
καὶ καμάτους νίκησον Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆος·  
ἵπποσύνην δ' ἀνάφαινε, φέρων τεχτήμοια νίκην, 193  
κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγῶνος  
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσσυτον ἄρμα παρέλκων  
πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,

καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος ἵππων  
ἄστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῷ  
πείθεται, ἡνίοχος δὲ μετάτροπος ἔκτοθι νύσσης 200  
ἔλκεται, ἥχι φέρουσιν ἀπειθέες ἄρπαγες ἵπποι·  
ὃς δέ κε τεχνήεντι δόλῳ μεμελημένος εἷη  
ἡνίοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐλάσσοινας ἵππους,  
ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,  
ἐγγὺς αἰεὶ περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων δρόμον,

ἄρμα δὲ κάμπτει 203  
ἱππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσω.  
σκέπτεό μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητῇρι χαλινῷ  
δοχμῶσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερόν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,

for the race. But all this is in vain, neither strength nor running horses know how to win, as much as the driver's brains. Cunning, only cunning you want; for horseracing needs a smart clever man to drive.

<sup>185</sup> "Then listen to your father, and I will teach you too all the tricks of the horsy art which time has taught me, and they are many and various. Do your best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes. Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your father Aristaios. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for without instruction one pulls the car off the course in the middle of a race, it wanders all over the place, and the obstinate horses in their unsteady progress are not driven by the whip or obedient to the bit, the driver as he turns back misses the post,<sup>a</sup> he loses control, the horses run away and carry him back where they will. But one who is a master of arts and tricks, the driver with his wits about him, even with inferior horses, keeps straight and watches the man in front, keeps a course ever close to the post, wheels his car round without ever scratching the mark. Keep your eyes open, please, and tighten the guiding rein swinging the whole near horse about and just clearing the post, throwing your weight

<sup>a</sup> Not the goal, but the mark at the end of the track where the cars were to turn; it was a point of horsemanship to come as near as possible without actually hitting it.

λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι παρακλιδὸν ἄρμα βαρίνων,  
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἄψαυστος ἀναγκαίῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ 210  
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείῃ  
 πλήμνῃ ἐλίσσομένου σέθεν ἄρματος οἷά περ ἄκρου  
 τέρματος ἀπτομένη τροχειδέι γείτονι κύκλῳ·  
 ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἄξοιι ἰύσαν ἀράξας 215  
 εἰν ἐνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἄρματα καὶ σέθεν ἵππους.  
 καὶ τεὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἄρμα νομείων  
 ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίος· ἀμφότερον δέ,  
 κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλῇν,  
 δεξιὸν ἵππον ἔλαυνε, θωώτερον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκων  
 ἀθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρειμένα κύκλα χαλινοῦ· 220  
 ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίος ἄρμα νομείων  
 εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχτήμονι βουλῇ  
 πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἡνιοχῆς."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο, παῖδα διδάξας  
 ἡθάδος ἵπποσύνης ἐτερότροπα κέρδεια τέχνης. 225

Καὶ κυνέης ἔντοσθεν ἐθήμιονος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω  
 τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίταινε φυλασσομένοιο προσώπου,  
 κλῆρον ἔχειν ἐθέλων ἐτερότροπον, οἷά τις αἰτῆρ  
 εἰς κύβον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.  
 καὶ λάχον ἡνιοχῆς ἀμοιβαδῖς· ἵππομαϊνῆς δέ 230  
 Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντίδος αἶμα γειέθλης  
 κλῆρῳ πρῶτος ἦν, καὶ δεύτερος ἦεν Ἀχάτης,  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆος ἀδελφεός,

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
 ἔλλαχεν Ἀκταίων· ὁ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἔσση  
 ὑστατίου κλῆροιο τυχὼν πλήξιππος Ἑρεχθεύς. 235

Καὶ βοέας μᾶστιγας ἐκούφισαν ἡνιοχῆς,  
 ἰστάμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων.  
 καὶ σκοπὸς Αἰακὸς ἦεν ἐτήτυμος, ὄφρα ἰοήσας  
 καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφαίους ἐλατήρας



sideways to make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

<sup>224</sup> With this advice, he turned away and retired, having taught his son the various tricks of his trade as a horseman, which he knew so well himself.

<sup>226</sup> One after another as usual each put a blind hand into the helmet,<sup>a</sup> turning away his face, and hoping to get the uncertain lot in his favour, as one who shakes his fingers for a throw of the doubtful dice far from him. So the leaders in turn took their lots. Horsemad Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaëthon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenēs,<sup>b</sup> and next to him Actaion; but the best racer of all got the last lot, horsewhipper Erechtheus.

<sup>236</sup> Then the drivers lifted their leather whips, and stood in a row each in his chariot. The umpire was honest Aiacos; his duty was to view the crown-eager drivers turning the post, and to watch with unerring

<sup>a</sup> They drew lots to see which should drive nearest the inside of the track.

<sup>b</sup> Scelmis.

μάρτυς ἀληθείης ἑτερόθροα νείκεα λύση, 240  
 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι διακρίνων δρόμον ἵππων.  
 Τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἦν δρόμος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ  
 ὃς μὲν ἦν προκέλευθος, ὃ δὲ προθέοιτα κιχῆσαι  
 ἤθελεν, ὃς δ' ἐδίωκε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ χαράξαι 245  
 ἀγχιφανῆς μενέαιεν ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.  
 καὶ τις ἐνὶ σταδίοις ἐλατῆρ ἐλατῆρα κιχῆσας  
 ἄρματι δίφρον ἔμιξε, καὶ ἡνία χερσὶ τινάσσων  
 ἵππους ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῶ·  
 ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντι συνέμπορος ἡνιοχῆι 250  
 εἰς ἔριν ἀμφήριστον ἰσόρροπον εἶχε πορείην,  
 δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, τετανυσμένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκη,  
 ἰξύι καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων,  
 φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσων,  
 ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμώσατο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς·  
 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἡνιοχῆος· 255  
 καὶ νῦ κεν αἰσσοῦντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ  
 εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον οἶνυξ ὠλίσθαιεν ἵππων,  
 εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεύδουσαν ἦν ἀνέκοψεν ἐρωὴν  
 ἡνίοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπήλυδα δίφρον ἐρύκων.  
 καὶ τις ἔχων προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα 260  
 ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,  
 ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείων ἐλατῆρα  
 ἀγχιφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,  
 εἰναλίην μάλιστα Ποσειδάωνος ἐλίσσων  
 πάτριον ἡνιόχευε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἵππων· 265  
 οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότητο τανύπτερος ἡέρα τέμνων  
 Πήγασος ὑψιπότῃτος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἵππων  
 χερσαίην ἀκίχητον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην.  
 Λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἐν ἰόντες, ἐν ὑψιλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ  
 ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος, 270  
 τηλόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἵππων·



eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

<sup>242</sup> The race started from the barrier. Off they went—one leading in the course, one trying to catch him as he raced in front, another chasing the one between, and the last ran close to the latter of these two and strove to graze his chariot. As they got farther on driver caught driver and ran car against car, then shaking the reins forced off the horses with the jagged bit. Another neck and neck with a speeding rival ran level in the doubtful race, now crouching sideways, now stretching himself, now upright when he could not help it, with bent hips urging the willing horse, just a touch of the master's hand and a light flick of the whip. Again and again he would turn and look back for fear of the car of the driver coming on behind: or as he made speed, the horse's hoof in the spring of his prancing feet would be slipping into a somersault, had not the driver checked his still hurrying pace and so held back the car which pressed him behind. Again, one in front with another driver following behind would change his course to counter the rival car, moving from side to side uncertainly so as to bar the way to the other who pressed him close. And Scelmis, offspring of the Earthshaker, swung Poseidon's sea-whip and drove his father's team bred in the sea; not Pegasos flying on high so quickly cut the air on his long wings, as the feet of the seabred horses covered their course on land unapproachable.

<sup>269</sup> The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from

ὦν ὁ μὲν εἰστῆκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσω  
 δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρα,  
 ἄλλος ἀμλλητῆρι πόθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων  
 ἵππομανῇ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόδρομον ἡνιοχῆος·  
 καί τις ἐοῦ προκέλευθον ἰδὼν δρόμον ἡνιοχῆος  
 χερσὶν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἱαχε πειθάδι φωνῇ  
 θαρσύνων, γελόων, τρομέων, ἐλατῆρι κελεύων.

275

Ἄρματα δ' εὐποίητα θοώτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν πεπότῃτο μετάρσια, πῇ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 ἀκροφανῇ πεφόρητο μόγισ ψαύοντα κονίης·  
 καὶ ταχινῷ ψαμαθῶδες ἔδος τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ  
 ἄρματος ἰθυπόροιο κατέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀλήτης·  
 συμφερτὴ δ' ἔρις ἦεν· ἐγειρομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 στήθεσιν ἵππειοῖσιν ἀνηώρητο κονίη,  
 χαῖται δ' ἡερίῃσιν ἐπερρώοντο θυέλλαις·  
 ὀτρηροὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες ὁμογλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 ὀξυτέρην μᾶστιγος ἀπερροῖβδῃσαν ἰωήν.

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Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον,

ὀξὺς ὁρούσας

Σκέλμις ἦν πρώτιστος ἀλῖδρομον ἄρμα τιταίνων·  
 καὶ οἱ ὀμαρτήσας ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππον Ἑρεχθεὺς  
 ἀγχιφανῆς, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τάχα φαίης  
 εἰναλίου Τελχίνος ἰδεῖν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητος Ἑρεχθέος ἵππος ἀγῆνωρ  
 διχθαδίῳ μυκτῆρι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων  
 ἄλλοτρίον θέρμαινε μετάφρενον ἡνιοχῆος,  
 καὶ νῦ κεν αὐχενίων ἐδράξατο χερσὶ κομάων,  
 ἐντροπαλιζομένοις βλεφάροις ἐλατῆρα δοκεύων,  
 καὶ νῦ κε σειομένων τροχαλῇ στροφάλιγγι γενείων  
 ἀφριῶν στατὸς ἵππος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλινοῦ,  
 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἑρεχθεὺς,  
 ἡνία δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμιῷ,

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303

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301

a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapt his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

<sup>279</sup> The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear,<sup>a</sup> now flew high aloft, now skimmed the earth scarcely touching the surface of dust. The track of the car dashing straight on with quick circling wheel scratched the sandy soil as it passed. Then there was a confused struggle; the dust also was stirred and rose to the horses' chests, their manes shook in the airy breezes, the busy drivers shouted all with one voice together louder than their crackling whips.

<sup>289</sup> Now they were on the last lap. Scelmis with a swift leap was first of all pressing on his seachariot. Erechtheus was close upon him whipping up his team, and you might almost say you saw the second car ready to climb aboard the car of the maritime Telchis; for the spirited stallion of Erechtheus was up in the air, panting and snorting with both nostrils, so as to warm the back of the other charioteer. The eyes of Scelmis were turned back again and again on the other driver, and he might have pulled Erechtheus' horse by the mane, and the foaming stallion might have shaken his jaw with a quick jerk and spat out the bit; but Erechtheus checked the car, and turned it to one side with a vigorous pull at the

<sup>a</sup> Moving faster than *Ursa Maior*, otherwise the Waggon (*ἄμαξα*), travels around the pole.

ἀγχιφανῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων· 302  
καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγῶν ἀχάλιστον αἰάγκην. 304  
καί μιν ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐπαῖσσοιτα δοκείων 305

Σκέλμις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροιβόδησεν ἰωήν·

“ Λῆγε θαλασσαίοισι μάτην ἵπποισιν ἐρίζων  
ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἐλαύνων  
Οἶνομάου νίκησεν ἀνικῆτων δρόμον ἵππων.

ἵπποσύνης μὲν ἔγωγε κυβερνητῆρα καλίσσω 310  
ἵππιον ὑδρομέδοιτα· σὺ δέ, πληξίππε, τιταίνεις  
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐς ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην.  
οὐ δὲ τεῆς ὀλίγης μορίης χρίος, ἀλλὰ κομίζω  
ἀμπελόεν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχεια ἐλαίην.”

“Ὡς φαμένου

ταχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἴρεχθεύς, 313  
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνων  
χερσὶ μὲν ἠνιόχευεν ἑὸν δρόμον, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ  
ἵπποσύνης πολιοῦχον ἔην ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην  
κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρυγεν Ἀθιδῶ φωνήν·

“ Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἵπποσσόε Παλλὰς ἀμῆτωρ, 320  
ὥς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῶν νίκησας ἀγῶνι,  
οὕτω σὸς ναέτης Μαραθῶνιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων  
υἱέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἴρεχθεύς.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐπεμάστιεν ἰσχία πώλων,  
ἄρματι δ' ἄρμα πέλασσεν ἰσόζυγον· ἀντιβίου δὲ 323  
λαιῇ μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων,  
σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύων βεβημένον ἄρμα χαλινῶ,  
δεξιτερῇ μάστιζεν εὐὸς ὑψαύχενας ἵππους

\* Pelops got from Poseidon the team with which he carried off Hippodameia, Pind. *Ol.* i. 87.

† μορία, a sacred olive, especially watched over by Zeus and Athena, Soph. *O.C.* 705-706.

‡ For possession of Attica, cf. xxxvi. 126.

stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones—

<sup>307</sup> "That will do now! It's of no use to run a match with horses of the sea! Pelops long ago driving another car of my father's<sup>a</sup> beat in a race the unconquered horses of Oinomaos. As guide of my horsemanship I will call on the Horse God of the deep: you, my friend the horse flogger, direct all your hope to Athena the Perfect Webster. I do not want your paltry olive<sup>b</sup>; I'll carry off a different garland, a vinewreath and not your trumpey olive."

<sup>315</sup> Erechtheus was a hasty man, and these words of Scelmis made him angrier than before, and his quick intelligent mind began at once to weave plots and plans. His hands went on with his driving, but in his heart he uttered a quick prayer to Athena the queen of his own city in his own country language, to crave help in his horsemanship:

<sup>320</sup> "Lady of Cecropia, horsemistress, Pallas unmothered! As thou didst conquer Poseidon in thy contest,<sup>c</sup> so may Erechtheus thy subject, who drives a horse of Marathon, conquer Poseidon's son!"

<sup>324</sup> With this appeal he touched up the flanks of his colts and brought up level car to car and yoke to yoke, and with his left hand caught at the mouth of his rival's horse, and pulled at the heavy grip of the bit, forcing back by the bridle the car running by his side<sup>d</sup>; with his right hand he lashed his own

<sup>a</sup> Apparently a good deal of fouling was tolerated in ancient racing.

# NONNOS

ἔσσυμένους προτέρωσε· μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου  
 θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.  
 καὶ τροχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἡχώ 320  
 υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀμοιβάδι νείκεε φωνῇ,  
 ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελόωσαν ὀπωπὴν·  
 “Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης·

σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν Ἑρεχθεύς,  
 ὅττι τεὸν Βαλίον, Ζεφυρηίδος αἷμα γενέθλης,  
 ἄρσενα καὶ νέον ἵππον ὁδοιπόρον ἄβροχον ἄλμης 325  
 γηραλή νίκησεν ἐμὴ θήλεια Ποδάρκη.  
 εἰ μὲν ἀγνηορέεις Πελοπηίδος εἵνεκα τέχνης  
 ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα γεραίρων,  
 Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπίκλοπον ἦνυσε νίκην, 330  
 μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ·  
 εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις γενεῆς χάριν εἰνοσιγαίου,  
 ἵππιον ὃν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων,  
 πόντιον αὐτὸν ἄνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης,  
 ἄρσενα σὸν νίκησεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη.” 335

“Ὡς φάμενος Τελχίνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.  
 τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἔλαυνεν ὄχον τέθριππον ἱμάσσων·  
 Ἀκταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπίκλοπος ἔσπετο Φαῖνω,  
 πατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι μύθων  
 κερδαλέων· καὶ λοῖσθος ἦν Τυρσηνὸς Ἀχάτης. 340

Καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων δολίην ἐφράσσατο βουλήν·  
 Φαῦνον εὐοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἔτι προθέοντα κιχήσας  
 ὀξυτέρῃ μᾶστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμον ἵππων  
 σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατῆρα,  
 βαιὸν ὑποφθάμενος· καὶ ἐπ’ αἰνυγι γούνατα πῆξας 345  
 δίφρον ἀμιλλητῆρα κατέγραφεν ἄρματι λοξῶ,  
 ἵππειους τροχόεντι διαξύων πόδας ὀλκῶ.  
 καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσεν ἄρμα· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου

highnecked steeds putting on a spurt. So he took the place of Scelmis on the course, and made that charioteer fall behind. Then he looked back with a laughing countenance on the son of Poseidon, and mocked him in his turn with raillery, the words tumbling over his shoulder in a stream—

<sup>334</sup> “Scelmis, you’re beaten! Erechtheus is a better man than you, for my old ambling mare Swift-foot has beaten your Piebald, with Zephyros for sire, a horse too, and a young one, and one that can run on the sea without getting wet! If you are so proud of the skill of Pelops and praise the seacoursing car of your father, it was Myrtilos<sup>a</sup> who contrived that cheating victory, with his clever invention, when he made a wax model of an axle to deceive his master. If you are haughty because of your father Earth-shaker, the Horse God as you call him, who rides in the chariot of the deep, himself lord of the sea and master of the trident, Athena, a female, has beaten your backer, the male!”

<sup>346</sup> As he said this, the man of Athena’s town ran past the Telchis. Next after him came Phaunos flogging his fourhorse team. Fourth was Actaion the cunning and artful, who had not forgotten his father’s good advice; and the last was Tyrsenian Achates.

<sup>351</sup> Now bold Actaion thought of a cunning plan. His car was just behind Phaunos and catching him up, when with a sharper cut of the whip, he turned his horses aside and drove them up level, slipping by the driver and getting a little in front, then pressing his knees against the rail, he scraped the rival car with his own crossing car and scratched the horse’s legs with his running wheel. The car was upset, and over

<sup>a</sup> Oinomaos’s charioteer.



τρεις μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πέλον πεπτηότες ἵπποι,  
 ὃς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὃ δὲ γαστέρος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ δειρήν, 360  
 εἰς δέ τις ὀρθὸς ἔμιμνε παρακλιδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ  
 ἄκρα ποδῶν ῥίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον ἀνχίνα σείων  
 σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὅλον πόδα γείτονος ἵππου,  
 κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑψόσε δῖφρον ἀνέλκων.  
 οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθείτες ἐπὶ χθονός·

αὐσταλῖος δὲ 365

ἡνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἄρματι γείτων·  
 θρύπτετο δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα, μαινομένου δὲ γεινίου  
 ὄξυτενὴς κεκόνιστο πέδῳ κεχαραγμένος ἀγκῶν.  
 ἡνίοχος δ' ἀνέπαλτο θοώτερος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ  
 εἰς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρίστατο γείτοιν δῖφρῳ, 370  
 αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυσμένον ἵππον ἀνέλκων·  
 καὶ βαλὴν μᾶστιγι κατηφέα πῶλον ἱμάσσω.  
 καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεποιημένον ἐγγίθι δῖφρου  
 Φαῦνον ὀπιπεύων φιλοπαίγμονα ῥήξατο φωιτήν·

"Λῆγε μάτην ἀέκοιτας ἐπισπέρχων σίθεν ἵππους, 375  
 λῆγε μάτην· φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Διονύσῳ,  
 Φαῦνος ὅτι προθέοντας ὅλους ἐλατήρης ἰάσας  
 νόστιμος ὀψικέλευθος ἐλεύσεται ἄρματα σύρων·  
 φεῖδεο σῆς μᾶστιγος, ἐπεὶ ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ  
 σῶν ὀρόων ὤκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἵππων." 380

"Ἐνεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὄχον προκέλευθον ἐλαίνων  
 ὠκυτέρῃ μᾶστιγι· καὶ ἄχυντο Φαῦνος ἀκούων.  
 καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λασίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς  
 κεκλιμένων ὠρθωσε δέμας κεκοιμένον ἵππων,  
 καὶ τινα λυομένοιο παραίξαντα λεπάδινου 385  
 πῶλον ἄγων παλίνορσον ἐπεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ·  
 στήσας δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρεσσυμένων πόδας ἵππων  
 ἄρματος ὕψι βέβηκε, καὶ ἵχνιον ἄρματι πῆξας  
 φρικαλέῃ μᾶστιξε τὸ δεύτερον ἵππον ἱμάσθλῃ·



the wreckage three of the horses lay fallen on the ground, one on the flank, one on the belly, one on the neck. But one kept clear by a swerve and remained standing, his feet firmly rooted on the earth, shaking his trembling neck; he supported the whole leg of the horse yoked next to him, and lifting the yokeband pulled the car up again. There they were in a mess on the ground; the driver rolled in the dirt beside his wheel, close to the car, the skin of his forehead barked, his chin soiled, his arm stretched out in the dust and the elbow torn by the ground. The driver leapt up quickly, and in a moment he was standing beside his wrecked car, dragging up the prostrate horse with shamed hand and flogging the discomfited beast with quick lash. Bold Actaion watched Phaunos in difficulties beside his car, and made merry at his plight :

<sup>375</sup> " That will do now ! It's of no use to press your unwilling horses. That will do, it's all of no use ! I shall be there first, and I will inform Dionysos that Phaunos will let all the other drivers pass, and he will come in last dragging his own car. Spare your whip. It really makes me sorry to see your poor horses torn like that with a fleshcutting prick ! "

<sup>381</sup> Phaunos was furious to hear these words, as the speaker drove his team quickly on with speeding whip. He pulled at the thick tails of the horses lying on the ground, and with great difficulty made the beasts get up from the dust. One colt which had struggled out of the untied yokestrap he brought back again and fastened into the bridle. . He put the feet of the struggling horses into their places on both sides, and mounted the car, taking his stand firmly in it, then once more whipt up the team with

καὶ πλεόν ἤλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἵππων, 390  
 ὠκύτερον δ' ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἡνιοχῆα·  
 καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔμβαλεν ἵπποις  
 ἵππιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐὼν θρασὺν υἷα γεραίρων·  
 στενωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἰδὼν παρὰ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ  
 ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὕφαινε δολοπλόκον, ὅφρα κιχήσας 395  
 ἄρματι τεχνήεντι παραΐξειεν Ἀχάτην.  
 ῥωγμὸς ἦν βαθύκολπος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθου  
 χειμερὶν μάστιγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ  
 ἡρόθεν προχέοντος· ἐργομένῳ δὲ ῥείθρῳ  
 ὄμβρου γειοτόμοιο ῥάχισ κοιλαίνεται γαίης, 400  
 ἦχι μολῶν ἀέκων ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἀχάτης,  
 φεύγων ἀγκικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἐλατῆρος·  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεσσυμένῳ τρομερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωιήν·  
 “ Εἰσέτι, νῆπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόωσι χιτῶνες,  
 εἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμαθῶδεές εἰσι κορῶναι, 405  
 οὗ πω σῶν ἐτίναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνιν ἵππων·  
 λύματα σείο κάθαιρε· τί σοι τόσον ἵππον ἐλαύνειν;  
 μὴ σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα ἰοῆσω.  
 τὸν ἄθρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε κιχήσας  
 ταυρεῖν σέο νῶτον ὑποστίξειεν ἰμάσθλη, 410  
 μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκοιτίζειε κοινῇ.  
 εἰσέτι σῆς μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρειῆς·  
 Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήονα μῶμον ἀνάπτων  
 πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἡελίῳ σέο πάππῳ;  
 ἄζεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθερεῶνα. 415  
 Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιπόλους Διονύσου,  
 μὴ σοι ἐπεγγελάσῃ καὶ αὖσταλέῳ σέο δίφρῳ.  
 πῇ θρόνα; πῇ βοτάναι;

πῇ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κίρκης;  
 πάντα σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν,  
 ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἤλθες ἀγῶνος.

his terrible lash. Harder than ever Phaunos drove and urged on his galloping horses, quicker than ever he pursued the driver in front of him—and he caught up the team ahead, for horsegod Earthshaker put spirit into the horses to honour his bold son. Then seeing a narrow pass by a beetling cliff, he wove a tangled web of deceitful artifice, to catch Achates and pass him by skilful driving.

<sup>397</sup> There was a deep ravine, which the errant flood of rain pouring from the sky had torn by the side of the course under the wintry scourge of Zeus; the torrent of rain confined there had cut away a strip of earth and hollowed the ground so as to form a narrow ridge. Achates when he got there had unwillingly checked his car, to avoid a collision with the approaching driver; and as Phaunos galloped upon him, he called out in a trembling voice—

<sup>404</sup> “Your dress is dirty still, foolish Phaunos! the tips of your harness are still covered with sand! You have not yet dusted your untidy horses! Clean off your dirt! What’s the good of all that driving? I fear I may see you tumbling and struggling again! Take care of that bold Actaion, or he may catch you and flick your back with his leather thong and shoot you headlong into the dust again. You still show scratches on your round cheeks. Why do you still rage, Phaunos, bringing disgrace alike on Poseidon your father and Helios your gaffer? Pray have respect for the mocking throat of the Satyrs—beware of the Seilenoi and the attendants of Dionysos, or they may laugh at your dirty car! Where are your herbs and your plants, where all the drugs of Circe? All have left you, all, as soon as you began this race. Who

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<sup>1</sup> τὸν H. J. Rose, σὸν MSS. and edd.

τίς κεν ἀπαγγεῖλειεν ἀγήνορι σείῳ τεκοῖσῃ 430  
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἄρμα καὶ αὐχμῶνουσιν ἱμάσθλην;·

Τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδῃσεν ἀγήνορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,  
κερτομέων· Νέμεσις δὲ τόσῃν ἐγράψατο φωνήν.  
καὶ σχεδὸν ἤλυθε Φαῦνος ὁμήλυδα δῖφρον ἐλαύνων·  
ἄρματι δ' ἄρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξοι γόμφον ἀράσσω 435  
μεσσοπαγῇ συνέαξε βαλὼν τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ·  
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ,  
ἄρμασιν Οἰνομάοιο πανεῖκελος, ὁππότε κηροῦ  
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεῖς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων  
ἵπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμνηνότες ἥνιοχῆς. 430

στεινωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμιμνεν Ἀχάτης,  
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἡμειος ἵππων  
ὠκυτέρῃ μᾶστιγι παρήλυθε Φαῦνος Ἀχάτην,  
οἷά περ οὐκ αἰών· καὶ ἐκούφισε μᾶλλον ἱμάσθλην,  
μαστιζὼν ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἵππων· 435  
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὅσσα βορόντος  
δίσκου πεμπομένοιο πέλει δολιχόσκιος ὁρμή,  
ὃν βριαρῇ παλάμῃ δονέων αἰζήσῃ ἰάλλει.

Λαοῖς δ' ἔμπεσε λύσσα·

καὶ ἤρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,  
συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης 440  
ἐσσομένης· τὰ δὲ δῶρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἵππων  
ἢ τρίπος ἢ ἐλέβης ἢ φάσγανον ἢ ἐβοεΐη·  
καὶ ναέτης ναετῆρι, φίλος δ' ἐρίδαιεν ἐταίρῳ,  
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νέω νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνὴρ.  
ἦν δ' ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερόθροος, ὃς μὲν Ἀχάτην 445  
κυδαίνων, ἕτερος δὲ χερεῖονα Φαῦνον ἐλέγχων  
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτηῶτα κυλινδομένων ἀπὸ δῖφρων,  
ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦεν Ἑρεχθεὺς  
εἰναλίου Τελχίνος ὀπίστερος ἥνιοχῆς·  
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἵππων 450

will tell your proud mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip ? ”

<sup>422</sup> Such were the proud words that Achates shouted in mockery : but Nemesis recorded that big speech. Now Phaunos came close and drove alongside. Chariot struck chariot, and hitting the middle bolt with his axle he broke it with his rolling wheel—the other wheel rolled off by itself and fell twisting on the ground, as with the chariot of Oinomaos, when the wax of the false axle melted in Phaëthon’s heat and ended the horsemanship of that furious driver. Achates remained in the narrow way, while Phaunos in his car, leaning over the rail of his four-in-hand, passed him with speeding whip as if he did not hear ; he lifted his lash more than ever, flogging the necks of the galloping horses beyond pursuit. Now he was next behind Actaion, as far as the long throw of a hurtling quoit when some stout lad casts it with strong hand.

<sup>439</sup> The spectators were mad with excitement, all quarrelling and betting upon the uncertain victory that was not yet. They lay their wagers on the storm-foot horses—tripod or cauldron or sword or shield ; native quarrelled with native, friend with comrade, old with old and young with young, man with man. All took sides shouting in confusion, one praised up Achates, a second would prove Phaunos the worse, for falling to the ground from his upset car ; another maintained that Erechtheus was second behind Telchis the driver from the sea ; another would have it that the resourceful man of Athens was visible

ἀγχιφανὴς νίκησε πολύτροπος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,  
Σκέλμιν ἔτι προθέοντα παραΐξας ἐλατῆρα.

Οὐ πω νεῖκος ἔληγε,

καὶ ἔφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἑρεχθεύς.  
ἵππους ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰὲν ἰμάσσων·  
καὶ πολὺς ἱππείοιο δι' αὐχένος ἔρρειν ἰδρῶς 435  
καὶ λασίου στέρνοιο, καθ' ἡνιόχοιο δὲ πυκναὶ  
αὐχμηραὶ ῥαθάμιγγες ἐπερριύοντο κοινῆς·

ἄρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροισιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἱχέσιν ἱππων  
ἄλλομένη στροφάλιγγι· καὶ οὐ τροχόετι σιδήρῳ  
λεπταλέης ἀτίνακτα τινάσσετο νῶτα κοινῆς. 460

αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήεντα μετὰ δρόμον ὑψόθι δίφρου  
εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος· ἐὼ δ' ἔσμηξε χιτῶνι  
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτα διαστάζοντα μετώπων·

καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφροιο κατήιε· μηκεδαιτῆν δὲ  
εἰς ζυγὸν εὐποίητον ἐὴν ἔκλινεν ἰμάσθλην· 465

ἵππους δ' Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λύν· ὠκύτερος δὲ  
τερπομένη παλάμη πρωτάγρια κούφισε νίκης,  
ιοδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναιῖκα,  
πάλλων ἡμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοεΐης.

Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθε θαλασσαιῶν ἐπὶ δίφρων 470  
Σκέλμις, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,  
κύκλος ὅσον τροχόεις ἀπολείπεται ὠκείος ἵππου,  
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαΐσσοντος ἐπισσώτρων μόγις ἄκραι  
ἐκταδίης ψάφουσιν ἐλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς·  
δεύτερα δ' εἶλεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ὤρεγε Λαμναμενῆ 475  
ἔγκυον ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμονι χειρὶ τιταίνων.

Καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταίων ἀνεκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης  
χρυσοφαῇ θώρηκα, παναίολον ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.

Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἵκανε·

καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσας  
ὀμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀιηέρταζε βοεΐης, 480

close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

<sup>453</sup> The quarrel had not ended when Erechtheus came in first, a near thing! unceasingly lashing his horses right and left down from the shoulder. Sweat ran in rivers over the horses' necks and hairy chests, their driver was sprinkled with plentiful dry splatterings of dust; the car was running hard on the horses' footsteps amid rising whirls, and the undisturbed surface of the light dust was disturbed by the rolling tyres. After this flying race, he came into their midst in his car. He wiped off with his dress the sweat which poured from his wet brow, and quickly got out of the car. He rested his long whip against the fine yoke, and his groom Amphidamas unloosed the horses. Then quickly with happy hand he lifted the first prize of victory, quiver and bow and helmeted woman, and shook the flat half-shield with the boss in the middle.

<sup>470</sup> Scelmis came second in his chariot from the sea—for he drove Poseidon's car from the sea, as far behind as the round wheel is behind the running horse—as he gallops, the hairy tip of his long waving tail just touches the tyre. He took the second prize, the mare in foal, and gave her in charge to Damna-menes, offering her with jealous hand.

<sup>477</sup> Third Actaion lifted his token of victory, the corselet shining with gold, the gorgeous work of Olympus.

<sup>479</sup> Next came Phaunos, and there checked his car. He lifted the shield with rounded silver



αὐχμηρῆς μεθέπων ἔτι λείψαινα κείνα κοινίης.

Καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδινέος ἐγγύθι δίφρου  
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαντα κατηφεί δειξεν Ἀχάτῃ,  
οἰκτρὸν ἀγνηνορέοντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.

Λυτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης χαλεπῆς ἔστησεν ἀγῶνα· 483  
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῶοιο βοαύλου  
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρίων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν  
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἑλὼν κατέθηκε βοκίην.  
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων,  
εὐπαλάμου δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης· 490

“ Πυγμῆς οὗτος ἄεθλος ἀτειρέος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ  
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,  
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολύπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω.”

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο

σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,  
ἠθάδι πυγμαχίῃ μεμελημένος· εὐκεράου δὲ 496  
ἀψάμενος ταύροιο τόσην ἐφθίγξατο φωνήν·

“ Ἐλθέτω, ὃς ποθέει σάκος αἰόλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔάσω  
ἄλλῳ πίονα ταῦρον, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρας ἀείρω.”

Ὡς φαμένου ξύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγισσε σιωπῇ·  
Εὐρυμέδων δέ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρεν Ἑρμῆς 500  
ὄργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ  
πατρώῳ μεμέλητο παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι,  
Ἑφαιστηιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμοινα τύπτων.  
τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος<sup>1</sup> ἀδελφεὸς ἄμφεπεν Ἀλκων,  
ζῶμα δέ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἤρμοσεν ἱζύι μίτρην, 505  
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησι κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων

<sup>1</sup> SO MSS.: ἐριπτοίητον Ludwig.



boss, and he still showed those relics of the dirty dust.

<sup>482</sup> When Achates arrived despondent beside his slowrolling car, a Sicilian groom displayed two ingots of gold, a consolation from his kind friend the splendid Dionysos.

<sup>485</sup> Next the god put up the boxing, a hard match that. For the first man, he offered a bull from an Indian stall as a prize ; for the second, he put up a barbaric manicoloured shield which had been a treasure of the blackskin Indians. Then standing up he called with urgent voice for competitors, inviting two men to contend for the prize of ready hands :

<sup>491</sup> " This is the battle for hardy boxers. The victor in this contest shall have a shaggy bull, to the loser I will give a shield with many layers of good hide."

<sup>494</sup> When Bromios had spoken, shakeshield Melisseus stood up, one well practised and familiar with boxing ; and seizing the bull's horn he shouted these big words,

<sup>497</sup> " This way anyone who wants a painted shield ! For I will not let another have the fat bull as long as I can hold up my hands ! "

<sup>499</sup> At these words, silence sealed all lips. Only Eurymedon rose to face him, one to whom Hermes had given the gear of stronglimbed boxing. This man, a son of Hephaistos, had always been used to remain busy beside his father's furnace hammering away at the beaten anvil. Now his brother Alcon attended him full of excitement, placed his body-belt beside him<sup>a</sup> and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the

<sup>a</sup> There is no need to alter the text to *περίθηκε*, as L. suggests: the word imitates Homer, *Il.* xxiii. 683, *παρακάββαλεν*.

ἀζαλέων ἔσφιγξε περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων.  
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν,

ἰοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου  
λαιὴν χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἔμφυτον· αἰτὶ δὲ λόγχης  
ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἱμάντες. 810  
αἰεὶ δ' ἀντιπάλιοι φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὀρμῆν,  
μή ποτέ μιν πλήξειε κατ' ὀφρύος ἢ μετώπου,  
ἢ μιν αἰμάξειε, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμύξας,  
ἢ διατμήξειε, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,  
εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλιοιο ἰσήμεϊος ἄκρον ἀράξας, 815  
ἢ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι τιταίνων  
ὄμματα γυμνώσειε λιπογλήνιοιο προσώπου,  
ἢ δαφουιήεντος ἀρασσομέϊοιο γεινείου  
ὀξυτέρων ἐλάσειε πολύστιχον ὄγμιον ὀδοόντων.

Ἐνθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδοιτος ἐπισσυνμέϊοιο Μελισσεὺς 820  
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασσει· ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν αἶτα προσώπου  
χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίταινε, καὶ ἡμβροτεν ἡέρα τύπτων·  
καὶ μιν αἰεὶ τρομέων περιδέδρομε, κόλπον ἀμείβων,  
δεξιτερὴν γυμνοῖο κάτω μαζοῖο τιταίνων.  
ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἱκανὸν ἐπήλυδες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω 825  
ἵχνεσι φειδομένοισι ποδὸς πόδα τυτθὸν ἀμείβων·  
χερσὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἔμιξαν· ἐπασσυντέρησι δὲ ῥίπαις  
φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβειε δοῦπος ἱμάντων  
ἄκροτάτην περὶ χεῖρα· χαρασσομέϊης δὲ παρειῆς  
αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφονίχθησαν ἱμάντες· 830  
καὶ γενύων πέλε δοῦπος· ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ δὲ προσώπου  
εὐρυτέρου γεγαῶτος ἐκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,  
ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαίνοντο προσώπου.

Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔκαμνε Μελισσέος ἰδομένη τέχνη,  
ἄσχετον ἡελίοιο μένων ἀντώπιον αἶγλην, 835  
ὄμμα καταυγάζοντος· ἐπαῖξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς

straps of dry leather neatly round his brother's long hands. Then the champion advanced into the ring, holding his left hand on guard before his face like a natural shield, and the fleshcutting straps of his artificial hand did for a wrought lance. Always he kept on his defence before the dangerous attack of his adversary, that he might not get one in upon brow or forehead, or land on the face and draw blood, or smash his temple with a lucky blow, tearing a way to the very centre of his busy brain, or with a hard hook over the temples tear the eyes out of his blinded face, and smash his bloody jaw and drive in a long row of his sharp teeth.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>520</sup> But now as Eurymedon rushed him, Melisseus landed one high up on the chest; he countered with a lead at the face but missed—hit nothing but air. Shaking with excitement, he skipt round the man past his chest with a side-step and brought home his right on the exposed breast under the nipple. Then they clinched, one against the other, shifting a bit their feet carefully in short steps, hands making play against hands: as the blows fell in quick succession the straps wreathed about their fingers made a terrible noise. Cheeks were torn, drops of blood stained the handstraps, their jaws resounded under the blows, the round cheeks swelled and spread on the puffy face, the eyes of both sunk in hollows.

<sup>534</sup> Eurymedon was badly shaken by Melisseus and his artful dodging. He had to stand with the sun shining intolerably in his face and blinding his eyes; Melisseus rushed in, dancing about with quickened

<sup>a</sup> Nonnos had never seen any real boxing, and is thinking of the brutal and unscientific Roman slogging with the caestus.

ὄξυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἵχνος αἰείρων  
 ἄφνω γναθμὸν ἔτυψεν ὑπ' οὐατος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων  
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῶτα κοινή,  
 θυμολιπῆς μεθύοιτι πανεῖκελος· εἶχε δὲ κόρσῃν 540  
 κεκλιμένην ἐτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἔπτυν ἄχτην  
 λεπτὰ παχυνομένοιο· λαβὼν δέ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος  
 στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νῶτοιο μετήγαγε σύγγοις Ἄλκων  
 πληγῇ ἀμερσινόω βεβαρημένον· ἰσσύμενος δὲ  
 Ἰνδῶν περιμέτρον ἀνηέρταζε βοεῖην. 545

Καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων  
 ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροισι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα·  
 καὶ τρίπος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης  
 πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῇ· τίθει δ' εἰς μέσσον αἰείρας 550  
 ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερεῖονι φωτὶ φυλάσσων.  
 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἰάχῃσε πάλιν σημάιτορι φωνῇ·

“ Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγῶνα.”

Ἔννεπε· κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου  
 πρώτος Ἀρισταῖος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεῦτερος ἔστη  
 Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμοιο πάλης δεδαημένος ἔργα. 555  
 ζώματι δὲ σκεπόωιντες ἀθηήτου φύσιν αἰδοῦς  
 γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν· ἀμφοτέρω δὲ  
 πρώτῳ μὲν ἀμφοτέρως παλάμιας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ  
 σύμπλεκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα κοίτης 560  
 ἀλλήλους ἐρύοντες ἀμοιβαδῖς, ἄμματι χειρῶν  
 ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγγαντες· ἦν δ' ἀμφιδρομος ἀνὴρ,  
 ἄνδρα παλινδύητον ἄγων ἐτερόζυγι παλμῷ,  
 ἔλκων ἐλκόμενός τε· συνοχμάζοιτο γὰρ ἄμφω  
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν, ἐκურτῶσαντο δὲ δειρῇν, 565  
 μεσσατίῳ δὲ κάρηνοι ἐπηρεῖδοιτο μετώπῳ  
 ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονός· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων  
 θλιβομένων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς· 567  
 ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἄρα νῶτα κεκυφότα πήχεος ὀλκῷ

twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

<sup>546</sup> Next Dionysos called for a couple of competitors in wrestling, and announced the contest for this prize. He offered a tripod of twenty measures as prize for the winner, and brought out a cauldron with flower-ornaments reserved for the defeated man. Then he rose, and called out with announcing voice,

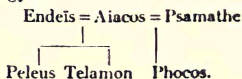
<sup>552</sup> " This way, friends, for the next fine contest ! "

<sup>553</sup> He spoke, and at the summons of crown-loving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other's wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull

δίζυγι συμπλεκέος παλάμης ἐτρίβετο δεισμῷ· 572  
 σμῶδιξ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνέδραμεν αἵματι θερμῷ,  
 αἰόλα πορφύρουσα· δέμας δ' ἐστίζετο φωτῶν. 573

Οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης  
 ἀλλήλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδῖς· ἀντίβιον δὲ  
 πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνετο καρπῷ,  
 ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων· δολίης δ' οὐ λήθετο τέχνης  
 Αἰακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῷ 580  
 λαιὸν Ἀρισταίῳ ποδὸς κώληπα πατάξας  
 ὑπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὅλον περικάββαλε γαίῃ,  
 ἡλιβάτω πρηῶνι πανείκελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 τηλίκον αὐχένετα βοῶμενον νιέα Φοῖβου  
 ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο πεσόντα. 585  
 δεῦτερος ἡέρταζε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαίης  
 κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον υἷα Κυρήνης  
 Αἰακὸς, ἐσσομένην ἀρετὴν τεκέεσσι φυλάσσων,  
 ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῇ καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Τελαμῶνι,  
 ἀγκὰς ἔχων, οὐ νῶτον ἢ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων, 590  
 πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέροισι μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,  
 ἴσον ἀμειβόντεσσιν ἔχων τύπον, οὓς κάμε τέκτων  
 πρηϋνῶν ἀνέμοιο θυελλήεσσιν ἀνάγκην.  
 καὶ πελάσας ὅλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῃ  
 Αἰακὸς ἀντιπάλῳ μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νῶτων 595  
 καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπων,  
 καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,  
 ταρσῷ ταρσὸν ἔρειδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἄκρον ἐλίξας·  
 καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίου τετανυσμένος ὑψόθι νῶτων,

\* The genealogy is :



of the arms, and pressed hard by the two pairs of twined hands. Many a weal ran up of itself and made a purple pattern with the hot blood, until the fellows' bodies were marked with it.

<sup>576</sup> So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaios got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiacos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaios, and rolled him over bodily, helpless upon his back on the ground, for all the world like a falling cliff. The people round about all gazed with astonished eyes at the son of Phoibos, so grand, so proud, so famous, taking a fall! Next Aiacos without an effort lifted the gigantic son of Cyrene high above the ground, to be an example of valour for his future sons, Peleus the unwearying and Telamon the mighty<sup>a</sup>: he held the man in his arms, bending neither back nor upright neck, carrying the man with both arms by the middle, so that they were like a couple of cross-rafters which some carpenter has made to calm the stormy compulsion of the winds.<sup>b</sup> Aiacos threw down the man at full length in the dust, and got on his adversary's back as he lay, thrust both legs along under his belly and bent them in a close clasp just below the knees, pressing foot to foot, and encircling the ankles; quickly he stretched himself over his adversary's

<sup>b</sup> The picture in *Iliad* xxiii. 712, which Nonnos copies, is more exact: the two wrestlers stand on the ground, leaning against each other, like two rafters in a roof.



# NONNOS

χεῖρας ἕως στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλησιν ἐλίξας, 600  
 αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας· 601  
 μυδαλέω δ' ἰδρῶτι χυτὴν ἔρριψε κοινὴν, 602  
 αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθῳ διερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα καθαίρων, 603  
 μὴ διολισθήσειε περίπλοκος ἄμματι χειρῶν 670  
 θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἱκμάδα πέμπων. 671

Τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένοιο συνέρρεον ὀξεί παλμῶ 602  
 κεκριμένοι κήρυκες, ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,  
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόζυγι πῆχους ὀλκῶ.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἦν τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίος, ὃν πάρος αὐτοὶ 603  
 ὀψίγονοι φράσσαντο, τιταινομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν  
 αὐχενίων πνικτῆρι πόνῳ βεβαρημένος αἰτῆρ  
 νίκην ἀντιπάλου μνηστεύεται ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,  
 ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεί χειρὶ πατάξας.<sup>1</sup>

Καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναιτο λαβόιτες 610  
 Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆος·  
 Ἀκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίονι κούφισε ῥιπῇ,  
 δεύτερα πατρὸς ἀεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.

Καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτήτος ἀγῶνα·  
 πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῇρι τιθεῖς κειμήλια νίκης 615  
 ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα δορικτήτην τε γυναῖκα,  
 δευτέρῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον,  
 καὶ πυμάτῳ ξίφος ὃξὺ σὺν εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.  
 ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀγόρευε, ποδώκεας αἰδρας ἐπείγων·

“Ἀνδράσιν ὠκυπόροισιν ἀέθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω.” 620

Ὡς φαμένου

Δικταῖος ἐθήμονα γούνατα πάλλων . . .

<sup>1</sup> So MSS.: καθάψας Ludwich.

\* From a wrestling bout this has suddenly become a pancration, “all-in” wrestling. In true πᾶλη only clear



back and wound his two hands over each other round the neck like a necklace, interlacing his fingers, and so made his arms a fetter for the neck. Sweat poured in streams and soaked the dust, but he wiped away the running drops with dry sand, that his adversary might not slip out of his encircling grip by the streams of hot moisture which he sent out of his squeezed neck.

<sup>602</sup> As he lay in this tight embrace, the heralds came running up at full speed, men chosen to be overseers of the games, that the victor might not kill him with those strangling arms. For there was then no such law as in later days their successors invented, for the case when a man overwhelmed by the suffocating pain of a noose round the neck testifies the victory of his adversary with significant silence, by tapping the victor with submissive hand.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>610</sup> Then the Myrmidons laid hands on the twenty-measure tripod as the servants of the victorious prince; and Actaion quickly lifted the cauldron, his father's second prize, and carried it away with sorrowful hand.

<sup>614</sup> Then Bacchos set the contest of the footrace. For the first man he offered as treasures of victory a silver mixing-bowl and a woman captive of the spear; for the second he offered a Thessalian horse with dappled neck; for the last, a sharp sword with well-wrought sling-strap. He rose and made the announcement, calling for quickfoot runners:

<sup>620</sup> "Let these be the prizes for men who can run!"

<sup>621</sup> At these words, came Dictaion Ocythoös,<sup>b</sup>

falls counted (in which A throws B off his feet while still standing himself).

<sup>b</sup> The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out.

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλόμητις ἀνέδραμεν ὠκὺς Ἑρεχθεὺς,  
 Παλλάδι Νικαίῃ μεμελημένους, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 Πρίασος ὠκυπόδης, Κυβεληίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης.  
 τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἦν δρόμος· Ὠκύθοος δὲ  
 πρῶτος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ,  
 ἰθυτενῇ προκέλευθον ἔχων δρόμον· ἰσσίμενος δὲ  
 δεύτερος ἀγχικέλευθος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἑρεχθεὺς,  
 γείτονος Ὠκυθόοιο μετάφρειον ἄσθματι βάλλων,  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινε· φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κοῦρης  
 οἶα κανὼν στέρνοιο πέλει μέσος, ὃν τιτὶ μέτρῳ  
 παρθένος ἰστοπόνος τεχνήμονι χειρὶ ταῖσση,  
 Ὠκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ  
 ἶχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι, πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.  
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφήριστος ἦν δρόμος· ἀλλὰ πορείην  
 μιμηλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐτιταίνετο ταρσῷ  
 κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φῶτα παρέδραμε μείζονι μέτρῳ,  
 ὅππόσον ἀνέρος ἶχνος· ὅθεν τρομέων περὶ νίκης  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων Βορέην ἰκέτευεν Ἑρεχθεὺς·

“ Γαμβρέ, τεῷ χραίσμησον Ἑρεχθεῖ

καὶ σίο νύμφῃ,

εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκὺν οἶστρον

ἐμῆς ἔτι παιδὸς Ἑρώτων·  
 δός μοι σῶν πτερύγων βάλιοι δρόμον εἰς μίαν ὥρην,  
 Ὠκύθοον ταχύγουινον ἵνα προθέοιτα παρέλθω.”

Ὡς φαμένου Βορέης ἰκετήσιον ἔκλιε φωνήν,  
 καὶ μιν ἐντροχάλιοι ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης.

τρῆς μὲν ἐπερρώοντο ποδῶν ἀνεμῳδεὶ παλμῷ,  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἴσα τάλαντα· καὶ ὅππόσον ὠκεί ταρσῷ  
 Ὠκυθόου προθέοντος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἑρεχθεὺς,  
 τόσσον ἀελλήεντος Ἑρεχθέος ἔπλετο γείτων  
 Πρίασος αὐχῆεις, Φρύγιον γένος· ἰσσυμένων δὲ  
 ὅπποτε λοίσθιος ἦεν ἔτι δρόμος ἄλματι ταρσῶν,

wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas ; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. Ocythoös led, light as the stormwind on his feet, going straight ahead and keeping his lead. Close behind came Erechtheus second at full speed, with his breath beating on the back of Ocythoös close by, and warming his head with it : as near as the rod lies between the web and the breast of a girl who loves the shuttle, when she holds it at measured distance with skilful hand working at the loom, so much was he behind Ocythoös, and he trod in his footmarks on the ground before the dust could settle in them. Then it would have been a dead heat ; but Ocythoös saw this rival running pace for pace with himself, so he made a spurt and ran past the fellow by a longer distance, as much as a man's pace. Then Erechtheus anxious for victory addressed a prayer to Boreas and cried out :

<sup>640</sup> " Goodson, help your own Erechtheus and your own bride, if you still cherish a sweet passion for my girl, your sweetheart ! Lend me the speed of your swift wings for one hour, that I may pass kneequick Ocythoös now in front ! "

<sup>644</sup> Boreas heard his supplicating voice, and made him swifter than the rapid gale. All three were moving their legs like the wind, but the balance was not equal for all : as far as Erechtheus was behind Ocythoös running before him with swift foot, so far behind, near stormswift Erechtheus, was Priasos the proud son of Phrygia. So they ran on, until just as the end of the race was coming for their bounding

᾽Ωκύθοος ταχύγουνος ἐπωλίσθησε κοίῃ,  
 ἦχι βοῶν πέλεν ὄνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὓς παρὰ τήμβῳ  
 Μυγδονίῃ Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ  
 ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυδινεῖ παλμῷ 653  
 ᾽Ωκύθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος· ἴσσυμένως δὲ 654  
 ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων, 655  
 εἰ τότε βαιὸς ἦν ἔτι που δρόμος, ἥ τάχα βαίινων 656  
 ἥ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἥ ἔφθασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης. 657  
 Καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον

ἐκούφισεν ὠκὺς Ἑρεχθεύς, 660  
 Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον· ᾽Ωκύθοος δὲ  
 εἴρυσσε Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἡρέμα βαίινων  
 Πρίασος ἄορ ἔδεκτο σὺν ἀργυρέῳ τελαμῶνι.  
 καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ,  
 παπταίνων Κορύβαντα χυτῇ ῥυπόωιτα κοίῃ, 663  
 ὄνθον ἀποπτύοντα κατάρρυτον ἀντιερεῶντος.

Καὶ σόλον αὐτοχόωνον ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἀγῶνι  
 δισκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπείγων·  
 πρώτῳ μὲν δύο δοῦρα σὺν ἵπποκόμῳ τρυφαλείῃ  
 θῆκεν ἄγων, ἐτέρῳ δὲ διαυγέα κυκλάδα μίτρη, 670  
 καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ νεβριδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,  
 ἣν χρυσέῃ κληῖδι Διὸς περονήσατο χαλκεύς.  
 ὀρθωθείς δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον ἐγερσινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·  
 “ Οὗτος ἀγὼν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγει.”

᾽Ως φαμένου Βρομίοιο

σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς, 673  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,  
 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέτρατος ἦλυθεν Ἀκμων·  
 καὶ πίσυρες στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.

feet, kneeswift Ocythoös slipt in the dirt, where was an infinite heap of dung from those cattle which had been slaughtered by the Mygdonian knife of Dionysos beside the tomb. But he sprang backwards with a quick-whirling spring of his foot and jumped back again, then off he went—and he would have quickly passed the travelling step of his rival running in front if there had been even a little space to run: whereby he would either have made a dead heat by a spurt or he would have passed the Athenian.

<sup>660</sup> Swift Erechtheus then lifted the Sidonian mixing-bowl, that treasure adorned with curious workmanship on the surface; Ocythoös took off the Thessalian horse; Priasos quietly walked in third, and received the sword with silver sling-strap. The company of Satyrs laughed in mocking spirit when they saw the Corybant smeared all over with dirt, and spitting out the dung that filled his throat.

<sup>667</sup> Now Dionysos brought out a lump of crude ore and laid it before him, and summoned competitors to put the weight. For the first, he brought and offered two spears and a helmet with horsehair crest; for the second, a brilliant round body-girdle; for the third, a flat bowl; and for the fourth a fawnskin, which the craftsman of Zeus had fastened with a golden brooch. Then he rose, and made his announcement among them in a rousing tone:

<sup>674</sup> “ This contest calls for competitors with the weight ! ”

<sup>675</sup> At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Hali-medes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took

καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἐλὼν ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς·  
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἐγέλασαν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἔρωήν. 680  
 δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ . . .  
 καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἐλὼν νωμήτορι καρπῷ  
 βριθὺ βέλος προέηκε περίτροχον εὖλοφος Ἄκμων·  
 καὶ βέλος ἡερόφοιτον ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομον αὔραις,  
 καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ 685  
 ὀξείῃ στροφάλιγγι· καὶ ὑψιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἡκόντιζεν ἐν ἡέρι δίσκον ἀλήτην·  
 καὶ σόλος ἡερίησιν ἐπερροίζησεν ἀέλλαις  
 ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένος, ὥς ἀπὸ τόξου  
 ἵπταται ἀσταθέεσσι βέλος δεδοιημένον αὔραις 690  
 ὄρθιον· ἡερόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυλίνδετο γαίῃ  
 ἄλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένος εἰσέτι παλμῷ  
 χειρὸς εὐστρέπτοιο, φέρων αὐτόσσυτον ὀρμήν,  
 εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέδραμεν· ἀγρόμενοι δὲ  
 πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπιπενυτῆρες ἀγῶνος, 695  
 ἄλλομένου δίσκοιο τεθηπότες ἄστατον ὀρμήν.  
 Καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ὑψιλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ  
 διπλόα δῶρα κόμιζεν ἀγνηορέων Ἀλιμήδης·  
 Ἄκμων δ' εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέα κούφισε μίτρην·  
 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρῳτον αἰείρας 700  
 ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἶλε· κατηφιῶν δὲ προσώπῳ  
 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀνηέρταζε Μελισσεύς.  
 Καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξου,  
 εὐστοχίης ἀνάθημα· καὶ ἐπταέτηρον ἐρύσσας  
 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐνεστήριζεν ἀγῶνι, 705  
 καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης  
 ἀνδρὶ χειριτέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ  
 νήιον ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἱστὸν ἀρούρη  
 στῆσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, ὑψιφανῇ δὲ

the lump, swung it well and threw : the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow's miserable throw ! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther]. Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air ; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon's mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark : the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand—for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes ; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

<sup>697</sup> Halimedes proudly received the double prize, and went off with the highplumed helmet shaking the pair of spears. Acmon came shuffling up and lifted the body-belt shining with gold ; third Eurymedon took up his treasure, the brand-new bowl with two handles ; Melisseus with downcast countenance lifted the dappled fawnskin.

<sup>703</sup> Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company ; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship's tall mast in the ground, upright above the



δέσμιον ἠώρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἴστω,  
 λεπταλέον δισσοῖσι μίτον περὶ ποσσὶν ἐλίξας.  
 καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἴαχε φωτὴν,  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἡρόφοιτον οἰστευτῆρας ἐπείγων.

“Ὅς μὲν οἰστεύσειε πελειάδος ἄκρα τορήσας,  
 ἡμίονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης·  
 ὃς δὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων,  
 ὄρνιν ἐυγλώχινι λιπὼν ἀχάρακτον οἰσῶ,  
 ἄκρα δὲ μηρίνθοιο βαλὼν πτερόεντι βελέμινω,  
 ἥσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω·  
 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἡμιόνου δέπας οἴσεται, ὅφρα κε Φοῖβω  
 τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντος ἐχεκτεάιοιο Λυκίου  
 εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος εἰς μέσον ἵστη  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ἄγων αἰτώπιον ἴστοῦ,  
 Κνώσσια τόξα φέρων τεταυνσμένα κυκλάδι κευρῇ,  
 Ἀστέριος προέηκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχήσας,  
 καὶ τύχε μηρίνθοιο· δαῖζομένης δὲ βελέμινω  
 ἡερίη πεφόρητο μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀλήμων·  
 καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε.

δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελείθου  
 ὄμμα φέρων ἐλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφέων δὲ δοκεύων  
 τοξευτῆρ Ὑμέναιος ἐτοιμοτάτης ἀπὸ κευρῆς  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἡρόφοιτον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων  
 ὀξύτερον προέηκε, πελειάδος αἶντα τιταίων·  
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότῃτο δι' ἡέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης  
 ἀκροφανῆς, μέσα νῶτα παραξύνων νεφελάων,  
 συρίζων ἀνέμοισι· βέλος δ' ἴθυνεν Ἀπόλλων  
 πιστὰ φέρων δυσέρῳτι κασιγιήτῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 ἵπταμένης δ' ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ  
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρῆιου  
 ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα δι' ἡέρος ἔμπεσε γαίῃ.



sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark :

<sup>714</sup> "Whoever shall pierce the skin of the pigeon, let him receive this valuable mule as witness to his victory : whoever shall draw at the mark and miss the pigeon, leaving the bird unwounded by the barbed arrow, but shall touch the string with his feathered shaft, he will be a worse shot and he shall receive a worse prize ; for instead of the mule he shall carry off the goblet, that he may pour a libation to Archer Apollo and Winegod Dionysos."

<sup>722</sup> Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaïos. Then Hymenaios the longshot, with his flowing hair, came forward [and after him Asterios. The lot fell to Asterios ;] and he taking aim straight at the mast in front of him, with his Cnossian bow and the string pulled back from it, let fly the first shot, and hit the string. When the shaft cut the string, the bird flew away up into the sky and the cord fell to the ground. Archer Hymenaios followed round the bird's high course with his eye and watched for him over the clouds ; he had his bowstring quite ready, and let fly a swift shot through the air at his highflying mark, aiming at the pigeon. The winged arrow sped travelling through the air visible on high, grazing the surface of the cloud in the middle, whistling at the winds. Apollo held the shot straight, keeping faith with his lovesick brother Dionysos ; the point hit the flying pigeon and struck it upon the breast as it sped, and the bird fell through the air quick as the wind to the earth, with heavy head, and half-dead

ἡμιθανῆς δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κονίη,  
ποσσι περισκαίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διοτύσου.

Καὶ θεὸς ἡβητῆρος ἀναθρώσκων ἐπὶ νίκη  
χεῖρας ἐπεπλατάγησεν ἐπικλάγξας Ὑμεναίω·  
ξυνοὶ δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμμιον ἀγῶνι, 743  
ἀγχινεφῇ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολίην Ὑμεναίου.

καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος εἰς παλάμῃσιν ἐρύσσας  
ἡμίονον πόρε δῶρον ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίω·  
καὶ γέρας Ἀστερίοιο δέπας κούφίζον ἑταῖροι.

Καὶ φιλήν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀκοντιστήρας ἐπείγων 750  
Ἰνδικὰ Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι,  
διχθαδίην κνημίδα καὶ Ἰνδῶης λίθον ἄλμης.

ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀγόρευε, δύω δ' ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,  
ὄφρα μόθῳ παίζοντι καὶ οὐ κτείνονται σιδήρεω  
μιμητὴν τελέσωσιν ἀναίμοιτος εἰκόνα χάρμης· 753

“Οὗτος ἀγὼν δύο φῶτας ἀκοντιστήρας ἐγείρων  
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἄρῃ καὶ εὐδιώσαν Ἐννῶ.”

Ὡς φαμένον Βρομίοιο σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων  
Ἀστέριος κεκόρυστο, καὶ Λιάκος εἰς μέσον ἕστη  
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων, 760  
οἷα λέων ἄγρῳλος ἐπαΐσσωσι τινὶ ταύρῳ

ἢ συτὶ λαχνήεντι· σιδηρεῖω δὲ χιτῶνι  
εἰς μέσον ἐρρώοντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἁμφῶ  
Ἄρεος αἰχμητῆρες· ὁ μὲν δόρυ θούρον ἰάλλων  
Ἀστέριος, Μίνως ἔχων πατρώιον ἀλκήν, 763  
οὕτασε δεξιτεροῖο βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀμύξας·

ὃς δὲ κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο σιδήρεον ἔγχος ἀείρων  
Λιάκος, ὑψιμέδοντος ἐοῦ Διὸς ἄξια ῥέζων,  
νύξαι μὲν μενέαινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεῶνα·  
ἀλλὰ ἔ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἥρπασε φοῖνιον αἰχμήν, 770

the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust, fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

<sup>743</sup> Then the god leapt up on the young man's victory, and clapt his hands to applaud Hymenaios; and the company one and all who were present at the contest were astonished at the long shot of Hymenaios near the clouds. Dionysos laughing led forward with his own hands the mule which was due as a prize to Hymenaios, and gave it to him; and the comrades of Asterios lifted his prize, the goblet.

<sup>750</sup> Now Bacchos invited those present to a friendly match at casting the javelin, and brought forward Indian prizes, a pair of greaves, and a stone from the Indian sea. He rose and made his announcement, and called for two warriors, bidding them show a fictitious image of bloodless battle, with not-killing steel in sport :

<sup>756</sup> "This contest summons two javelin-men, and knows only Ares gentle and Enyo tranquil."

<sup>758</sup> So spoke Bromios, and Asterios came up armed, shaking his weapons of steel; and Aiacos stept forward, holding a bronze spear and shaking a shield gorgeously adorned, like a lion in the country charging a bull or a shaggy boar. Both these spearmen of Ares marched forward covered with steel corselets. Asterios cast a furious spear with the vigour of Minos his father, and he wounded the right arm grazing the skin. Aiacos, doing a deed worthy of his father Zeus Lord in the highest, aimed his iron spear at the gullet and tried to pierce the throat right in the middle; but Bacchos checked him and caught the deadly blade, that he might not strike

## NONNOS

αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ·  
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·

“ Ῥύψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσαιτες Ἐννῶ·  
ἄρθμιος οὗτος Ἄρης, καὶ ἀνούτατοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.”

Ἐννεπεν· ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβήμα νίκης 773  
Αἰακὸς αὐχήμενος χρυσέας κνημίδας αἰείρων  
δῶκεν ἐὼ θεράποντι· καὶ ὕστερα δῶρα κομίζων  
Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἰιδῶν.

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the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice—

<sup>773</sup> “Drop those spears! Yours was a friendly battle. This is a peaceful war, a contest without wounds.”

<sup>775</sup> So he spoke. Aiacos proudly received the prize of battlestirring victory, and took the golden greaves, which he handed over to his servant. Asterios carried off the second prize, the Indian stone taken by force of arms.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

\*Ηχι τριηκοστόν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἶθοπι δαλῶ  
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἡιτοχῆρος.

Λυτο δ' ἀγών· λαοὶ δὲ μετήμιον εἶδια λόχμης,  
καὶ σφετέραις κλισίῃσιν ὁμίλειον· ἀγροινόμοι δὲ  
Πᾶνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίοισι μελάθροισι,  
αὐτοπαγῇ ναίωντες ἐρημάδος αἶτρα λεαίνης  
ἐσπέριοι· Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἄρκτιον 3  
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ  
πετραίην ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο χαμείνην,  
εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφαιῖς δὲ  
ἀμφοτέροισι ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος Ἕοῦς,  
Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσση 10  
Μυγδονίου πολέμοιο καὶ Ἰνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
ἀμβολίην ἐτάινυσσεν ἔλιξ χρόνος· οὐδέ τις αἰτοῖς  
οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δῆρις· ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης  
Βακχιάς ἐξάετρος ἀραχνιώσα βοεΐη.

\*Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἑβδομον ἤγαγον Ὠραι, 15  
οὐράνιον τότε σῆμα προάγγελον οὔνοπι Βάκχῳ  
φαίνεται, θάμβος ἄπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἡματι μέσσω  
ἀπροΐδῃς τετάνυστο, κελαινιώωτι δὲ πέπλω

## BOOK XXXVIII

When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the  
fate of unhappy Phaëthon in the chariot,  
with a blazing brand.

THE games were over. The people retired into the recesses of the forest, and entered their huts. The rustic Pans housed themselves under shelter in the ravines, for they occupied at evening time the natural caverns of a lioness in the wilds. The Satyrs dived into a bear's cave, and hollowed their little bed in the rock with sharp finger-nails in place of cutting steel; until the lightbringing morning shone, and the brightness of Dawn newly risen showed itself peacefully to both Indians and Satyrs. For then Time rolling in his ambit prolonged the truce of combat and strife between Indians and Mygdonians; there was no carnage among them then, no conflict, and the shield which Bacchos had borne for six years lay far from the battle covered with spiders' webs.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>15</sup> But as soon as the Seasons brought the seventh year of warfare, a foreboding sign was shown to wine-faced Bacchos in the sky, an incredible wonder. For at midday, a sudden darkness was spread abroad,

<sup>a</sup> From Bacchylides, frag. 3 (Jebb), 6-7. Nonnos means there was perfect peace.

κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριάς εἶχεν ὁμίχλη,  
 κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτῖνος ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι· 20  
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατήριπε πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,  
 ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο κατάρρυτος· ἄκρα δὲ γαίης  
 μυρίος ἔκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκυμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι  
 ἡερίαις λιβάδεσσιν, ἕως μόγισ ὑψόθι δίφρου  
 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ἵπερίων. 23

Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλόωντι δι' ἡέρος αἴσιος ἔπη  
 αἰετὸς ὑψικέλευθος, ὄφιν κερόειντα κομίζων  
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν· ὁ δὲ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτων  
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν Ἰδάσπη.  
 καὶ τρομερὴ νήριθμον ὅλον στρατὸν εἶχε σιωπῇ· 30  
 Ἰδμῶν δ' αἰολόμητις, ἐπεὶ μάθην ὄργια Μιούσης  
 Οὐρανίης εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἵτυν ἄστρον,  
 ἄτρομος ἴστατο μῶνος, ἐπεὶ μάθην ἰδοῖν τέχνη  
 συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,  
 καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ζοφοειδέϊ κώνῃ 35  
 κλεπτομένου Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτοιο πορείης,  
 καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων,  
 αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοντα κομήτην,  
 καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτῖνα, καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄλμα κεραυνοῦ.  
 τοῖα παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαημένος ἔργα θεαίης 40  
 ἴστατο θαρσέεσαν ἔχων φρένα· γυῖα δ' ἐκάστου  
 λύετο· μαντιπόλος δὲ γέρων γελόωιτι προσώπῳ  
 Ἰδμῶν ἐμπεδόμυθον ἔχων ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι πειθῷ  
 λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνεν, ὅτι χρονίοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
 ἔσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην. 43

Καὶ Φρύγιον πολύιδριν ἀνείρετο μάντιν Ἐρεχθεύς,

\* Nonnos seems to think that a solar eclipse causes meteors.



and a midday obscurity covered Phaëthon with its black pall, and the hills were overshadowed as his beams were stolen away. Many a stray brand fell here and there scattered from the heavenly car <sup>a</sup>; thousands of rainshowers deluged the surface of the earth, the rocks were flooded by drops from the sky, until fiery Hyperion rose again shining high on his chariot after his hard struggle.

<sup>26</sup> Then a happy omen was seen by impatient Bacchos, an eagle flying high through the air, holding a horned snake in his sharp talons. The snake twisted his bold neck, and slipt away of itself diving into the river Hydaspes. Trembling silence held all that innumerable host. Idmon alone stood untrembling, Idmon the treasury of learned lore, for he had been taught the secrets of Urania, the Muse who knows the round circuit of the stars: he had been taught by his learned art <sup>b</sup> the shades on the Moon's orb when in union with the Sun, and the ruddy flame of Phaëthon stolen out of sight from his course behind the cone of darkness, and the clap of thunder, the heavenly bellow of the bursting clouds, and the shining comet, and the flame of meteors, <sup>c</sup> and the fiery leap of the thunderbolt. Having been taught all these doings by Urania the goddess he stood with dauntless heart, while the limbs of every man were loosened. But Idmon that ancient seer encouraged all the host, with laughing countenance, and words of confident persuasion upon his lips: "I know," he said, "that victory is near, and soon it will end this long struggle."

<sup>46</sup> Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplit Phry-

<sup>b</sup> Idmon means learned.

<sup>c</sup> *δοκίς*, a small beam of wood, was used for a long narrow meteor.

σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάτου Διός, εἰ πέλε χάριτος  
 αἴσια δυσμενέεσσιν ἢ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,  
 οὐτόσον ὑσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσσον ἀκοῖσαι  
 μυστιπόλοις ὁάροισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου, 20  
 καὶ στίχας ἀστραίων ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήτην,  
 καὶ δύσιν ἡματίην Φαεθοιτίδος ἄμμορον αἰγλῆς  
 κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεορρήτων περὶ μύθων  
 Ἀθτίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοπευθέες εἰσὶ πολῖται.

Οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου 23  
 σείων Εὐία θύρσα καὶ οὐ Παιτοπηίδα δάφνην  
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγεν αἰθερεῶνος·

“Εἰσαΐειν ἐθέλεις φρενοθελγέα μῦθον, Ἐρχθεῦ,  
 ὃν μῶνοι δεδάασι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου;  
 λέξω δ', ὥς με δίδαξεν ἐμὸς δαφναιῖος Ἀπόλλων. 25  
 μὴ στεροπὴν τρομέοις, μὴ δεῖδιθι πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,  
 μὴ δρόμον Ἡελίου ζοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου  
 νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελον ὄρνιν Ὀλύμπου·  
 ὥς ὃ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένους αἰχμαῖς,  
 ἄρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένος ὀξεί ταρσῶ, 26  
 εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο δράκων ὦλισθε κεράσσης,  
 καὶ νέκυν ἐρπηστήρα γέρων ἔκριψεν Ἰδαόσσης,  
 οὕτω Δηριάδην πατρώιον οἶδμα καλίψει  
 εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρῳ γενετῆρι.”

Τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μῦθῳ 27  
 μαντιπόλῳ γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων  
 θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσε ἀμήτορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,  
 τοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῆσιν ἐπ' ἐλπίσιν, ὥς ἐνὶ μέσσω  
 κωμάζων Μαραθῶνι μετ' Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος.

Καὶ τότε μουνωθείτι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ 28

\* Is this a reminiscence of St. Paul's words on the

gian prophet, when he saw the portents of Highest Zeus, whether they were favourable to the enemy or to Indian-slaying Dionysos. He did not so much wish for the end of the conflict, but rather to hear the message from Olympus, the theme of mystical tales, and the orders of circling stars, and the round moon, and the sunset at midday which has no light of Phaëthon because this is stolen away. Always the citizens of ancient Athens are ready to hear discourses concerning the gods.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>55</sup> Nor was the old seer neglectful ; but shaking his Euian thyrsus instead of the Panopeian laurel,<sup>b</sup> he uttered these words of interpretation with his mouth :

<sup>58</sup> " Do you wish, Erechtheus, to hear the heart-consoling tale which only the gods know who dwell in Olympus ? Well, I will speak, as my laurelled Apollo has taught me. Tremble not at the lightning, fear not the travelling brand, nor the darkened course of Helios, nor the bird of Olympus, first harbinger of Lyaïos's victory to come ; as that horned snake, torn by the sharp pointed claws of the robber bird and pierced by its talons, slipt into the waters of the river, and old Hydaspes swallowed the reptile corpse, so Deriades shall be swallowed in the flood of his father's stream under the likeness of his bullhorned sire."

<sup>70</sup> Thus spoke the old prophet ; and at the diviner's words all the host was glad, but beyond others the citizen of unmothered Athene mingled gladness with wonder, as full of joy in his sweet hopes as if he were triumphing in Marathon itself after the war with Deriades.

<sup>75</sup> And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks Areopagus, Acts xvii. 22 *ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ ?*

<sup>b</sup> Delphian : Panopeus was near Delphi.

σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Διὸς ἄγγελος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,  
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκη·

“Μὴ τρομέοις τόδε σῆμα,

καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἡματίῃ νίκη·  
τοῦτό σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατὴρ ἀνέφηνε Κρονίων  
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο προάγγελον· ἡελίῳ γὰρ 80  
δεύτερον ἀστράπτουσι φεραυγέα Βάκχον εἴσκω,  
καὶ θρασὺν ὀρφναίῃ μελανόχροον Ἰδὸν ὁμίχλῃ·  
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὗτος ὁμοίος· εὐφάεος δὲ  
ὥς ζόφος ἡμάλδυνε καλυπτομένης φάος ἡοῦς,  
καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγέος ἱψόθι δίφρου 85  
Ἥλιος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπηκόιτιζεν ὁμίχλην,  
οὕτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλόθι καὶ σὺ τιτάξας  
Ταρταρίης ζοφόεσσαν Ἑρινύος ἄσκοπον ἀχλὺν  
ἀστράψεις κατ’ Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον ὡς Ὑπερίων.  
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς ἤγαγεν Λιῶν, 90  
ἐξ ὅτε δαιμονίῳ πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῷ  
κύμβαχος Ἡελίοιο φεραυγέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου  
ἡμιδαῆς Φαέθων, ποταμῷ δ’ ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῷ·  
καὶ θρασὺν ἠβητῆρα παρ’ ὀφρύσιν Ἡριδαιοῖο  
Ἥλιάδες κινυροῖσιν ἔτι στενύχουσι πετῆλοις.” 95

“Ὡς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐγήθειεν ἐλπίδι νίκης·  
Ἑρμείαν δ’ ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἀκοῦσαι  
Κελτοῖς Ἑσπερίοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,  
πῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι’ αἰθέρος, ἥ πόθεν αὐταὶ  
Ἥλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδαιοῖο 100  
εἰς φυτὸν ἡμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων  
δάκρυα μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάουσι ρέεθροις.

Καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένῳ

πετάσας στόμα μελιχὸς Ἑρμῆς  
θέσκελον ἐρροίβδησεν ἔπος φιλοπευθεῖ Βάκχῳ·

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: χρόνος Ludwich.

which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory :

<sup>78</sup> " Tremble not at this sign, even though night came at midday. This sign, fearless Bacchos, your father Cronion has shown you to foretell your victory in the Indian War. For I liken Bacchos the light-bringer to the sun shining again, and the bold black Indian to the thick darkness. That is what is meant by the picture in the sky. For as the darkness blotted out and covered the light of shining day, and then Helios rose again in his fire-shining chariot and dispersed the gross darkness, so you also shall shake from your eyes far far away the darksome sightless gloom of the Tartarian Fury, and blaze again on the battlefield like Hyperion. So great a marvel ancient eternal Time our foster-father has never brought, since Phaëthon, struck by the steam of fire divine, fell tumbling half-burnt from Helios's lightbearing chariot, and was swallowed up in the Celtic river ; and the daughters of Helios are still on the banks of Eridanos, lamenting the audacious youth with their whimpering leaves."

<sup>96</sup> At these words, Dionysos rejoiced in hope of victory ; then he questioned Hermes and wished to hear more of the Olympian tale which the Celts of the west know well : how Phaëthon tumbled over and over through the air, and why even the daughters of Helios were changed into trees beside the moaning Eridanos, and from their leafy trees drop sparkling tears into the stream.

<sup>103</sup> In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his inspired tale to Bacchos eagerly listening :

# NONNOS

“ Ἀνδρομέου, Διόνυσε, βίου τερψίμβροτε ποιμήν, 108  
 εἷ σε παλαιγενέων ἐπέων γλυκὺς οἶστρος ἐπείγει,  
 μῦθον ὅλον Φαέθοντος ἐγὼ στοιχηδὸν ἐνίψω.  
 Ὀκεανὸς κελάδων, μιτρούμενος ἀντυγι κόσμου,  
 ἱκμαλέην περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων γαίηροχον ὕδωρ,  
 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὕμεναίοις 110  
 νυμφίος ὕδατόεις Κλυμένην τέκεν, ἣν ποτε Τηθύς  
 κρείσσονα Νηιάδων διερῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ,  
 παρθένον ὀπλοτέρην εὐώλεον, ἥς ἐπὶ μορφῇ  
 Ἥλιος λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,  
 αἰθέρος ἐπτάζωνον ἵτυν στεφανηδὸν ὀδεύων, 118  
 κάμνε πυρὸς ταμίης ἐτέρῳ πυρί· καὶ φλόγα δίφρων  
 καὶ σέλας ἀκτίνων ἐβίησατο πυρσὸς Ἑρώτων,  
 ὁππότε φοινίσσοντος ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὀκεανοῖο,  
 ἔμπυρον Ἠώοισιν ἐὼν δέμας ὕδασι λούων,  
 παρθένον ἀγχικέλευθον ἐσέδρακεν, ὁππότε γυμνῇ 120  
 νήχετο πατρώοισιν ἐπισκαίρουσα ῥέεθροις,  
 λουομένη δ’ ἥστραπτεν· ἦν δέ τις, ὥς ὅτε δισσῆς  
 μαρμαρυγὴν τροχόεσσαν ἀναπλήσασα κεραίης  
 ἐσπερίῃ σελάγιζε δι’ ὕδατος ὀμπνια Μῆνη.  
 ἡμιφανὴς δ’ ἀπέδιλος ἐν ὕδασι ἵστατο κούρη, 125  
 Ἥλιον ῥοδέησιν οἰστεύουσα παρειαῖς·  
 καὶ προχοαῖς κεχάρακτο τύπος χροός· οὐ τότε μήτρη  
 κούρης στέρνα κάλυπτε, καταυγάζουσα δὲ λίμνην  
 ἀργυφέων εὐκυκλος ἵτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν.  
 Αἰθερίῳ δ’ ἐλατῆρι πατὴρ ἐξεύξατο κούρην· 130  
 καὶ Κλυμένης ὕμεναιον ἀνέκλαγον εὐποδες Ὀραι

\* For the literary history of Phaëthon from Alexandrian times on, see G. Knaack, *Quaestiones Phaëthontaeae*, Berlin 1886.

\* The Zodiac (because all the planets move within it). The Greeks called the seven heavenly bodies planets: these



105 " Dionysos, joy of mankind, shepherd of human life ! If sweet desire constrains you to hear these ancient stories, I will tell you the whole tale of Phaëthon from beginning to end.<sup>a</sup>

108 " Loudbooming Oceanos, girdled with the circle of the sky, who leads his water earth-encompassing round the turning point which he bathes, was joined in primeval wedlock with Tethys. The watery bridegroom begat Clymene, fairest of the Naiads, whom Tethys nursed on her wet breast, her youngest, a maiden with lovely arms. For her beauty Helios pined, Helios who spins round the twelvemonth light-gang, and travels the sevenzone circuit <sup>b</sup> garland-wise—Helios dispenser of fire was afflicted with another fire ! The torch of love was stronger than the blaze of his car and the shining of his rays, when over the bend of the reddened Ocean as he bathed his fiery form in the eastern waters, he beheld the maiden close by the way, while she swam naked and sported in her father's waves. Her body gleamed in her bath, she was one like the full Moon reflected in the evening waters, when she has filled the compass of her twin horns with light. Half-seen, unshod, the girl stood in the waves shooting the rosy shafts from her cheeks at Helios ; her shape was outlined in the waters, no stomacher hid her maiden bosom, but the glowing circle of her round silvery breasts illuminated the stream.

130 " Her father united the girl to the heavenly charioteer. The lightfoot Seasons acclaimed Cly-

were the real planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and also the sun and moon. Thus the Zodiac is called seven-zoned. Note that they did not regard the Earth as a planet, and did not know the planets Uranus and Neptune,<sup>c</sup> Pluto.

καὶ γάμον Ἡελίοιο φαεσφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι  
 Νηίδες ὠρχήσαντο· παρ' ὕδατόεντι δὲ παστῶ  
 εὐλοχος ἀστράπτοιτι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρῃ,  
 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσιν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην. 133  
 ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἦν θαλαμηπόλος αἶγλη,  
 καὶ μέλος εἰς Ἰμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστήρ,  
 συζυγίης προκέλευθος Ἰωσφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης  
 νυμφιδίην ἀκτῖνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη·  
 Ἑσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἥη δ' ἅμα Τηθύϊ νύμφῃ 140  
 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπύδακι λαιμῷ.

Καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·  
 καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο  
 γείνατο θέσκελον υἷα φαεσφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ  
 τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρώϊος αἰθέρ· 143  
 Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θυγατρὲς ἀποθρῶσκοντα λοχεῖης  
 υἷα παππῳοῖσιν ἐφαιδρύναιτο λοκτροῖς·  
 σπάργανα δ' ἀμφεβάλοιντο·

καὶ ἀστέρες αἰθοπι παλμῷ  
 εἰς ῥόον αἰσسونτες ἐθήμοι'ος Ὠκεανοῖο  
 κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαιντο, καὶ Ἰλιέθνια Σελήνη 150  
 μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον· Ἡέλιος δὲ  
 υἱεὶ δῶκεν ἔχειν ἔον οὔνομα μάρτυρι μορφῇ  
 ἄρμενον· ἡθέου γὰρ ἐπ' ἀστράπτοιτι προσώπῳ  
 Ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγοις αἶγλη.

Πολλάκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἡθεσιν ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων 153  
 Ὠκεανὸς Φαέθοιτα παλινδίητον αἰείρων  
 γαστρὶ μέσῃ κούφιζε, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου  
 ἄστατον αὐτοέλικτον ἀλήμονι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ  
 ἡερόθεν παλίνορσον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,  
 καὶ πάλιν ἡκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ τροχοειδέϊ παλμῷ 160  
 χειρὸς ἐυστρέπτοις παράτροπος Ὠκεανοῖο  
 δινωτῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ,



mene's bridal with Helios Lightbringer, the Naiad Nymphs danced around ; in a watery bridal-bower the fruitful maiden was wedded in a flaming union, and received the hot bridegroom into her cool arms. The light that shone on that bridal bed came from the starry train ; and the star of Cypris, Lucifer, herald of the union, wove a bridal song. Instead of the wedding torch, Selene sent her beams to attend the wedding. The Hesperides raised the joy-cry, and Oceanos beside his bride Tethys sounded his song with all the fountains of his throat.

<sup>142</sup> " Then Clymene's womb swelled in that fruitful union, and when the birth ripened she brought forth a baby son divine and brilliant with light. At the boy's birth his father's ether saluted him with song ; as he sprang from the childbed, the daughters of Oceanos cleansed him, Clymene's son, in his grand-sire's waters, and wrapt him in swaddlings. The stars in shining movement leapt into the stream of Oceanos which they knew so well, and surrounded the boy, with Selene our Lady of Labour, sending forth her sparkling gleams. Helios gave his son his own name, as well suited the testimony of his form ; for upon the boy's shining face was visible the father's inborn radiance.

<sup>155</sup> " Often in the course of the boy's training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaëthon on his midbelly and letting him drop down ; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm ; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark

μάντις ἐοῦ θανάτοιο· γέρων δ' ὤμωξε νοήσας,  
 θέσφατα γινώσκων, πινυτῇ δ' ἔκρυψε σιωπῇ,  
 μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπεινθέα θυμὸν ἀμύξῃ 163  
 πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λῖνα Μοίρης.

Καὶ πάις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπήνην  
 πῇ μὲν ἐῆς Κλυμένης δόμον ἀμφεπε,

πῇ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς

Θρινακίης λειμῶνα μετήιεν, ἤχι θαμίζων  
 Λαμπετίη παρέμιμνε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων . . . 170

πατὴρ ἐοῦ ζαθέοιο φέρων πόθον ἡνιοχῆτος,  
 ἄξονα τεχνήεντι συνήρμοσε δούρασι δεσμῶ,  
 κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμονι δῖφρῳ·  
 ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κήπων  
 πλέξας λεπταλέοισι λύγοις τριέλικτον ἰμάσθλην 178  
 ἀρνειοῖς πισύροισι νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινούς·

καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων  
 ἄνθεσιν ἀργεινοῖσιν, ἴσον τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ,  
 θῆκεν ἐῆς προκέλευθον ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπῆνης,  
 ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρων τύπον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις 190  
 ὄρθιον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας  
 ψευδομέναις ἀκτῖσιν ἔδον μιμείτο τοκῆα,  
 ἵππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἀλίκτυπον αἰτυγα νήσου.

Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἀνηέζητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἤβην,  
 πολλάκι πατρώης φλογὸς ἤψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ 183  
 κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἰμάσθλην,  
 καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλεψε, καὶ ἀμφαφόων δέμας ἵππων  
 χιονέαις παλάμῃσιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων·  
 δεξιτερῇ δ' ἔψαυε πυριβλήτοιο χαλινού.  
 μαίνεται δ' ἵπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον· ἐζόμενος δὲ 190  
 γούνασι πατρώοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων

\* The island (later identified with Sicily) where the cattle

waters, prophet of his own death. The old man groaned when he saw it, recognizing the divine oracle, and hid all in prudent silence, that he might not tear the happy heart of Clymene the loving mother by foretelling the cruel threads of Phaëthon's Fate.

<sup>167</sup> " So the boy, hardly grown up, and still with no down on his lip, sometimes frequented his mother Clymene's house, sometimes travelled even to the meadows of Thrinacia,<sup>a</sup> where he would often visit and stay with Lampetië, tending cattle and sheep . . . There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation car, fashioned yoke-straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard-of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spoked wheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

<sup>184</sup> " But when he grew up into the fair bloom of youth, he often touched his father's fire, lifted with his little hand the hot yokestraps and the starry whip, busied himself with the wheel, stroked the horses' coats with snow-white hands—and so the playful boy enjoyed himself. With his right hand he touched the firehotten bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father's knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with

of the Sun were, see *Od.* xii. 127; Lampetië was in charge of them.

# NONNOS

ἤτεεν ἔμπυρον ἄρμα καὶ αἰθερίων δρόμον ἵππων.  
καὶ γενέτης ἀνένευεν· ὁ δὲ πλεόν ἡδέϊ μύθῳ  
αἰτίζων λιτάνευε· παρηγορέων δ' ἐπὶ δῖφρῳ  
ὑψιπόρῳ ἰέον υἷα φιλοστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·

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‘ὦ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, φίλον γένος Ἰλκεαιοῖο,  
ἄλλο γέρας μάστευε· τί σοί ποτε δῖφρος Ὀλύμπου;  
ἵπποσύνης ἀκίχητον ἕα δρόμον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ  
ἰθύνειν ἐμὸν ἄρμα, τό περ μόγισ ἥνιοχέω.  
οὐ ποτε θοῦρος Ἄρης φλογερῷ κεκόριστο κεραυνῷ, 200  
ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει·  
οὐ νεφέλας Ἥφαιστος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ἀγείρει,  
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κυκλήσκεται οἷα Κρονίων,  
ἀλλὰ παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι σιδήρεον ἄκμιοινα τύπτει,  
ἄσθμασι ποιητοῖσι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην· 205  
κύκνον ἔχει πτερόεντα,

καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον Ἀπόλλων·  
οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετῆρος  
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς ἀείρει.  
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· “Ζαγρῇ πόρεν σπινθήρα κεραυνοῦ”·  
Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ. 210  
ἄζο καὶ σύ, τέκος, πανομοῖα πῆματα πάσχειν·

Εἶπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε·

παῖς δὲ γενήτορα νύσων  
δάκρυσι θερμότεροισιν ἐοὺς ἐδίηνε χιτῶνας·  
χερσὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἔψαυσεν ὑπῆτης,  
ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων, 215  
λίσσόμενος· καὶ παῖδα πατὴρ ἐλέαιρε δοκεῖων.  
καὶ κινυρὴ Κλυμένη πλεόν ἤτεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ  
ἔμπεδα γινώσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοίρης  
ἀσχαλὼν ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήξας δὲ χιτῶνι  
μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς 220  
χείλεα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε, τόσῃν δ' ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

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the fiery chariot and heavenly horses. His father said no, but he only begged and prayed all the more with gracious pleading. Then the father said in affectionate words to his young son in the highfaring car :

<sup>196</sup> “ ‘ Dear son of Helios, dear grandson of Oceanos, ask me another boon ; what have you to do with the chariot of the sky ? Let alone the course of horsemanship. You cannot attain it, for you cannot guide my car—I can hardly drive it myself ! Furious Ares never armed him with flaming thunderbolt, but he blares his tune with a trumpet, not with thunder. Hephaistos never collects his father’s clouds ; he is not called Cloudgatherer like Cronion, but hammers his iron anvil in the forge, and pours artificial blasts of artificial wind. Apollo has a winged swan, not a running horse. Hermes keeps his rod and wears not his father’s aegis, lifts not his father’s fiery lightning. But you will say—“ He gave Zagreus the flash of the thunderbolt.” Yes, Zagreus held the thunderbolt, and came to his death ! Take good care, my child, that you too suffer not woes like his.’ ”

<sup>212</sup> “ So he spoke, but the boy would not listen ; he prodded his father and wetted his tunic with hotter tears. He put out his hands and touched his father’s fiery beard ; kneeling on the ground he bent his arched neck, pleading, and when the father saw, he pitied the boy. Clymene cried and begged too. Then although he knew in his heart the immovable inflexible spinings of Fate, he consented regretful, and wiped with his tunic the rain of tears from the unsmiling face of sad Phaëthon, and kissed the boy’s lips while he said :

' Δώδεκα πάντες ἔασι πυρώδεος αἰθέρος οἶκοι,  
 Ζωδιακοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἄντυγι κύκλου,  
 κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἐνι μούνοισ  
 λοξῇ πουλυέλικτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστι πλανήτων 225  
 ἀσταθέων. καὶ ἕκαστον ἔλιξ Ἰρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει  
 ἑρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἕως μόγις ὀψὲ τελέσση  
 εἴκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλινόστοιο Σελήνης,  
 ζώνης ἑβδομάτης ὑπὲρ αἰτυγος· ὑψόθι δ' ἑκτης  
 ὠκύτερον γενετῆρος ἔχει δρόμον αἰτίπορος Ζεὺς, 230  
 καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται·

ἐν τριτάτῃ δὲ . . .

ἥμασιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἔμπυρος Ἄρης,  
 γείτων σείο τοκῆος· ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτῃ  
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφαινηδὸν ὅλον πόλον ἄρμασι τέμνω  
 οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων, 235  
 μέτρα χρόνου πισύρησι φέρων κυκλούμενος Ὠρεῖς,  
 τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν, ἕως ὅλον οἶκον ὀδεύσω,  
 πλήσας ἡθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον· οὐδὲ πορείην  
 καλλεΐψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον οἶμον ἀμείβω,  
 οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἄλλοι 240  
 ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες αἰεὶ στείχουσιν ἀλῆται,  
 ἅψ δ' ἀνασειράζοντες ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω  
 ἡμιτελῇ μεθέπουσι παλίλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου,  
 δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἑτερόσσυτον αἶγλην· 245  
 οἷς ἐνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη  
 κύκλον ὅλον πλήσασα σοφῶ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεύει,  
 μεσσοφανῆς, ἐπικυρτος, ὅλω πλήθουσα προσώπῳ·

\* i.e. Saturn takes two and a half years to traverse one sign (30°), and therefore thirty years for the whole Zodiac.

\* A line to this effect has perhaps been lost. The counting is very odd: Saturn is "seventh," i.e. from the earth, but Ares "third," i.e. counting from Saturn.

\* The sun (regarded by the Greeks as a planet) never re-

222 “ ‘There are twelve houses in all the fiery ether, set in the circle of the rounded Zodiac, one close after another in a row, each separate; through these alone is the inclined winding path of the restless planets rolling in their courses. All round these Cronos crawls from house to house on his heavy knees along the seventh zone upon the circle, until at last with difficulty he completes thirty circuits of returning Selene.<sup>a</sup> On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac<sup>b</sup>] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light.<sup>c</sup> One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved,<sup>d</sup> then full moon with her whole face.

trogresses, as the other planets appear to do (*ἀνασείπαζοντες*). As half the other planets (including the moon) are above and half below him (on the geocentric theory), each of them gets his light from one side only.

<sup>a</sup> The curving outline between first quarter and full moon (Stegemann).



Μήνη δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἐγὼ σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίσσων  
 μαρμαρυγὴν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκου τοκετοῖο 250  
 Ζωδιακὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὁδεύω,  
 τίκτων μέτρα χρόνιοι, καὶ οἴκοθεν οἶκον ἀμείβων  
 καὶ τελέσας ἓνα κύκλον ὅλον λυκάβαιτα κομίζω.  
 ἄκρα δὲ συνδέσμοιο φυλάσσεο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔρπων,  
 ἄρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἐλίξας,  
 φέγγος ὅλον κλέψειεν<sup>1</sup> ἐπισκιάων σέο δίφρων· 255  
 μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμενος αἴντυγα κύκλου·  
 μηδὲ τανυπλέκτων ἐλίκων πολυκαμπεί δεσμῷ,  
 πέντε παραλλήλων δεδοκημένος αἴντυγα κύκλων,  
 οἷστρον ἔχοις, καὶ νύσσαν ὁμήθεα πατρὸς εἰσσης,  
 μή σε παραπλάγξειαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι· 260  
 μηδὲ διόπτεῦων δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα πορείης  
 ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεις· καὶ σέο δίφρων  
 Κριὸν ἐφιππεύων μὴ δίξω Ταῦρον ἐλαύνειν·  
 γείτονα μὴ μάστευε προάγγελον ἰστοβοῆος  
 Σκορπίον ἀστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἡνιοχεύων, 265  
 εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἐείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον· ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.  
 κέντρον ὅλου κόσμοιο,

μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,  
 Κριὸν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑψούμενος εἰς ἀέξω,  
 καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον αἴντυγα βαίνων, 270  
 νύκτα ταλαντεύουσαν ἰσόρροπον ἡριγενεΐη,

<sup>1</sup> κλέπειας Stegemann: κλέπειεν Ludwig, MSS.

<sup>a</sup> Where the moon cuts the ecliptic. The cone is the conical shadow of the earth, but this of course is on the side away from the sun. Nonnos is hopelessly confused.

<sup>b</sup> The arctic, the two tropic, the equatorial and the antarctic circles. He must keep between the tropics, imaginary parallel circles drawn through the two solstitial points in Cancer and Capricorn, as these bound the Zodiac.

Against the moon I move my rolling ball, the sparkling nourisher of sheafproducing growth, and pass on my endless circuit about the turning-point of the Zodiac, creating the measures of time. When I have completed one whole circle passing from house to house I bring off the lichtgang. Take care of the crossing-point itself,<sup>a</sup> lest when you come close, rounding the cone of darkness with your car, it should steal all the light from your overshadowed chariot. And in your driving do not stray from the usual circuit of the course, or be tempted to leave your father's usual goal by looking at the five parallel circles<sup>b</sup> with their multiple bond of long encompassing lines, or your horses may run away and carry you through the air out of your course. Do not, when you look about on the twelve circles<sup>c</sup> as you cross them, hurry from house to house. When you are driving your car in the Ram, do not try to drive over the Bull. Do not seek for his neighbour, the Scorpion moving among the stars, the harbinger of the plowtree,<sup>d</sup> when you are driving under the Balance, until you complete the thirty degrees.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>267</sup> " Just listen to me, and I will tell you everything. When I reach the Ram, the centre<sup>f</sup> of the universe, the navel-star of Olympos, I in my exaltation let the Spring increase ; and crossing the herald of the west wind, the turning-line which balances night equal with day, I guide the dewy course of that

<sup>a</sup> An absurd inaccuracy for the 12 signs.

<sup>d</sup> The beginning of autumn ploughing.

<sup>c</sup> The distance from the beginning of one sign to the beginning of the next is 30 degrees. What follows describes the Sun's yearly course through the Signs.

<sup>f</sup> More absurdity ; Aries is the starting-point on the circle of the Zodiac, not the centre of anything.

ἰθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον Ὀρης.  
 Κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οἶκον ἀμείβων,  
 χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἰσήμερα φέγγεα πέμπων,  
 ἐντύνω παλίνορσος ἰσόζυγον ἡμαρ ὁμίχλη, 275  
 καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος Ὀρης,  
 φέγγει μειοτέρῳ χθαμαλήν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων  
 φυλλοχόῳ ἐνὶ μηνί· καὶ ἀνδράσι χεῖμα κομίζω  
 ὄμβριον ἰχθυόεντος ὑπὲρ ράχιν Λίγοκερῆος,  
 ἀγρονόμοις ἵνα γαῖα φερέσβια δῶρα λοχεύσῃ, 280  
 νυμφίον ὄμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εὐλείθυιαν ἔρσην·  
 καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυηκόμον ἄγγελον ὄμπνης,  
 θερμότεραις ἀκτῖσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἱμάσσων,  
 ὑψιτενῆς παρὰ νύσσαν ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἠνιοχεύω  
 Καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Λίγοκερῆος, 285  
 ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νεῖλον ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέζων.  
 ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοιο μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,  
 Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέπων πομπῆα κελεύθου,  
 ἵπποσύνης προκέλευθον· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορείῃ  
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνουσι δυώδεκα κυκλάδες Ὀραι· 290

Ὡς εἰπὼν Φαέθοντος ἐπεστήριξε καρῆνῳ  
 χρυσεῖην τρυφάλειαν, ἐῷ δέ μιν ἔστεφε πυρσῷ,  
 ἐπτατόνους ἀκτῖνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας,  
 κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυί λευκάδα μίτρην·  
 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐῷ πυρόειτι χιτῶνι, 295  
 καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίλῳ.  
 παιδὶ δὲ δίφρον ἔδωκε· καὶ ἡῶς ἀπὸ φάτης  
 ἵππους Ἡελίοιο πυρώδεας ἤγαγον Ὀραι·  
 καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγὸν ἦλθεν Ἐωσφόρος,

ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῷ  
 ἵππιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήμισσε λεπάδινῳ. 300

\* The summer solstice.

\* Cf. xvi. 45.

Season when the swallow comes. Passing into the lower house, opposite the Ram, I cast the light of equal day on the two hooves; and again I make day balanced equally with dark on my homeward course when I bring in the leafshaking course of the autumn Season, and drive with lesser light to the lower turning-point in the leafshedding month. Then I bring winter for mankind with its rains, over the back of fishtailed Capricorn, that earth may bring forth her gifts full of life for the farmers, when she receives the bridal showers and the creative dew. I deck out also corn-tending summer the messenger of harvest, flogging the wheatbearing earth with hotter beams, while I drive at the highest point of my course <sup>a</sup> in the Crab, who is right opposite to the cold Capricorn: both Nile and grapes together I make to grow.

287 " 'When you begin your course, pass close by the side of Cerne,<sup>b</sup> and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your car, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours <sup>c</sup> in turn will direct your way.'

291 " After this speech, he placed the golden helmet on Phaëthon's head and crowned him with his own fire, winding the seven rays like strings upon his hair, and put the white kilt girdlewise round him over his loins; he clothed him in his own fiery robe and laced his foot into the purple boot, and gave his chariot to his son. The Seasons brought the fiery horses of Helios from their eastern manger; Lucifer came boldly to the yoke, and fastened the horses' necks in the bright yokestraps for their service.

301 " Then Phaëthon mounted, Helios his father gave

<sup>a</sup> The Sun has twelve minor hours attendant upon him, which are elsewhere assigned to the months, here clearly to the hours of the day.

ἥνία μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήεσαν ἱμάσθλην  
 Ἡέλιος γενέτης· τρομερῇ δ' ἐλελίζετο σιγῇ.  
 νύεα γινώσκων μινυώριον· ἐγγυθὶ δ' ὄχθης  
 ἡμιφανῆς Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δῖφρων 303  
 δερκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.

Ἦδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,  
 καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἑώιον αἵτυγα βαίνων,  
 ὕδασι παππώοισι λελουμένος Ὠκταιοῖο.

καὶ θρασὺς εὐφαέων ἐλατήρ ὑψίδρομος ἵππων 310  
 οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἀστρων,  
 ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώναις κυκλούμενον· εἶδεν ἀλήτας  
 ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὁμοῖον ἔδρακε κείτρῳ  
 μεσσοπαγῇ, δολιχῇσιν ἀνυψωθείσαν ἐρίπναις.

πάντοθι πυργωθείσαν ὑπωροφίοισιν ἀήταις· 315  
 καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὀφριάς Ὠκταιοῖο  
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἐὼν ῥόον εἰς ἐὼν ὕδωρ.

Ὅφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίταινεν

ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἀστρων  
 καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φῦλα καὶ ἄστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,  
 παπταίνων ἐλικηδὸν ἀτέρμονος ἔδραια κόσμου· 320

τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἵθopes ἵπποι  
 Ζωδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἐθήμονος αἵτυγα κύκλου.  
 καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόεσαν ἱμάσθλην,  
 φαίνεται<sup>1</sup> μαστίζων λόφον ἵππιον· οἱ δὲ μανίτες,  
 κέντρον ὑποπτήσσοντες ἀφειδέος ἡνιοχῆς, 325

ἀρχαίης ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβίδα κελεύθου  
 ἀξονίην παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονες ἔτρεχον ἵπποι,  
 δεχνύμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἡνιοχῆς.  
 καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτια νῶτα Βορῆος  
 ἦν κλόνος. οὐρανίῳ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεῶνι 330  
 ἀλλοφανὲς νόθον ἡμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὐποδες Ὠραι·

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: Ludwich μαύετο.

him the reins to manage, shining reins and gleaming whip : he shook in trembling silence, for he understood that his son had not long to live. Clymene his mother could be half seen near the shore,<sup>a</sup> as she watched her dear son mounting the flaming car, and shook with joy.

<sup>307</sup> "Already Lucifer was sparkling, that dewy star, and Phaëthon rose traversing the eastern ambit, after his bath in the waters of Oceanos his grandsire. The bold driver of brilliant horses, running on high, scanned the heavens dotted with the company of the stars, girdled about by the seven Zones ; he beheld the planets moving opposite, he saw the earth fixed in the middle like a centre, uplifted on tall cliffs and fortified on all sides by the winds in her caverns, he scanned the rivers, and the brows of Oceanos, driving back his own water into his own stream.

<sup>318</sup> "While he directed his eye to the upper air and the flood of stars, the diverse races of earth and the restless back of the sea, gazing round and round on the foundations of the infinite universe, the shining horses rolled along under the yoke over their usual course through the zodiac. Now inexperienced Phaëthon with his fiery whip could be seen flogging the horses' necks ; they went wild shrinking under the goad of their merciless charioteer, and all unwilling they ran away over the limit of their ancient road beyond the mark of the zodiac, expecting a different call from their familiar driver. Then there was tumult along the bounds of the South and the back of the North Wind : the quickfoot Seasons at the celestial

<sup>a</sup> *i.e.* she was up to her waist in water.



# NONNOS

ἔτρεμε δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἴαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ·

Πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε ;

τί μαίνειι ἵππον ἐλαύνων ;

φείδεο σῆς μᾶστιγος ἀγήγορος· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ  
πλαζομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἄστρον, 335

μὴ θρασὺς Ὠρίων σε κατακτείνειε μαχαίρῃ,

μὴ ῥοπάλῳ πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,

πλαγκτῆς δ' ἵπποσύνης ἔτι φείδεο, μηδὲ σε μακρῷ

γαστέρι τυμβεύσειεν ἐν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου· 340

μηδὲ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἧ Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου

αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῇ πλῆξειε κεραίῃ·

ἄζεο Τοξευτῆρα, τιταινομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς

μή σε πυριγλώχινι κατακτείνειεν οἰσιῶ.

μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρα φανείῃ 345

ἡματος ἱσταμένοιο, μεσημβρίζοιτι δὲ δίφρῳ

ἄστατος ἠριγένεια συναιτήσσειε Σελήνῃ·

Ὡς φαμένου Φαέθων πλέον ἤλασεν,

ἄρμα παρὲλκων

εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην,

Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου.

καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦεν, ἀκινήτοιο δὲ κόσμου

ἁρμονίην ἐτίναξεν· ἔδοχμώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς 350

αἰθέρι δινήεντι μέσος τετορημένος ἄξων.

καὶ μόγις αὐτοέλικτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἄστρον

ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,

μείζονα φόρτον ἔχων· καὶ ἰσημερον ἔκτοθεν Ἄρκτου 355

κύκλον ἐπιζύων ἐλικώδεϊ γαστέρος ὀλκῷ

σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρῳ,

καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάοντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,

αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῷ πυρί, καὶ θρασὺς ἔστη

Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότριχι παλμῷ·

οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῷ 360



gate wondered at the strange and unreal day, Dawn trembled, and star Lucifer cried out.

333 “ ‘Where are you hurrying, dear boy? Why have you gone mad with reins in your hand? Spare your headstrong lash! Beware of these two companies—both planets and company of fixed stars, lest bold Orion kill you with his knife, lest ancient Boötes hit you with fiery cudgel. Spare this wild driving, and let not the Olympian Whale entomb you in his belly in high heaven; let not the Lion tear you to pieces, or the Olympian Bull arch his neck and strike you with fiery horn! Respect the Archer, or he may kill you with a firebarbed arrow from his drawn bowstring. Let there not be a second chaos, and the stars of heaven appear at the rising day, or erratic Dawn meet Selene at noonday in her car!’

347 “As he spoke, Phaëthon drove harder still, drawing his car aside to South, to North, close to the West, near to the East. There was tumult in the sky shaking the joints of the immovable universe: the very axle bent which runs through the middle of the revolving heavens. Libyan Atlas could hardly support the selfrolling firmament of stars, as he rested on his knees with bowed back under this greater burden. Now the Serpent scraped with his writhing belly the equator far away from the Bear, and hissed as he met with the starry Bull; the Lion roared out of his throat against the scorching Dog, heating the air with ravening fire, and stood boldly to attack the eight claws of the Crab with his shaggy hair bristling, while the heavenly Lion’s thirsty tail flogged the Virgin hard by

Παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίψιος οὐρή·  
 Κούρη δὲ πτερόεσσα παραΐξασα Βοώτην  
 ἄξονος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀμάξη·  
 καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων  
 Ἔσπερον ἀντικέλευθον Ἐωσφόρος ὥθειεν ἀστήρ· 365  
 πλάζετο δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωῦ  
 Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο διψάδος Ἄρκτου·  
 διχθὰ δὲ καλλεύσαντες, ὁ μὲν Νότον, ὅς δὲ Βορῆα,  
 Ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 γείτονες Ὑδροχόοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ 370  
 σύνδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Δελφίς·  
 καὶ Νοτίης ἐλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου  
 Σκορπίον ἀγκικέλευθον, ἐῆς ψαύοντα μαχαίρης,  
 ἔτρεμεν Ὠρίων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων  
 ἄκρα ποδῶν ξύσειε τὸ δεύτερον ὀξεί κέντρῳ· 375  
 καὶ σέλας ἡμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου  
 ἀκροκελαινιώσα μεσημβρίας ἀνθορε Μήτηρ·  
 οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόθον σέλας ἄρσενι πυρσῷ  
 ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγετο σύγγονον αἰγλῇ·  
 Πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἔλιξ ἐπτάστερος ἡχῶ 380  
 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωιῇ·  
 καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσσαντες ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλήται·  
 Ζῆνα μὲν ὥθεε Κύπρις, Ἄρης Κρόνιον, εἰαριῆς δὲ  
 Πλειάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε ἐμὸς μεταιάστιος ἀστήρ, 385  
 ἄστρασι δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἰγλῇ  
 ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλεν ἐμῇ παρὰ μητέρι Μαίῃ,  
 Ἄρματος οὐρανίῳ παράτροπος, ᾧ πέλεν αἰεὶ

\* Leo lashed his tail so hard that it hit the next constellation, Virgo!

† "Thirsty," because it never sets and so never touches the water.

his hind leg,<sup>a</sup> and the winged Maiden darting past the Waggoner came near the pole and met the Wain. The Morning Star sent forth his straying light in the setting region of the West and pushed away the Evening Star who met him there. Dawn wandered about; blazing Sirius grabbed the thirsty Bear<sup>b</sup> instead of his usual Hare. The two starry Fishes left one the South and one the North, and leapt in Olympos near Aquarius; the Dolphin danced in a ring and tumbled about with Capricorn. Scorpius also had wandered around from the southern path until he came near to Orion and touched his sword—Orion trembled even among the stars, lest he might creep up slowly and pierce his feet once again with a sharp sting.<sup>c</sup> The Moon leapt up at midday, spitting off the half-completed light from her face and growing black on the surface, for she could no longer steal the counterfeit light from the male torch of Phaëthon opposite and milk out his inborn flame. The sevenstar voices of the Pleiades rang circling round the sevenzone sky with echoing sound; the planets from as many<sup>d</sup> throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos<sup>e</sup>; my own wandering star<sup>f</sup> approached the Pleiad of Spring, and mingling a kindred light with the seven stars he rose halfseen beside my mother Maia—he turned away from the heavenly chariot, beside which he always runs or before it in the

<sup>a</sup> When he was on earth, Orion was killed by the sting of a huge scorpion, and the two constellations commemorate this.

<sup>d</sup> Presumably six; one planet, the Sun, was otherwise engaged. There are six Pleiades, omitting the one (Electra) which is too dim to see clearly.

<sup>e</sup> Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn.

<sup>f</sup> The planet Mercury.

σύνδρομος ἢ προκέλευθος ἐώιος, ἐσπέριος δὲ  
 Ἑλίου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει· 300  
 καὶ μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἴσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὀδεύει,  
 Ἑλίου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ἰδμονες ἀστρων·  
 καὶ δροσεραῖς νιφάδεσσι διάβροχον αὐχίνα τείων  
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,  
 εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλον· ὀξυτενὲς δὲ 305  
 δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξοῖο μετώπου  
 οὐρανίην φλογερῇσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αἰτυγα χηλαῖς·  
 καὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρήγορον αἶθοπι μνηρῷ  
 Ὠρίων ξίφος εἷλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·  
 καὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίοιο μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων 400  
 Πήγασος ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσσων πόλον ὀπλῇ  
 ἡμιφανὲς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι Κύκνῳ,  
 καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἡνιοχῆα  
 ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἶα καὶ αὐτὸν  
 ἄντυγος οὐρανίης ἀπεσεύσατο Βελλεροφόντην. 405  
 οὐκέτι δ' ὑψιπόροιο Βορειάδος ἐγγύθι νύσσης  
 ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἐπ' ἰξυί κυκλάδες Ἄρκτοι,  
 ἀλλὰ Νότῳ μίσγοντο, καὶ Ἑσπερίῃ παρὰ λίμνῃ  
 ἄβροχον ἵχνος ἔλουσαν ἀήθεος Ὠκεανοῖο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνιξε κεραυνῷ 410  
 ὑψόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόον Ἡριδαιοῖο·  
 δῆσας δ' ἁρμονίην παλινάγρετον ἤλικι δεσμῷ  
 ἵππους Ἑλίῳ πάλιν ὥπασεν, αἰθέριον δὲ  
 ἀντολίῃ πόρεν ἄρμα, καὶ ἀρχαίῃ παρὰ νύσση  
 ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὐποδες Ὠραι. 415  
 γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε τὸ δεύτερον· ἡερόθεν δὲ  
 ζωοτόκου Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηνεν ἀρούρας,  
 καὶ διερῇ ραθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,

morning, and in the evening when Helios sets he sends his following light, and because he keeps equal course with him and travels with equal portion, astronomers have named him the Sun's Heart. Europa's bridegroom the Olympian Bull bellowed, stretching his neck drenched with damp snowflakes; he raised a foot curved for a run, and inclining his head sideways with its sharp horn against Phaëthon, stamped on the heavenly vault with fiery hooves. Bold Orion drew sword from sheath hanging by his glowing thigh; Boötes shook his cudgel; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry legs—halfseen <sup>a</sup> the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophontes himself out of the heavenly vault.<sup>b</sup> No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashed feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

<sup>410</sup> " Then Father Zeus struck down Phaëthon with a thunderbolt, and sent him rolling helplessly from on high into the stream of Eridanos. He fixed again the joints which held all together with their primeval union, gave back the horses to Helios, brought the heavenly chariot to the place of rising; and the agile Hours that attended upon Phaëthon followed their ancient course. All the earth laughed again. Rain from lifebreeding Zeus cleared all the fields, and with moist showers quenched the wandering fires, all that

<sup>a</sup> The figure of the constellation shows only the front half of the heavenly horse, here called Pegasos.

<sup>b</sup> When he tried to ride to heaven on Pegasos's back.

ὅσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθοντες ἀπέπτυνον αἰθοπες ἵπποι. 420  
 Ἡέλιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλίνδρομον ἄρμα ἰομεύων·  
 καὶ σπόρος ἡέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασσαν ἄλῳαί,  
 δεχνύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ  
 εἵκελον Ἡνιόχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον· οὐράνιον δὲ 425  
 πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἄρμα τιταίνων  
 εἰς δρόμον αἰσσοῦντος ἔχει τύπον Ἡνιοχῆος,  
 οἷα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ἄρμα τοκῆος.  
 καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀνήλυθεν εἰς πόλον ἄστρον  
 Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἄστερόεσσι δὲ κύκλῳ 430  
 Ἡριδανοῦ πυρόεντος ἐλίσσεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.

Γνωταὶ δ' ὠκυμόροιο δεδουπότος ἡνιοχῆος  
 εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψαν, ὄδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δείδρων  
 ἀφνειὴν πετάλοισι κατασταλάουσιν ἑέρσην."

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the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

<sup>424</sup> "But Father Zeus fixed Phaëthon in Olympos, like a Charioteer, and bearing that name. As he holds in the radiant Chariot of the heavens with shining arm, he has the shape of a Charioteer starting upon his course, as if even among the stars he longed again for his father's car. The fire-scorched river also came up to the vault of the stars with consent of Zeus, and in the starry circle rolls the meandering stream of burning Eridanos.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>432</sup> "But the sisters of the charioteer fallen to his early death changed their shape into trees, and from the weeping trees they distil precious dew <sup>b</sup> out of their leaves."

<sup>a</sup> The Milky Way.

<sup>b</sup> Amber.



## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΑΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λείσσεις  
 Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰδῶν.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,  
 χάρμα λιπὼν καὶ θαῦμα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Ὅφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος

ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἄστρον  
 θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοὺς

Ἑσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέεθρον, 5

τόφρα δὲ νῆες ἱκανὸν ἐπήλυδες, ἅς ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἐς Ἄρεα ναίμαχον Ἰδῶν

ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμᾶνες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση,

πόντον ἀμοιβαίησιν ἐπιρρήσσοιτες ἑρῳαῖς

ὑσμίνης ἐλατῆρες· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ 10

ὀλκάσιν ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης.

καὶ Λύκος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐν ὕδασι δίφρον ἐλαύνων,

ἱππεiais ἀχάρακτον ἐπιξύνων ῥόον ὀπλαῖς.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑψόθι πύργων  
 ἐσσυμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαίφεα ἰγῶν 15

ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὥς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούων,

ἐγρεμόθους ὅτι νῆας Ἄραψ τορνώσατο τέκτων,

ᾧμοσεν ὑλοτόμοισιν ἄγειν Ἀράβεσσιν Ἑινύ,

καὶ πόλιν ἠπείλησεν αἰστώσαι Λυκοόργου,

## BOOK XXXIX

In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

THIS story told, Hermes went into the heavens unapproachable, leaving joy and amazement to his brother Dionysos.

<sup>3</sup> While Bacchos was wondering still at the confusion of the disordered stars, and Phaëthon's fall, how he slipt down among the Celts into the Western river, firescorched, the foreign ships were arriving, which the Rhadamanes had been navigating over the tranquil sea, guiding their columns on the deep towards the Indian War of ships, splashing into the deep with alternating motions, oarsmen of battle; to suit the haste of Lyaïos, a following wind whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses' hooves left no mark.

<sup>14</sup> But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with de-

ἀμήσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ. 30  
 καὶ στόλον ἀθρήσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἴνδοί,  
 Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ  
 γούνατα τολμήεντος ἐλύετο Δηριαδῆος·  
 ποιητῶ δὲ γέλωτι γαληναίοιο προσώπου  
 Ἴνδὸς ἄναξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων 23  
 ἧς ἐλεφαντοβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαίης  
 λαὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦε κῆρυξ,  
 ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπὸ χθοιὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων  
 καὶ στόλος ὀξύς ἵκανε πολυσπερίων ἀπὸ νήσων  
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τείνων, 30  
 ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἔλκων,  
 λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνε, καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·

“ Ἀνέρες, οὓς ἀτίταλλεν

ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ὑδάσπης,  
 ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμεινον δὲ  
 ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄψατε πεύκην, 33  
 νῆας ἵνα φλέξοιμι νεήλυδας αἰθοπι δαλιῶ,  
 καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνικρίψοιμι θαλάσση  
 σὺν δορί, σὺν θώρηκι, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ.  
 εἰ θεὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχος, ἐμῶ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλίσσω·  
 οὐχ ἄλις, ὥς προχοῇσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσσω 40  
 ἄνθεσι Θεσσαλικοῖσιν ἐμὸν φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπην,  
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν σίγησα, καὶ ἥσυχος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν  
 ἔτλην ξανθὰ ῥέεθρα μαινομένου ποταμοῖο;  
 εἰ γὰρ ἦν ῥόος οὗτος ἀπ’ ἀλλοτρίου ποταμοῖο,  
 μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἦεν Ἀρήιος Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης, 43  
 καὶ κεν ἐγὼ τόδε χεῦμα χυτῆς ἔπλησα κοίης  
 ὁδμὴν βοτρυνόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου,  
 καὶ προχοὴν μεθύουσαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὀδεύων  
 ποσσὶ κονιομένοισι διέτρεχον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,  
 οἷα παρ’ Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὥς εἰσοσίχθων 50

stroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.<sup>a</sup> The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

<sup>33</sup> " My men, bred beside my standfast Hydaspes, now fight again with confidence! Bring flaming fire into battle, light unquenchable torches, that I may burn those newly come ships with blazing brand and sink in the sea that waterfaring host, with spear, with corselet, with ships, with Dionysos! If Bacchos is a god, I will destroy Bacchos with my fire. Is it not enough, that he has sprinkled those cunning poisons in the water and reddened my Hydaspes with Thessalian flowers? That I have looked on him in silence, and let myself quietly behold the yellow streams of my maddened river? For if that stream came from a foreign river, if the warlike Indian Hydaspes were not my own father, then I would have filled that flood with heaps of dust to drown the viny stink of Dionysos; I would have walked upon the drunken stream of my father and crossed unwetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made

<sup>a</sup> The Lycurgos of books xx.-xxi.

ξηρὸν ὕδωρ ποίησε, καὶ αὐσταλείου ποταμοῖο  
 Ἰναχίην ἵππειος ὄνυχ' ἐχάραξε κονίην.  
 οὐ θεός, οὐ θεὸς οὗτος· εἶν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην·  
 ποίην γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;  
 ποῖον ἔχει σπινθήρα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ;  
 ποίην δ' οὐρανίην στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀείρει;  
 οὐ Κρονίδης κατ' Ἄρηα κορύσσεται οἶνοπι κισσῷ·  
 οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοισι μέλος βρονταῖον εἴσκω,  
 οὐδὲ Διὸς σκηπτοῖσιν ὁμοῖα θύρσα καλέσσω,  
 οὐ χθονίῳ θώρηκι Διὸς νέφος ἴσον ἐνίψω·  
 νεβρίδι δαιδαλῇ πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον εἴσκω;  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οἶνου  
 δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀξιφύτοιο τοκῆος·  
 Τρώιον αἶμα φέροντι καὶ ἀγροινόμῳ τιτὶ βούτῃ  
 Ζεὺς πόρεν οἶνοχόῳ Γανυμήδεϊ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου,  
 νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμοῖος· εἴξατε, θύρσοι.  
 Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθοιὸς εὐλαπινύζει·  
 δαίνυνται οὐρανίοισι σὺν ἀθανάτοισι Γανυμήδης.  
 εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐπουρανίοιο τοκῆος,  
 σὺν Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.  
 ἔκλυον, ὥς ποτε θῶκον ἐὼν καὶ σκῆπτρον Ὀλύμπου  
 δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῇ παλαιότερῳ Διονύσῳ,  
 ἀστεροπὴν Ζαγρῇ καὶ ἄμπελον οἶνοπι Βάκχῳ."  
 Εἶπε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὤρτο· συνερρώοντο δὲ λαοὶ  
 σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέεσσι, καὶ ὄψιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης  
 χερσαίου πολέμοιο μετεστήσαντο θαλάσσης.  
 καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·  
 "Ἄρεος ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,  
 οἷς βίος ἔργα μόθοιο καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,

\* In his anger because Phoroneus and the other princes of Argos adjudged their land to Hera; see [Apollodoros] ii. 13, Pausanias ii. 15. 5.

water dry, and a horse's hoof left his prints on the dust of river Inachos dried up.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>53</sup> "No god, no god is that man; he has lied about his birth. For what Olympian aegis of Cronion does he brandish? What spark has he of Zeus-thrown thunderbolt? What heavenly lightning of his father's does he lift? No Cronides equips himself for war with vineleaf and ivy! I cannot compare the music of thunder to rattling cymbals. I will not call the thyrsus anything like the thunderbolt of Zeus, I will not allow an earthly corselet to be equal to the clouds of Zeus. How can I liken a dappled fawnskin to the pattern of the stars?—But you will say, he received the grapes and the liquid wine as gifts from Cronion his father, who blesses the crops with increase. Well, Zeus gave Olympian nectar to one of Trojan blood, a country clown, a cowman, Ganymede the cupbearer, and wine is not equal to nectar: thyrsus, you have the worst of it! Bacchos feasts on earth with Satyrs; Ganymede banquets with the heavenly immortals. If this mortal had a heavenly father, he would have touched one board with Zeus and the Blessed. I have heard how Zeus once gave his throne and the sceptre of Olympos as prerogative to Zagreus the ancient Dionysos—lightning to Zagreus, vine to wineface Bacchos!"

<sup>74</sup> He spoke, and away to battle. The people rushed together armed with spears, with shields, and now transferred their last hope of victory from land to sea. Then Dionysos, called to his leaders with wild voice:

<sup>78</sup> "Mighty sons of Ares and corseleted Athena, whose life is the works of war, whose hope is conflict!

σπεύσατε καὶ κατὰ πόinton αἰστώσαι γένος Ἰδῶν, 80  
 εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθοῖνῃν μετὰ νίκην.  
 ἀλλὰ θαλασσαῖοιο διάκτορα δημοτῆτος,  
 ἔγχεα διπλώσαντες ὁμόπλοκα δίζυγι δεσμῶ  
 ναύμαχα κολλήειντα, περὶ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῶ, 95  
 μίξατε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἑνκῶ,  
 προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραυγέα δαλὸν αἵρων  
 Δηριάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήια δούρατα ιηῶν.  
 νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόινες· ὑγρομόθων γὰρ  
 ἐλπίδες ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες· εἰ δὲ μογήσας  
 φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἰδῶν, 100  
 ἡλιβάτων λοφιῇσιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφαίντων,  
 ἀγχινεφής, ἀκίχητος, ἀνούτατος, ἥρι γείτων.  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσω  
 ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωια τοκτῆ,  
 ἡνίοχον πόιτοιο καὶ αἰθέρος· ἦν δ' ἐθειλήσω, 105  
 γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωια κορύσσω  
 Ἰνδῶν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοιτα τριαῖη·  
 καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐῖσοιγαίου,  
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς αἶτε γείτονα Θήβης,  
 πόντιον Ἀονίης Ἀνθηδόνοιο ἀστὸν ἀρούρης· 100  
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν· ἱμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσση  
 ὀλκάδα Δηριάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικέρτης,  
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον ὁμόγνιον, οὐ ποτε μήτηρ  
 ιῆπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποιντίας Ἰνῶ  
 ἐν γλάγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμοι καὶ Διονύσω· 105  
 μαντιπόλου δὲ γέροντος, ὃς ἡμετέρην ποτὲ νίκην  
 ἔσσομένην κατὰ πόinton ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνῇ,  
 εἰμὶ φίλος Πρωτῆος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει  
 θυγατέρας Νηρῆος ἐμῇ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς  
 Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμῇ θωρήσεται Ἰνῶ· 110  
 θωρήξω δ' ἐς Ἀρη καὶ Αἰόλον, ὄφρα νοήσω



Make haste now—destroy the Indian race on the sea as well, and finish your land victory with another by sea! Come, take in hand those messengers of sea-warfare, spears coupled together with double rings, welded seapikes with bronze fixed at the mouth, and join sea-terrifying battle with your enemies—get in before them, that Deriades may not lift his fireblazing torch and burn up the warlike timbers of our ships. Fight without fear, Mimallones! For the hopes of our seafighting adversaries are all empty boasts. If for all his efforts the Indian chieftain could not finish off his war on land, seated on the neck of mountainous elephants, near the clouds, unapproachable, unwounded, a neighbour to the sky, then I never lack champions, I will call on no other helper after my father Cronion, charioteer of sea and sky; or if it please me, I will arm Poseidon the brother of my Cronides, to wipe out all the Indian host with his trident, and I have as my ally Earthshaker's offspring Glaucos, the broadbearded champion, as neighbour of my own Thebes and seaborne inhabitant of the land of Aonian Anthedon<sup>a</sup>—yes, Glaucos I have and Phorcys. And Melicertes will drown the vessel of Deriades flogged by the sea; he shall glorify Dionysos his kinsman, for his mother once nursed baby Bacchos, since Ino of the sea gave one milk to both Palaimon and Dionysos. I am also the friend of Proteus the Old Man prophetic, who told with a voice out of the deep waters my coming victory on the sea.<sup>b</sup> My Thetis also prepares the daughters of Nereus for war, and in the battle my Ino is arming to help the Bassarids. Aiolos too I will arm for warfare, that I

<sup>a</sup> Cf. xiii. 73.<sup>b</sup> Cf. xxi. 289.

Εὖρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορῆα,  
γαμβρὸν ἐμοῦ προμάχου,

Μαραθωνίδος ἄρπαγα νύμφης,  
καὶ Νότον Λιβιοπῆα προασπιστήρα Λυαίου·  
καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ 115  
ὀλκάδας ἀντιβίων δηλήσεται· ἡμετέρου γὰρ  
εὐνέτιν Ἴριν ἔχει Διὸς ἄγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ  
ἔκτοθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἰνδῷοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
μιμνέτω ἡρεμέων θρασὺς Λιόλος, ἡθάδι δεσμῷ  
ἄσκον ἐπισφίγξας ἀνεμῶδεα, μηδ' ἐνὶ πόιτῳ 120  
ἄσθμασιν Ἰνδοφόοισιν ἀριστεύσωσιν ἀῆται·  
ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω νηοφθόρα θύρσα τιταίνων."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονήας.  
ἦδη δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος ἴστατο σάλπιγξ,  
καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρκος αὐλοὶ 125  
λαὸν ἀολλίζοντες, ἀρασσομένη δὲ βοεῖη  
εἰναλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἡχώ,  
καὶ καναχὴν ὁμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ·  
ἀντὶ δὲ πετραίης πολεμήια λείψαινα φωιτῆς  
Πανιὰς ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο ποιτιάς Ἠχώ. 130

Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἔην κλόιος, ὦρτο δ' ἰωὴ  
κεκλομένων· καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμονι μάρνατο τέχνη  
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ὅλον στρατόν, ἐν δ' ἄρα μίσσῳ  
νηυσὶν ὁμοζυγέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδῶν  
εἰς λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπον· Αἰακίδαις δὲ 135  
Αἰακὸς ὑγρὸν Ἄρῃα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμῖνος  
ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεουδέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

"Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἰὼν ἱκετήσιον ἡχῶ  
ἄσπορον εὐρύαλως ἀπήλασας αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης,

may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins—North Wind goodson of my champion<sup>a</sup> and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaïos. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus.”

<sup>123</sup> With these words, he armed his confident captains. Already the trumpet was there as harbinger of war, and the pipes of war gave out their battle-rousing tune collecting the army. The stricken shield sounded with bronze-rattling noise for the seafight, and the host-assembling syrinx mingled its piercing tones, and Pan’s answering Echo came from the sea with faint warlike whispers instead of her rocky voice.

<sup>131</sup> Then there was din amongst the fighters, and the noise of clamour arose. The host fought with their accustomed skill, and surrounded all the enemy in ring; the Indian fleet was in the middle girt about with an unbroken circle of ships like a shoal of fish enclosed in a net. Then Aiacos beginning the battle cried aloud with inspired voice this prophecy of the watery strife at Salamis for the descendants of Aiacos:

<sup>138</sup> “If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought

<sup>a</sup> Erechtheus.

διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ, 140  
 δὸς πάλιν ὀψιτέλεστον ἴσῃν χάριν, ὕτιε Ἰλῦ,  
 ὕδατι κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε· καί τις ἐνὶ ψῆ  
 νίκην ἡμετέρην δεδοκημένος· ὥς ἐνὶ γαίῃ  
 Ζεὺς εὖν υἷα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει.  
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέξειεν Ἀχαικός· ἔιν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ 145  
 Αἰακὸς Ἰνδοφόνος φυσιζοός· ἀμφότερον γάρ,  
 κείρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὐλακι καρπὸν ὀπάσσας  
 χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύτην Διοιύσῳ.  
 ῥύεο δ' ἡμετέρης πλόον ὀλκάδος· αὐσταλὲς δὲ  
 ὥς χθονίῳ κενεῶνι φερέσβιον ἤγαγον ὕδωρ, 150  
 καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδμα κορύσσω  
 μαρνάμενον στρατιῇσι καὶ ὀλκάσι Δηριαδῆος.  
 ἀλλά, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδοιμοῦ,  
 πέμπέ μοι αἰετὸν ὄρνιν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης  
 δεξιτερὸν προμάχοισι καὶ ὑμετέρῳ Διοιύσῳ· 155  
 ἄλλος δ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὄρνις ἰκίσθω·  
 σύμβολα δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω·  
 τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσω πεφορημένοι ἄρπαγι ταρσῷ  
 θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένον ὅξεί κείτρῳ  
 νεκρὸν ὄφιν περίμετρον ἀερτάζοιτα κεράστην, 160  
 δυσμενέος κερόεντος ἀπαγγέλλοιτα τελευτήν·  
 λαῷ δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος μελανόχροος ἔλθῃ  
 κυανέαις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπίζων φόον· Ἰδῶν,  
 αὐτομάτου θανάτοιο μέλαν τύπον· ἣν δ' ἐβελήσῃς,  
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην, 165  
 καὶ στεροπὴν Βρομίῳ λεχώια φέγγεα πέμπων  
 νύεα σείῳ γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ  
 ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας οἰστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.

\* Because of Aiacos's piety, Zeus readily granted his

from the broad threshingfloors of our country,<sup>a</sup> and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty land, then give us again an equal boon now at last, and glorify me here also with water! Then men may say when they see our victory, 'As Zeus showed honour to his son on land, so he shows him honour on the sea.' Some other man of Achaia may say, 'Aiacos is both Indian-slayer and lifebringer at once; he both cuts off his enemies' heads and brings fruit to the furrow, giving joy to Demeter and a merry heart to Dionysos.' Protect thou the sailing of our ship! As I brought lifegiving water to the hollow of the parched earth, so now I arm this flood from the hollows of the deep to bring death, battling against the armies and ships of Deriades.

<sup>153</sup> "Come, O Father, monarch of life, monarch of battle! Send me an eagle, the auspicious herald of my birth, on the right hand of my captains and your own Dionysos! Let another omen come on the left for my adversaries, and let these two be opposite tokens for both. Let me see the one sailing along with robber's wing and lifting a huge horned serpent, dead and torn by sharp points of his keen talons, proclaiming the end of my horned enemy: let the other come to my host of adversaries black-hued, with dark wings, foretelling the carnage of the Indians, the black image of self-inflicted death. If it be thy pleasure, foretell my victory with claps of thunder, and send the lightning which lighted the birth of Bromios to honour your son once again with fire, and let thunderbolts strike the helmeted ships

prayers; therefore, when a great drought visited Greece, he was asked to intercede for the rest, and did so successfully; see Isocrates, *Evagoras* 5; Pausanias ii. 29. 7-8. Cf. xxii. 277.

- ναί, πάτερ, Αἰγίνης μιμνήσκου, μὴ σέο νύμφης  
 νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὄρνιν Ἑρώτων." 170
- Ὡς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν. ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κλειΐθους  
 ὄμμα παλιννόστοιο βαλὼν αἰτώπιον Ἄρκτου  
 γαμβρὸν ἐὼν λιτάινευε καὶ ἴαχε μῦθον Ἑρεχθεύς·  
 " Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρήσκειο,  
 καὶ σέο νύμφης  
 μαρναμένῳ γενετῇρι βοηθόον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 175  
 ἔδνα τεοῦ θαλάμοιο θαλασσαῖην πόρε νίκην·  
 ὀλκάσι μὲν Βρομίῳ φέρων ιησοσσὸν αὔρην  
 δὸς χάριν ἄμφοτέροισιν, Ἑρεχθεί καὶ Διοιύσῳ·  
 νηυσὶ δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμνηνὸτα πόιντον ἱμάσσων 180  
 ἄσθματι κυματόεντι τεὰς θώρηξον ἀέλλας—  
 ἐσσι γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
 Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἶά περ Ἄρης—,  
 ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήνεμον ἄσθμα κομίζων  
 ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι κορύσσειο Δηριαδῇ·  
 στήσας δ' ἀντιβίοισι θυελλήεσσαν Ἴνῳ 185  
 δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ,  
 καὶ Διὶ πιστὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διοιύσῳ.  
 μνώεο Κεκροπίης εὐπαρθέινου, ἥχι γυναῖκες  
 κερκίδι ποικίλλουσι τεῶν ὑμέταιον Ἑρώτων·  
 Ἴλισσὸν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλον, ὀππόθι κούρην 190  
 Ἀτθίδα σὴν παράκοιτιν αἰήρπασαν ἄρπαγες αὔραι  
 ἐξομένην ἀτίνακτον ἀκινήτῳ σέθεν ὦμῳ.  
 οἶδα μὲν, ὥς συνάεθλος ἐλεύσεται ἄλλος ἀήτης  
 γείτων ἀντιβίοισιν Ἑώιος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
 οὐ τρομέω θρασὺν Εὐρον, ὅτι πετερόεντες αἴηται 195  
 πάντες, ὅσοι πνεύουσιν, ὁπάονές εἰσι Βορῆος·  
 καὶ πρόμος Αἰθιοπῶν Νοτίην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀρούρης  
 μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμείῃ

of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom <sup>a</sup> of thy bride, the love-bird of like feather with this ! ”

<sup>171</sup> After this prayer, he began the fight ; Erechtheus also cast up his eye to the heavenly path of the ever-returning Bear, and prayed to his goodson in these words :

<sup>174</sup> “ Goodson Boreas, put on your armour, and send a helping blast to your bride’s father in battle ! Give victory by sea as the price of your bride ! Bring a ship-stirring wind for Bromios’s fleet and grant a boon to Erechtheus and Dionysos alike. For the ships of Deriades, flog the maddened deep into waves with your blast and arm your tempests—for you are well practised in fighting, as one whose habitation is Thrace, well-practised as Ares himself—then drive a stormy wind upon the host of our enemies, arm yourself against Deriades with your icy spear. Raise a hurricane of war against our enemies, shoot the foe with your frozen shafts, and keep faith with Zeus and Pallas and Dionysos. Remember Cecropia <sup>b</sup> with its lovely girls, where the women weave with their shuttle the love-story of your wedding. Honour Ilissos who led the bridal train, when the robber breezes made robbery of your Attic bride, sitting unshaken upon your unmoving shoulder.

<sup>193</sup> “ I know that another wind will come to help our adversaries, the East Wind their neighbour : but I fear not bold Euros in battle, because all the winged breezes that blow are servants of Boreas. Let Corymbasos the chief of the Ethiopians never return to the arable land of the south ; let him be brought

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the eagle-shape which Zeus took to carry off Aigina.

<sup>b</sup> Attica.



θερμὸν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἐὼν Νότον Λίθιοπῆα,  
 ψυχρὸν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο πίων θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ· 200  
 οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύριοι, κορυσσομένιοι Βορῆος.  
 δείξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκυρῶ σίθεν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ  
 σὺν σοὶ Βακχιάδεσσιν ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσιν ἀρήξει  
 μαρνάμενος τριόδοιτι Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη,  
 ἥ μὲν ἐοῖς ναέτησιν, ὁ δὲ γνωτοῖο γενέθλη· 205  
 καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος Ἐρεχθείος αἷμα γιγαίρων  
 ἔζεται εὐάντητος ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐινῶ,  
 ὀλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχήμοια πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.  
 δὸς δέ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην  
 Κεκροπίῃ κομίσειεν ἀπήμοια λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς, 210  
 καὶ Βορέην μέλψωσι καὶ Ὠρεΐθυιαν Ἀθηναί·"

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἀλιδίνεος ἤψατο χάρμης  
 ἔγχεϊ τεχινῆντι, καὶ ὥς ναέτης Μαριθῶνος  
 ναύμαχον εἶχεν ἔρωτα· φιληρέτμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 εὖστολος ἦεν Ἀρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ 215  
 πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτης δὲ κυδοιμοῦ  
 Δεῖμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα νηῶν.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐναυτίλλοιτο θαλάσση  
 ὀλκάδας ἀγχιάλοισιν οἰστεύοντες ἐρίπναις·  
 Εὐρύαλος δ' ἀλάλαζεν, ἀλirroίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ 220  
 ἀγχιεφῆς οἰστρησεν ἐς ὕσμίνην Ἀλιμῆδης.  
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἀρης  
 χερσαίην μετὰ δῆριν, ἀλirroίζῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ  
 ὀλκάσι Βακχεΐησιν ἐπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν·  
 καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λυθρῷ, 225  
 καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἤριπεν· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ  
 αἵματι κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα θαλάσσης.

low, although he is helped by his own hot Ethiopian South, let him drink the cold water of death beyond the sea. I care nothing for Zephyros, when Boreas is under arms. Show that you are of one heart with your goodfather. From heaven by your side will come Poseidon fighting for my Bacchiad armies with his trident, and Athena, she helping her countrymen, he his brother's son; and fiery Hephaistos honouring the blood of Erechtheus will come full welcome to the watery war, swinging a warlike torch against the ships of Deriades. Grant me victory on the sea also, and after victory let Erechtheus take his people home to Cecropia unhurt, and let Athens chant of Boreas and Oreithyia."

<sup>212</sup> Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear—as a man of Marathon <sup>a</sup> he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror <sup>b</sup> was pilot of the fray and threw off the hawsers of the javelin-bearing ships.

<sup>218</sup> Troops of Cyclopians navigated the sea, showering rocks from the shore upon the ships; Euryalos shouted the wacry, and Halimedes high as the sky dashed raging into battle with brineblustering tumult. In both armies the sea-battle roared after the conflict on land, while Indian ships charged Bacchic ships with brineblustering yells. There was carnage on both sides, and the waves boiled with gore; a great company fell from both armies, the back of the blue sea grew red with newly-shed blood.

<sup>a</sup> An odd blunder; Nonnos seems to confuse Marathon with Salamis.

<sup>b</sup> Phobos and Deimos are Ares' attendants in Homer.

Πολλοὶ δ' εἶθα καὶ εἶθα χυτῶ πίπτοιτες ὀλίθρῳ  
 οἰδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναυτίλλοιτο θαλάσση· 230  
 καὶ ῥοθίοις ἐλικηδὸν ἔχων πορθμῆας αἵτας  
 σύρετο νεκρὸς ὄμιλος ἀφειδέϊ σὺνδρομος αὔρῃ·  
 πολλοὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ  
 εἰς ῥόον ὠλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαίῃ δὲ πίνοντες  
 πικρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίης λίνα Μοίρης,  
 βριθόμενοι θώρηκι· καὶ οἰδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ 235  
 κυναίων ἐκάλυπτεν ὁμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν  
 βένθεϊ φυκιοέντι, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῇ  
 χάλκεος ἱλυόεντι χιτῶν ἐκαλύπτετο πηλῶ·  
 καὶ τάφος ἔπλετο πόντος· ἐτυμβεύοιτο δὲ πολλοὶ  
 κητείοις γενέεσσιν, ἐν ἰχθυόειτι δὲ λαιμῶ 240  
 ἄπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν· τυμβεύσατο φώκη,  
 ξανθὸν ἐρευγομένη ῥόον αἵματος· ὀλλυμένων δὲ  
 τεύχεα πόντος ἔδεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆος  
 αὐτομάτη λοφόεσσα δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε πῆληξ  
 δεσμοῦ λυομένοιο, θυελλήεντι δὲ πολλῆς 245  
 χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπειτήχeto κύκλα βοείης  
 σὺν διερωῶ τελαμῶνι· πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροισ  
 ἀφρὸς ἐρευθιῶν πολιῆς ἀνεκήκειεν ἄλμης  
 αἵμαλέῳ πάνλευκον ὑποστήξας χύσιν ὀλκῶ.  
 Καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφονίχθη Μελικέρτης· 250  
 Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυξε, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,  
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἰνδοφόινου περὶ νίκης  
 ἄνθεϊ φυκιοέντι κόμην ἐστέψατο Νύμφη·  
 καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης  
 χεῖρας ἐρεισαμένη καὶ Δωριδί καὶ Παιονείῃ 255  
 ἄσμενον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐθύρῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 Καὶ βυθίῃ Γαλάτεια θαλασσαίου διὰ κόλπου  
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο διαξύουσα γαλίρην,

<sup>228</sup> Many on this side and that side fell into the mess of carnage, and navigated the sea swollen and floating. The merciless winds dragged with them the crowds of dead bodies, tossed about by the surge with breezes to ferry them. Many fell of themselves under the whirlwind of battle, and slipt into the flood, then drank of the bitter brine, for they could not help it, and weighed down with their corselets knew the threads of the Fate who drowned them in the waters. The black water covered the black livid bodies of the swollen dead with seaweed in the depths ; slimy mud covered coat of mail and seafaring wearer together ; the sea was their grave. Many again had sepulture in the maw of seamonsters, or the darting seal entombed the inanimate corpse in her fishy throat and belched out a stream of brownish blood. The sea took the armour of the dead ; the plumed helmet worked loose from the strap and floated upon the water by itself, its owner newly slain ; many a round shield swam at random on the flood with soaking sling driven by the gale, and under the surface of the waves masses of red foam bubbled up from the grey brine, marking the spread of white with streaks of blood.

<sup>250</sup> Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore ; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaïos, raising a proud neck, and the Nymph crowned her hair with flowers of seaweed for the Indian-slaying victory ; and Thetis unveiled peeping up out of the sea, with her hands resting on Doris and Panopeia, turned a gladsome eye towards Dionysos with his thyrsus.

<sup>257</sup> Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea,

# NONNOS

καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀλιπτοίητον Ἕινῷ  
 δερκομένη δεδοίητο, φόβῳ δ' ἤμειψε παρειάς· 260  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Πολύφημον ἰδεῖν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν  
 ἀντία Δηριάδαο συναιχμαζοῖτα Λυαίῳ·  
 ταρβαλέη δ' ἰκέτευε θαλασσαῖην Ἀφροδίτην  
 υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστεύοντα σαῶσαι,  
 καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ' υἱεί κυανοχαίτην 263  
 μαρναμένου λιτάνευε προασπίζειν Πολυφήμου.  
 καὶ βυθίου τριόδοιτος ἐκυκλώσαιο φορῆα  
 θυγατέρες Νηρῆος· ἐρειδόμεινος δὲ τριαῖνη  
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐδέρκετο γείτοια χάρμην,  
 καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου, 270  
 ζηλήμων ὁρόων ἐτέρου Κύκλωπος Ἕινῷ,  
 ὑγρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·  
 "Εἰς ἐνοπήν, φίλε Βάκχε,  
 τόσους Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,  
 καλλείψας δ' ἓνα μῦθον ἀπόπροθι δηιοτήτος,  
 εἰς χρόνον ἑπταέτηρον ἔχεις πολύκυκλον ἀγῶνα, 273  
 βόσκων ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμοιτος ἐλπίδα χάρμης,  
 ὅττι τεοῦ μέγαλοιο προασπιστῆρες ἀγῶνις  
 πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικήτου Πολυφήμου·  
 εἰ δὲ τετὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐμὸς παῖς ἴκετο Κύκλωψ, 279  
 πατρώην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐμῆς γλωχίνα τριαίτης, 281  
 καὶ κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο συναιχμαζῶν Διονύσω 280  
 στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆος, 284  
 καὶ πολὺν αἶνόν ὁμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοιτι δαΐζων 282  
 εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν ὅλον γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν. 283  
 υἱὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι ἄλλος ἔχων ἑκατοιτάδα χειρῶν 285  
 Τιτήνων ὀλετῆρι τεῷ χραίσμησε τοκτῇ,  
 Αἰγαίων πολύπηχυς, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἔλκων

<sup>1</sup> So Marcellus: πάλιν MSS. and edd.

wrinkling the calm surface, and looking upon the sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaïos against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving father Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle.<sup>a</sup> The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earth-shaker the seagod leaning upon his trident watched the neighbouring conflict, and scanning the host of corseleted Dionysos, he observed with jealousy the valour of another Cyclops, and loudly reproached Bacchos for disturbing the waters with battle :

<sup>273</sup> " Bacchos my friend, how many Cyclopians you have brought into your war, and left only one far from the battle ! Your conflict has lasted through many cycles, seven years, feeding the varying hopes of endless strife, because all the foremost champions of your great contest lack one, Polyphemos the invincible. If my son the Cyclops had come to your conflict, and brandished the prong of my trident, his father's, then indeed as the ally of Dionysos he would have pierced the chest of horned Deriades on this field—he would have destroyed a great and terrible host with my threetooth, and slain the whole Indian nation in one day ! Before this another son of mine with a hundred hands helped your Father to destroy the Titans, Aigaion manyarm, when he loved Polyphemos in return (contrast Theocritos xi.) and bore him a son.

## NONNOS

ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερές ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν,  
 ἡέλιον σκιάωσαν ἔχων ὑψαύχενα χαίτην,  
 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆνες ἐνοσφίσθησαν Ὀλύμπου  
 εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος ὑποπτήσσοντες Ἐνκώ." 290

Τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμοιι πέφραδε φωνῇ.  
 αἰδομένη δὲ Θώωσα κατηφέας εἶχε παρειαίς,  
 Ἄρεϊ μὴ παρεόντος ἔρωμανέος Πολυφήμιου.

Ὡς δὲ πόνου τέλος ἦεν ἐριφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ, 295  
 ἡθάδα πόντον ὅπως καταρρυντον αἵματι Νηριεύς·  
 ξανθῆς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἐθάμβεε νῶτα θαλάσσης,  
 ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὀρόων καὶ πληθύι νεκρῶν  
 γείτονος ἄβροχα νῶτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης . . .  
 Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον αἶθοπι λαῶ. 300

Κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἄσπετος,  
 ὦν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
 βαλλομένων ξιφέεσσι καὶ ὀξύτόροισιν ὀιστοῖς.  
 τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἔμπεσε,

τοῦ δὲ τυπέντος  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ μεσάτης ὑπὲρ αἰνυγα κόρης  
 ὠτειλὴν βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρῆνου. 305  
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐνθα καὶ εἴθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων  
 πόντον ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοιτες ἐρετμοῖς  
 κυανέην λεύκαινον ἐπασσυντέρην χύσιν ἀφρῶ,  
 καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόνητος ἐπειγομένων ἐλατήρων,  
 συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλῳας ἀοσσητῇρι σιδήρῳ 310  
 ἰθυντῆρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἄορι σειρήν.



put Cronos to flight and stretched the farspread legion of his high-climbing arms and shadowed the sun with hair flying high over his neck, so that the grim Titans were driven from Olympos cringing, before the attack of Briareos and all his arms !”

<sup>292</sup> So he spoke, in a tone of grudging jealousy ; and Thoösa <sup>a</sup> sank down her cheeks in shame that lovesick Polyphemos was not present in the battle.

<sup>295</sup> But when the end came of this loudblustering conflict, Nereus saw his familiar sea flooded with blood ; Earthshaker was amazed at the brownish surface of the deep, as he saw fishes eating men, and the back of the neighbouring sea bridged over dry with the heaps of corpses . . . The troops of Bacchos poured upon the swarthy people.

(<sup>301</sup> There lay an infinite multitude of the enemy, struck down in the fight by swords and sharp arrows. One had a shaft lodged over the flank ; one was struck by a bronze spear over the round of his temple, the wound running deep into the cloven head. Great numbers of the farscattered oarsmen on both sides cleft the dark flood with continuous strokes of alternating oars, and whitened it with foam ; but the labour of the hurrying oarsmen was in vain, for the commander cut the ropes with his sword and severed with aiding steel the tangled mass of lashings.<sup>b</sup>)

<sup>a</sup> Daughter of Phorcys, mother by Poseidon of Polyphemos, *Od.* i. 71.

<sup>b</sup> This seems to be a description of a ship getting away from another which has grappled her. Something is lost to the effect that Dionysos's followers caught and killed those who were rowing away. But the whole paragraph may be out of place, for in the next lines the Indians are still fighting stoutly.

Ἀμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἡέρι ροίζον ἰάλλων  
 ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὕμβρος οἰστῶν·  
 ὣν ὁ μὲν ἰστὸν ἔβαλλε μεσαίτατον, ὥς δὲ περήσας  
 ἰστίον εὐδύητον ἐβόμβεε σὺνδρομος αὖραις, 315  
 ἄλλος ἔην προτόνοισι πεπαρμένος, ὥς δὲ μεσόδμη  
 κεῖτο πεσῶν, ἕτερος δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης  
 ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερσιλόφοιο κεραίης,  
 σέλμασι δ' ἄλλος ἔην τεταυνσμέις· ἀγχιφανῇ δὲ  
 ἄλλα κυβερνητῆρος ἀποπλαγχθείτα κελεύθου 320  
 ἄστατα πηδαλίῳ διέξεσεν ἄκρα κορύμβου·  
 καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμιον βίλος ἔλκων  
 ἱκρια νηὸς ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.  
 ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν κατὰ πόinton εὐπτερον ἰὼν ἀλήτη  
 πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπλεχθείτα κορύμβοις· 325  
 ἄλλου δ' ἡμβροτεν ἄλλος· Ἐρυθραίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 πομπίλον ἄλλος ἔτυψε καταιχμάζων Διοιύσου·  
 ἔγχεϊ δ' ἡκόντιζε Κορύμβαστος, ὄφρα τυχήσῃ  
 ὀλκαίης Σατύροιο, παραίξασα δὲ λόγῃ  
 ἰχθύος ὑγροπόροιο κατέγραφε δίζυγον οὐρῇν 330  
 θηγαλέῃ γλωχίνι· τιτυσκόμειος δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον αἰουτήτου Διοιύσου  
 Δηριάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχου  
 εἰς ραχίνην δελφῖνος ἐποίπινε λοίγιος αἰχμή,  
 κυρτὸς ὅπῃ λοφιῇσι συνάπτεται ἰχθύος αὐχὴν, 335  
 δελφὶς δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νύσση  
 ἡμιθανὴς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἄλματι Μοίρης·  
 πολλοὶ δ' εἴθα καὶ εἴθα κυβιστητῆρες ὀλέθρου  
 ἰχθύες ὠρχήσαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νώτων.  
 Καὶ Στερόπης προμάχιζεν·

ἀερσιπόδης δ' Ἀλιμῆδης 340  
 χειρὶ λαβὼν πρηῶνα θαλασσοτόκοιο κολώιης  
 ῥύψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἔδυνε δὲ φοιταλέῃ νηὺς

<sup>312</sup> From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerring through the air. One struck full upon a mast, one ran noisily through a flapping sail quick as the wind, another pierced the forestays, another fell and stuck in the mastbox ; an arrow again flying through the air hit the end of the yard which supported the sail, another stuck straight up on the foredeck. Others came near the helmsman, but missed the way in which they had been sent and scraped the top of the moving rudder. Phlogios the famous archer drew a shot through the air, and hit the ship's deck but missed Lyaïos. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish.<sup>a</sup> Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr's tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos ; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back—the fish leapt of itself in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

<sup>340</sup> Steropes also fought in the forefront ; Halimedes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborn cliff and threw it at the foe—a stray

<sup>a</sup> Naucrates ductor.

τρηχαλέου βληθεῖσα λίθου τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ.  
καὶ τις ἀκοντισθεῖσα δι' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδι γείτων  
ἀμφοτέρας ἔζευξεν ἀλίδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμή, 345  
νῆας ἐπισφίγξασα δύω ξυνήνοι δεσμῷ  
στεινομένων νεφεληδόν· ἦν δ' ἑτερόκτυπος ἡχώ.

Καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἑνικῷ,  
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ῥάχιν αἰθοπος Εὐρου,  
ὃς δὲ Λιβὸς δροσεροῖο παρὰ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ Βορῆος, 350  
καὶ Νοτίν παρὰ πέζαν. ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς  
Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγουιτος ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων  
Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἑνικῷ,  
Ἴσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν· ἀλλὰ ἐθύρσῳ  
Εὖιος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσείρασε χάρμης, 355  
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνῃσιν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ὥχετο Μορρεὺς.

Ὅφρα μὲν ἔνθεον ἔλκος, ὃ μιν λάχε, δαιμονίῃ χεῖρ  
λυσιπόνου Βραχμῆιτος ἀκέσματο Φοιβάδι τέχῃ,  
θεσπεσίῃ λάλον ὕμνον ὑποτρύζοντος αἰοιδῇ,  
τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραε Λίδιος Ἄρης. 360

Τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἦν πλόος, εἶχε δ' Ἑνικῷ  
ναυτιλῆς προκέλευθον, ἀλισμαράγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ  
ἦν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερότροπος· αἰτιβίων γὰρ  
ὅσσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν οἰστεύοιτο βελέμινος  
ἢ φονίοις πετάλοισιν ἢ ἔγχεσιν ἢ μαχαίραις, 365  
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ  
ἴθμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοιτο θαλάσσης·  
εἰ δέ τις εἰς ἄλα πίπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίοιο μαχητῆς,  
αἰθύσσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων  
χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἀλirroίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ 370  
μαρνάμενος ῥοθίοισι μετ' ἀνέρας ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ.

Εἰναλῆς δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων,

ship sank, struck by the rounded mass of hard stone. Or again, a spear cast over the sea at close quarters joined ship to ship and coupled the pair together, holding two vessels fast in a common bond, while they were all crushed together in a cloud—great was the clamour on both sides.

<sup>348</sup> The two fleets were engaged in four divisions: one facing the backbone of the scorching East Wind, one by the wing of the rainy Sou'west, one in the region of the North, one in the South. Morrheus with alternating rushes marched kneeswift from ship to ship and scattered the seascared array of Bassarids, a conquering hero equally on the sea; but Euios wounded him with his thyrsus and checked his valour on the deep—then Morrheus in agony was gone back to the city.

<sup>357</sup> While the divine wound which had got him was being healed by the godly hand of a painquelling Brahman with Apollo's art, who cooed a verbose ditty of solemn incantation, so long the Lydian wargod prevailed against his enemies.

<sup>361</sup> Their assault awoke a new conflict: Enyo went before their sails, and the struggle of the two navies in the brineplashing battle was different. For those of the enemy who were struck by volleys of hard stones, or deadly leaves, or spears or swords, paddled the black water with unaccustomed hands and found a grave in the sea with staggering steps; but if any warrior of Bromios fell stricken into the brine, he darted out his arms and swam cutting the waves with seabattling hands, as he fought the surge with brineblustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

<sup>372</sup> Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-

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νίκην ὕδατόεσσαν ἐπειτύων Διονύσω·  
καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοιτι κορύσσετο κυαιοχαίτης  
μαρνάμενος δηίοισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἥριοχείων  
ἄρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.  
καὶ πισύραις κατὰ πόinton ἐφιππεύοιτες ἀλλαις  
κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,  
δυσμενέων ἐθέλοντες αἰστώσαι στίχα ιηῶν,  
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου·  
καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,

378

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Νότος δ' ἐπεσύρσιν Εὐρώη,  
καὶ Βορέης Θρήισαν ἄγων ἀντίπρουν αὔρην  
ἄγρια μαινομένης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα θαλάσσης.  
καὶ στόλον ἰθύνουσα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆος  
ὕσμίνης Ἔρις ἦρχε· Διωνύσοιο δὲ ιηῶν  
Ἰνδοφόνῳ παλάμη κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.  
χείλεσι δ' ἰκμαλέοισι μαχήμονα κόχλον ἐρείσας  
εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι μέλος μυκήσατο Ἰηρεὺς·  
καὶ Θέτις ἐσμαράγησεν ἐνναλῆς μέλος Ἰηχοῦς  
κύμασι πατρώοισι προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

383

390

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων  
ὕσμίνης δόλον εὗρεν ἀρηγόνα· μηκεδαιτὴν γὰρ  
ιηῶν ἰδίην ἐφλεξεν ἐκούσιον ἀψάμενος πῦρ·  
ιηυσὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐπέτρεχε φοιταλίῃ ιηῦς  
νεύμασι Βακχείοισι περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση,  
καὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων  
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἐνήχετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,  
καίων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα ιηῶν.  
καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυριβλήτοιο θαλάσσης  
Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐδύσατο βεῖθεα πόinton,  
αἰθομένου φεύγουσα δι' ὕδατος ἰκμαλέον πῦρ.

395

400

Χάζετο δ' Ἰνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐπὶ χθόνα, πόinton ἐάσας·  
καὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμούς



fight, preparing a watery victory for Dionysos ; Sea-bluehair armed him with his trident of the deep to fight the foe, and Melicertes madly drove the unwetted car of Poseidon. The winds also rode on four tempests over the sea, armed for the fray and towering up the waves, with a will to destroy the lines of their enemies' ships, these to help Deriades, those Lyaïos : Zephyros was ready, Notos whistled against Euros, Boreas brought up his Thracian breeze as a counterblast and flogged the back of the maddened sea. Discord guided the warlike navy of Deriades and led the battle ; but Victory filled out the sails of Dionysos with a hand which bore death for the Indians. Nereus pressed his conch of war with dripping lips and boomed a tune through the sea-trumpet, and Thetis shrilled a tune of warlike sound and defended Lyaïos with her father's billows.

<sup>391</sup> Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose ; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereïd unveiled seeing the glare of the fire-shotten sea dived into the depths, and fled from liquid fire through burning water.

<sup>402</sup> Then the Indian host left the sea and retreated to the land ; and Phaëthon laughed, because Ares in the seafight had fled again before the fire of



## NONNOS

ἐκ πυρὸς Ἥφαιστοιο πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἴλρης.  
 Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλύγα σιὴδρόμον αὔραις 408  
 εἰς πεδῖον πεπότῃτο θούιτερα γούνατα πάλλων,  
 φεύγων ὑγρὸν Ἴλρη θάλασσομόθου Διονύσου.

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• When Hephaistos caught him with Aphrodite in a net

DIONYSIACA, XXXIX. 404-407

Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains.<sup>a</sup>  
And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the  
wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick  
to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of  
seafighting Dionysos.

of fine chains, *Od.* viii. 296; Helios (Phaëthon) spied on  
them, *ibid.* 302.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαιγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἰδῶν,  
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατριδα Κάδμου.

Οὐ δὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε παινόφιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς  
ἄρραγέος κλωστήρος ἀκαμπέα ἱήματα Μοίρης·  
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη—  
ἔξετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐρίπιης,  
ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθον Ἰδῶν— 3  
ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἄρσεια δύσατο μορφήν·  
κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισι παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰδῶν.  
Μορρέος εἶδος ἔχουσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυαίῳ  
Δηριάδην ἀνέκοψε, καὶ ὥς ἀλέγουσα κυδοιμοῦ  
φρικτὸν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος πολυμεμφεῖ φωιτῇ. 10

“ Φεύγεις, Δηριάδη; τίτι κάλλιπες Ἄρεα νηῶν;  
πῶς δύνασαι ναέτῃσι φαινέμεναι; ἢ πόθεν αἴτην  
ὄψαι Ὀρσιβόην μενεδήιον, αἱ κεν ἀκούσῃ  
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμνιοιτα γυναικάς;  
αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥήξήνορα, μή σε νοήσῃ 15  
ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ὑποπτήσσοιτα Λυαίου,  
ἢ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοεῖην  
μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτῃ.  
χάζεό μοι Μορρῇ λιπὼν μόθον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσῃς,  
αὐτὸς ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάγκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω. 20

## BOOK XL

The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how  
Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place  
of Cadmos.

YET he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No—Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of Morrheus; and, all to please Dionysos, she checked Deriades, cajoling the Indian chieftain with mindstealing whispers. As if anxious about the conflict, she poured out words of affright in reproachful tones :

<sup>11</sup> “ You flee, Deriades ! Whom have you left in charge of the seafight ? How can you show yourself to the people ? Or how will you look in the face of dauntless Orsiboë, if she hears that Deriades is in flight and will not stand before women ? Have respect for manbreaking Cheirobië, let her not see you shrinking from fight with Lyaïos unarmed—why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband ! Give place, please, to Morrheus—you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and

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πενθερόν οὐ καλέσω σε πεφυζότα, σείο δὲ κούρης  
 ἔστω Χειροβίης ἕτερος πόσις· αἰδόμενος γὰρ  
 καλλεΐψω τεὸν ἄστυ, καὶ ἴξομαι εἰς χθόνα Μήδων,  
 ἴξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω.  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' εὖοπλος ἐμὴ δάμαρ οἶδεν 'Εἰνῶ.' 25  
 εἰσὶν Ἀμαζονίδες περὶ Καύκασον, ὀππόθι πολλαὶ  
 Χειροβίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες·  
 κεῖθι δορικτήτην βριαρὴν ἀντάδιον ἀκούτης  
 εἰς γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλω, μίαν ἄξομαι· ἐν θαλάμοις γὰρ  
 οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδα φυγοπτολέμοιο τοκῆος. 30

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισεν ἀγήγορα Δηριαδῆα,  
 καὶ οἱ θάρσος ἔδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅφρα δαμείῃ  
 μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο τυπεῖς φθισήγορι θύρῳ.  
 καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρκοῦσαν Ἀθήνην  
 ψευδομένου Μορρῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούων 35  
 χεῖλεσιν αἰδομένοισι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

" Φεῖδεο σῶν ἐπέων·

τί με μέμφεαι, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;  
 οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὗτος,  
 εὐὸν δέμας αἰὲν ἀμείβων.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἀμηχανέω, τίτι μάρναμαι ἢ τίτι βάλλω·  
 σπεύδων μὲν πτερόεντι βαλεῖν Διόινυσον οἰστῶ, 40  
 ἢ ξίφεϊ πλήξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἢ δόρυ πέμπων  
 οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυαίου  
 πόρδαλιν αἰολόνωτον ἐπαῖσσοντα κιχάινω . . .  
 μαρναμένου δὲ λέοντος ἐπείγομαι αὐχένα τέμνειν,  
 καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοιτος ὄφιν δασπλήτα δοκεῖω. 45  
 σπεύδων δ' ἀντὶ δράκοιτος ὀπιπεύω ράχιν ἄρκτου·  
 εἰς λοφιὴν δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἐμὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλω,  
 ἀλλὰ μάτην ταινύω δολιχὸν βέλος· ἀντὶ γὰρ ἄρκτου

\* The sense of the lost words may have been " I attack the panther and it turns into a lion."

destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you good-father no more, you, a runaway—let your girl Cheirobië find another husband: for I am ashamed—I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

<sup>25</sup> “But you will say ‘My wife is well armed, she understands warfare!’ There are Amazons about Caucasos, and many women are there far better champions than Cheirobië. There I will carry off a strong one for my bed, captive of my spear, to wed me without brideprice, if I like. For I will never receive into my bridechamber your daughter, whose father is a fugitive from the battle!”

<sup>31</sup> With this reproach she persuaded proud Deriades, and gave him courage again, that he might be struck down by the mandestroying thyrsus of warring Bromios. He knew not that it was deceitful Athena before him; he heard the reproachful voice of the pretended Morrheus, and bold again, spoke comforting words with shamed lips:

<sup>37</sup> “Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly—instead of Lyaïos I find a speckled panther charging upon me. . . .<sup>a</sup> A lion is fighting and I hasten to shear his neck, and I see a bold horrible serpent instead of a lion—I attack, and instead of a serpent I behold a bear’s back—I cast my furious spear at the curving neck, but in vain I hurl

φαίνεται ἡερόφοιτος αἰούτατος ἵπταμένη φλόξ.  
 κάπρον ἰδὼν ἐπιόιτα βοὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούω, 60  
 ἀντὶ σὺς τινα ταῦρον ὑπὲρ λοξοῖο μετώπου  
 παπταίνω χαροπῇσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κεραΐαις  
 ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν δορ ἐλίσσω  
 θηρσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἵνα θῆρα δαμάζω.  
 καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας ταινίω βέλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος 65  
 νύσσαν ἐς ἡερίην ὁρώω κυρτούμενον ἰδῶρ.  
 εἵθεν ἐγὼ τρομέων πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης  
 φύλοπιν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσκάζω Διονύσου·  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήξομαι, ἄχρῃς ἐλέγξω  
 μάγγανα τεχνιέντα δολορραφέος Διοιύσου." 60

"Ὡς εἰπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεύτερον ἡθάδι λίσσῃ,  
 καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόθος ἔβρεμε, μαριαμένῃ δὲ  
 εἰναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐθωρήχθη Διοιύσῳ·  
 καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἔπλετο νίκης, 65  
 ὁππότε δεινδρήεντι περίπλοκος αὐχένα δεσμῷ  
 ἱκεσίην πολύευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θετημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν  
 διχθαδίην, ἧ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἧ δμῶα τελέσσαι.  
 τρίς μὲν ἐὼν δόρυ πέμπε,

καὶ ἡμβροτεν ἡέρα βάλλων·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οὔνοπι Βάκχῳ 70  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐπήγορον ἔγχος ἰάλλων  
 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, εὐὸ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος  
 γαμβρὸν ἐὼν καλέεσκε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνεται Μορρεὺς·  
 ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἶδος Ἀθήνη  
 δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι παρίστατο· δερκομένου δὲ 75  
 δείματι θεσπεσίῳ λῦτο γούνατα Δηριαδῆος·  
 ἔγνω δ' ἀνδρομέης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς  
 Μορρέος ἀντιτύποιο φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου·  
 καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σοφῆς εἰόησεν Ἀθήνης.



the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured ! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull's bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the botcher of guile ! ”

<sup>61</sup> He spoke, and a second time armed himself, wild as before ; again the uproar of battle rose on the plain—there after the seafight he met Dionysos in arms. He had forgotten the former victory of Bromios, when his neck was entangled in leafy bonds and he offered his prayers of many supplications to Bacchos, who saw it all. Again he was a soldier fighting against the gods ; doubtful only whether to kill or make Bromios a slave. Thrice he cast a spear, and missed, striking nothing but air ; but when the fourth time in his arrogance Deriades rushed upon wineface Bacchos, and cast his spear through the air at a mark which could not be hit, he called his goodson to help him—and Morrheus was no longer to be seen, but Athena had changed her deceptive shape and stood beside the vinegod. Deriades saw her, and his knees trembled with overwhelming fear : he understood that the human shape which bore the likeness of Morrheus was all a deception, and recognized the

- τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐγίβειν, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ 80  
 ψευδομένην γίνωσκε συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην.
- Καὶ τότε βοτρυόεις κοτέων βακχεύετο δαίμων  
 ὑψιτειῆς περίμετρος, ἴσος Παρηησιῶδι πέτρῃ·  
 Δηριάδην δ' ἐδίωκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων  
 κοῦφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐπιταίνετο σὺνδρομος αὖραις· 85  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἱκανόν, ὅπῃ πολεμητόκον ὕδωρ  
 κύματι λυσσώοντι γέρων κελάρυζεν Ἰθάσπης,  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἥοιαις ἄπλετος ἔστη,  
 ὥς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἔχων κελάδοιτα μαχητὴν  
 ὕγρον ἀκοιτιστῆρα κορυσσομέινου Διονύσου, 90  
 δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων  
 ἀκρότατον χροᾶ μοῦνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριάδης.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ κισσῆεντι τυπεῖς φθισήνορι θαλλῷ  
 πατρώῳ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε ρείθρῳ,  
 μηκεδανοῖς μελέεσσι γεφυρώσας ὅλον ὕδωρ 95  
 αὐτόματος· χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν  
 σὺν Διὶ παμμεδέοιντι πάλιν ἰόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
 Βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδηρίτου Διονύσου  
 δῆριν ἀνευάζοντες, ἀολλίζοντο δὲ πολλοὶ  
 ἔγχεσιν οὐτάζοντες ὅλον χροᾶ Δηριάδης. 100  
 Ὅρσιβόη δ' ὤμωξε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,  
 κείμενον ἀρτιδαίκτον ὄδυρομέην παρακοίτην·  
 πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,  
 καὶ σκολιῆς ὦλοψεν ἀκηδέα βότριν ἐθειρῆς,  
 καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν ἐοῦ κατέχευε καρῆνου· 105  
 Χειροβίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καταφθιμένῳ τοκῆς,  
 κυανέους δ' ἤρασε βραχίονας, ἀργυφέου δὲ 106  
 στέρνον ὅλον γύμνωσε διχαζομένῳ χιτῶνος· 107  
 Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος ἐὰς ξύουσα παρειάς, 109  
 160

deluding trick of wise Athena. But Dionysos was glad when he saw Athena, and knew in his heart that she had been helping him in disguise.

<sup>82</sup> Then the grapy deity was maddened with anger. He rose lofty and huge, like the rock of Parnassos, and pursued swiftrunning Deriades; he raced off light and quick as the hurrying winds, but when they reached the place where ancient Hydaspes rolled his warbreeding water in wild bubbling waves, he stood immense on the river bank as having now an ally, his father, roaring loud, to shoot with his waters against Dionysos in battle: there the vine-deity cast his fleshcutting thyrsus and just grazed the skin of Deriades. Struck with the mandestroying ivy bunch he slipt headfirst into his father's flood, and bridged all that water himself with his long frame.

<sup>96</sup> Now the long Indian War was ended, the gods returned again to Olympus with Zeus the Lord of all; the Bacchants cheered in triumph around Dionysos the invincible, crying Euoi for the conflict, and many thronged round Deriades piercing him everywhere with their spears.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>101</sup> Orsiboë wailed on the battlements with a loud lamentable dirge, sorrowing for her husband who lay so newly slain; she scratched her cheeks with her fingernails in sorrow, and heedlessly tore out bunches of her curling hair, and poured smoking ashes on her head. Cheirobië lamented for her dead father, and scored her black arms, rent her white robe and bared all her breast; Protonoë<sup>b</sup> unshod tore her

<sup>a</sup> From the appearance of Athena in the shape of Morrheus to this line, the death of Hector in *Iliad* xxii. is closely imitated.

<sup>b</sup> Daughter of Deriades, wife of Orontes (xxvi. 17).

- κύκλα κοιισαλέοιο καταισχύιουσα προσώπου, 110  
 κλαῖεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετῇρι,  
 διπλόον ἄλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἰαχε πεινάδι φωνῇ·  
 " Ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὦλεο· καδ δ' ἐμέ χήρην  
 ἔλλιπες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·  
 νήπιον οὐ τέκον υἷα παραίφασιν· οὐ μετὰ νίκην 115  
 νόστιμον αἶδρα νόησα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδηρῶ  
 αὐτὸς ἐῷ δέδμητο, καὶ οὖνομα δῶκε ρέιθροις,  
 καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξείνοισιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν αἶδρα καλίσσω  
 ἄσπορον αὐτοδαίκτον ἀνόστιμον ὑγρὸν Ὀρόντην.  
 μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὀρόντην, 120  
 ἴσον ἀποφθιμένους διερὸν μόρον· αἰδροφόινον γὰρ  
 Δηριάδην κρύφε κῦμα, ῥόος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντην.  
 μητέρι δ' οὐ γειόμην παανομοῖος· Ὀρσιβόη γὰρ  
 θυγατέρων ἦισε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναίους·  
 Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν,  
 εἰδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην, 125  
 Χειροβίην δ' ἔξευξεν ἀνικῆτῳ παρακοίτῃ,  
 ὃν τρομέει καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφιέπει μὲν  
 Χειροβίῃ ζῶοντα φίλον πόσιν, οὐ δέ ἐ θυρσος,  
 οὐ ῥόος ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλόα πάσχω,  
 ἀνέρος οἰχομένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένου γενετῆρος. 130  
 λῆγε, μάτην σέο παῖδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη,  
 δός μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν αἶδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετῆρα γοήσω·  
 δεῖξον ἐμοί τινα παῖδα, παρήγορον αἰδρὸς ἀνιης. 133  
 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς εὐρυρέεθρον Ἰθάσπην, 135  
 ὄφρα κύσω φίλον οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο; 136  
 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης, 134  
 ὄφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν Ὀρόντην; 137  
 εἶην ἡμερόεις καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῇ  
 δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα φανήσομαι αὐτόθι πηγῇ,  
 ἦχι θανῶν εὐυδρος ἐμὸς πόσις οἶδμα κυλίνδει, 140

cheeks and smeared her face all over with dirty dust, weeping for both husband and father, with twofold agony, and cried in tones of sorrow—

<sup>113</sup> “ Husband, how young you have lost your life ! You have left me a widow in the house ere I have borne a child, no baby son I have to console me ! I never saw my husband come home a second time after victory, but he slew himself with his own steel, and gave his name to the stream, and died among strangers, that I should have to call the watery Orontes my husband, childless, self-slain, never returned ! I wail for both Deriades and Orontes, both perished by one watery fate : Deriades the death of many men was buried in the wave, the flood swallowed Orontes. But I am not like my mother ; for Orsiboë sang her hymn over her daughters’ weddings accomplished, she saw the marriage of Protonoë, she received Orontes as goodson, she joined Cheirobië to an unconquered husband, whom Bacchos trembled at great as he is ; Cheirobië has her dear husband alive, no thyrsus, no flood has brought him down—but I it seems doubly suffer, my husband gone and my father perished.

<sup>131</sup> “ Cease to comfort your child, my nurse, all in vain. Let me have my husband, and I will not bewail my father ; show me a child to console me for my husband’s loss ! Who will take me and bring me to the broad stream of Hydaspes, that I may kiss the wave of that honeydropping river ? Who will take me and bring me to the sacred vale of Daphne, that I may embrace Orontes even in the waters ? O that I too could be a lovely stream ! O that I might also become a fountain there, watered by my own tears, a watery bride where my husband dead rolls his

# NONNOS

εὐνέτις ὕδατόεσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι οἶα Κομαιθῶ,  
 ἥ πάρος ἱμερόεντος ἐρασσαμένη ποταμοῖο  
 τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδιον ἀκοίτην,  
 δαέρος ἡμετέρου παρὰ Μορρέος οἶον ἐκείνους  
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκοίω· 143  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἡδὺν Ὀρόιτην,  
 οἶα φυγὰς Περίβοια, καὶ οὐ ποτε καμπύλον ἰδῶρ  
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ἰγρὸν ἀκοίτην.  
 εἰ δέ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτοιν Δάφην,  
 κύμασι πατροπάτωρ με κατακρίψειν Ὑδάσπης, 150  
 μὴ Σατύρου κερόεντος ἐν ἀγκοίτησιν ἰαύσω, 154  
 μὴ Φρύγα κῶμον ἰδῶ, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσὶ τινάξω, 151  
 μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαίγμονα, μηδὲ ἰοῆσω 152  
 Μαιονίην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἰδῶ, μὴ δῶμα Λυαίου 153  
 ἥ ζυγὰ δουλοσύνης βαρναχθέα, μὴ τις ἐνίψῃ· 155  
 'κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆος  
 ληιδίῃ μετὰ δῆριν ὑποδρήσσει Διούσῳ.'"  
 "Ὡς φαμένης ἔλεεινὰ συνεστενάχοιτο γυναῖκες,  
 ὧν πάις, ὧν τέθηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὧν γενετῆρες  
 ἥ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἁώριος. ἐκ δὲ καρῆιου 160  
 Χειροβίῃ τίλλουσα κόμην ἤμυξε παρειάς·  
 διχθαδίαις δ' ὀδύνησιν ἱμάσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα  
 οὐτόσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτη·  
 ἔκλυε γὰρ Μορρῆος ἐρωμανέουσας ἀνάγκην  
 καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σαόφρονα Χαλκομεδεΐης. 165  
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐὼν ῥήξασα χιτῶνα·

\* Not mentioned elsewhere. There was a Comaitha, daughter of Pterelaos, who loved Amphitryon, and cut off Pterelaos's golden hair which made him immortal. She was killed by Amphitryon.



beautiful waters ! Then I shall be like Comaitho,<sup>a</sup> who in olden days was enamoured of a lovely river and still has the joy of holding Cydnos her husband in her arms, as I hear is a favourite story among those Cilician men. So says Morrheus my goodbrother. But I am not like runaway Periboia<sup>b</sup> ; I will not pass charming Orontes whom I love, I will not draw back my winding water and avoid a watery spouse. If it was not ordained that I should die near his neighbour Daphne, may Hydaspes my father's father drown me in his waves, and save me from sleeping in the arms of a horned Satyr, and seeing Phrygian revels, rattling their cymbals in my hands, joining their sportive rites ; that I may not see Maionia and Tmolos, the house of Lyaïos or the all-burdensome yoke of slavery ; that men may not say—' The daughter of Deriades the spearbold king, taken captive after the war, is now a servant to Dionysos.' ”

<sup>158</sup> When she had finished the women groaned piteously with her,<sup>c</sup> those who had lost a son or a brother, whose fathers were dead or husband untimely taken, with the down on his chin. And Cheirobië tore the hair from her head and scored her cheeks ; she was tormented by double sorrow, and she groaned not so much for her father as she was indignant against her husband, for she had heard the enamoured passion of her husband and the delusive guile of chaste Chalcomedeia.<sup>d</sup> She rent her dress and spoke :

<sup>b</sup> Unknown ; unless she is that Periboia who was wife of Oineus of Calydon. See the play of Pacuvius, entitled *Periboia* (*Remains of Old Latin*, L.C.L. ii., pp. 274 ff.).

<sup>c</sup> An echo of *Iliad* xxii. 515. This whole passage is a feeble imitation of the wailing for Hector.

<sup>d</sup> Cf. bks. xxxiii.-xxxv.



“ Φειδόμενος μελήης

γενέτην ἱμὸν ἔκτανε Μορρεῦς·  
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήορος· ἐχθομένην δὲ  
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἤλασε θῆλυν Ἐννώ,  
ἀλλ’ ἔτι Βασσαριῖδεςσι χαρίζεται. εἶπατε, Μοῖραι· 170  
τίς φθόνος Ἰνδῶν πόλιν ἔπραθε;

τίς φθόιος ἄφνω  
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρησι θυγατράσι Δηριαδῆος;  
θιτήσκων μὲν κατὰ δῆριν ἦν παρακοιτιν Ὀρόντης  
Πρωτονόην ἀκόμιστον ἐθήκατο πειθάδα χήρην,  
Χειροβίην δ’ ἀπέειπεν ἔτι ζώουσαν ἀκοίτης. 175  
γνωτῆς δ’ ἡμετέρης ὀλοώτερα πῆματα πάσχω·  
Πρωτονόη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἀοσσητῆρα τιθήνης,  
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἐῆς δηλήμονα πατρὸς,  
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὁπάοινα Κυπρογενείης  
ἄλκιμον, ἄλλοπρόσαλλον, ὁμοφρονέοιτα Λυαίῳ. 180  
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ  
Μορρέος ἰμείροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν·  
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος· ἢ πρὶν ἀγήνωρ  
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασιλῆος, ἐγὼ ποτε δεσπότης Ἰνδῶν,  
ἔσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ 185  
δμωίδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν ἐνύκτω.  
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔδεθλον ἔχεις, ἀπατήλιε Μορρεῦ·  
αὔριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσεαι εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,  
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσω.  
ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἔχε δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ· 190  
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρὸν στόμα Δηριαδῆος.  
χάζεο, κυκλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅς σε διώκει  
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτοιο γάμου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἀχθυμένη βαρυδάκρυος εἶπε νύμφη·  
Πρωτονόη δ’ ὀλόλυξε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ 195  
χεῖρας ἐπικλίνασα κατηφέας ἴαχε μήτηρ·

<sup>167</sup> " By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on the field—nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates ; what jealousy<sup>a</sup> destroyed the Indian city ? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades ? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoë a widow to mourn uncared-for ; Cheirobië still living was repudiated by her husband. And I have more cruel things to suffer than my sister. Protonoë had a husband who defended her that nursed him<sup>b</sup> ; Cheirobië had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaïos. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake ; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants ; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf ! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home ; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomede's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomede ; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone ! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force ! "

<sup>194</sup> Thus lamented the wife with heavy tears, and Protonoë wailed a second time. Their mother rested an arm on each and dolorously cried—

<sup>a</sup> Jealousy of the gods.

<sup>b</sup> His country.

“ Πατρίδος ἡμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες·

οὐκέτι λείσσω

ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὀρόιτην.  
 Δηριάδης τέθηκεν· ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰδῶν,  
 ἄρραγές ἤριπε τείχος ἐμῆς χθοιός· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴν 200  
 Βάκχος ἐλὼν ὀλέσῃ με σὺν ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,  
 καί με λαβὼν ρίψειεν ἐς ὠκυρέεθρον Ἰθάσπην,  
 γαῖαν ἀναινομένην· ἐχέτω δέ με πεινθερὸν ὕδωρ,  
 Δηριάδην δ' ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· μηδὲ νοήσω  
 Πρωτονόην ἀέκουσαν ἐφespoμένην Διονίσῳ, 205  
 μή ποτε Χειροβίης ἕτερον γόον οἰκτρὸν ἀκούσω  
 ἐλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων·  
 μὴ πόσιν ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετ' ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα.  
 εἶην Νηιάδεσσιν ὁμέστιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν  
 Λευκοθέην ζώουσαν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης, 210  
 καὶ μία Νηρεΐδων κικλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς  
 ἄλλη κυανόπεζα φανήσομαι ὕδριας Ἰνώ.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἐλκεχίτωνες ἐπωδύροντο γυναῖκες  
 ἱστάμεναι στοιχηδὺν ἐρισμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.

Βάκχοι δ' ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρίψαντες Ἐννώ, 215  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες ὁμογλώσσωσιν ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·

“ Ἡράμεθα μέγα κῦδος·

ἐπέφνομεν ὄρχαμον Ἰδῶν.”

Καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νίκης,  
 ἀμπνεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ αἱματόεντος ἀγῶνος  
 πρῶτα μὲν ἐκτερέιξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν, 220  
 δωμήσας ἓνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐρέι κόλπῳ  
 ἄκριτον ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἐκατόμπεδον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖς  
 Μυγδονὶς αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἶλινα σύριγξ,  
 καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητῆρες ἀνέπλεκον ἄρσενα μολπὴν

\* Ino is also called Leucothea, “white goddess,” and  
 “silver-footed” is a stock epithet of Thetis.

# DIONYSIACA, XL. 197-224

197 " The hopes of our country have perished ! No longer I see Deriades my husband, no longer Orontes my son. Deriades is dead ; the city of the Indians is plundered. The unbreakable citadel of my country has fallen : would that I myself may be taken by Bacchos and slain with my dead husband ! May he seize and cast me into the swift-flowing Hydaspes, for I refuse the earth. Let my goodfather's water receive me, may I see Deriades even in the waters ; may I not see Protonoë following Dionysos perforce, may I never hear another piteous groan from Cheirobië while she is dragged to a captive wedlock ; may I not see another husband after Deriades, my man. May I dwell with the Naiads, since Seablue-hair received Leucothea also living and she is called one of the Nereïds ; and may I appear another watery Ino, no longer white, but blackfooted." <sup>a</sup>

213 Such were the lamentations of the longrobed women, standing in a row upon the loud-echoing battlements.

215 But the Bacchoi rattled their cymbals, having now made an end of warring, and they cried with one voice : " We have won great glory ! we have slain the Indian chieftain ! " <sup>b</sup>

218 And Dionysos laughed aloud, trembling with the joy of victory. Now resting from his labours and the bloody contest, he first gave their due to the crowd of unburied dead. He built round the pyre one vast tomb for all alike with a wide bosom, a hundred feet long. Round about the bodies the melodious Mygdonian syrinx sounded their dirge, and the Phrygian pipers wove their manly tune with

<sup>b</sup> Quoted from *Iliad* xxii. 393, with ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν for Ἑκτορα δῖον.

πενθαλέοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι 228  
 ἄβρᾶ μελιζομένοιο Γανύκτορος Εὐιάδι φωνῇ·  
 καὶ Κλεόχου Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα δίζυγες αἰλοὶ  
 φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαντο Λίβυν γόον, ὃν πάρος ἄμφω  
 Σθεινῶ τ' Εὐρυάλη τε μὴ πολυδειράδι φωνῇ  
 ἄρτιτόμῳ ροιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδούσῃ 230  
 φθεγγομένων κεφαλῇσι διηκοσίῃσι δρακόντων,  
 ὧν ἅπο μυρομένων σκολιὸν σύριγμα κομάων  
 θρήνον πουλυκάρηνον ἐφημίξαντο Μεδούσης.

Παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὕδατι γυῖα καθήρας,  
 ὥπασε λυσιμόθοισι θεοῦδέα κοίραιον Ἴνδοις, 235  
 κρινάμενος Μωδαῖον· ἐπὶ ξυνῶ δὲ κυπέλλῳ  
 Βάκχοις δαινυμένοισι μῆς ἤψαντο τραπέζης  
 ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντες ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο.  
 καὶ χορὸς ἄσπετος ἔσκεν· ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ πολλή 240  
 Βασσαρὶς οἰστρήεντι πέδον κρούουσα πεδίλῳ,  
 καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσσω χθόνα ταρσῶ  
 λοξὰ κυβιστητῇρι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ,  
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μαριώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης·  
 καὶ πρυλέες Βρομίῳ συνωρχήσαντο βοεῖαις,  
 καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορείης 245  
 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβαίων,  
 καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῶν κορυθαιόλον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη  
 νίκην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνευάζων Διονύσου·  
 οὐδέ τις ἄψοφος ἦεν· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῶ  
 εἰς πόλον ἐπτάζωνον ἀνέδραμεν εὖιος ἡχώ. 250  
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε λυσιπόνοιο παρήλυθε κῶμος ἑορτῆς,  
 νίκης ληῖδα πᾶσαν ἐλὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν

\* Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 23 gives this origin of the tune called πολυκέφαλος—πολλᾶν κεφαλᾶν ἵμον, the tune of many heads.

<sup>b</sup> A particularly bad imitation of Homer. Achilles in his grief for Patroclus refuses to wash till he has buried him.

mournful lips, while the Bacchant women danced and Ganyctor trolled his dainty song with Euian voice. The double Berecyntian pipes in the mouth of Cleochos drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the "manyheaded dirge of Medusa."<sup>a</sup>

<sup>234</sup> Now resting from his labours, he cleansed his body with water,<sup>b</sup> and assigned a governor for the Indians, choosing the godfearing Modaios<sup>c</sup>; they now pacified touched one table with banqueting Bacchoi over a common bowl, and drank the yellow water from the winebreeding river. There was dancing without end. Many a Bassarid skipt about, tapping the floor with wild slipper; many a Satyr stormed the resounding ground with heavy foot, and revelled with side-trippings of his tumbling feet as he rested an arm on the neck of some maddened Bacchant. The foot-soldiers of Bromios danced round with their oxhides and mimicked the pattern of the shieldbearing Corybants, wildly circling in the quick dance under arms. The horsemen in their glancing helmets also stood up for the dance, acclaiming the allvanquishing victory of Dionysos. Not a soul was silent—the Euian tones went up to the sevenzone sky with shouts of triumph from every tongue.

<sup>251</sup> But when the revels of the carefree feast were over, and Dionysos had gathered all the spoil after his

*Il.* xxiii. 39 ff. Dionysos apparently does the same for no particular reason.

<sup>c</sup> Mentioned in xxxii. 165.



# NONNOS

ἀρχαίης Διόνυσος ἤης ἐμνήσατο πάτρης,  
 λύσας ἐπταέτηρα θεμείλια δημοτῆτος.  
 καὶ δηίων ὄλον ὄλβον ἐληίζοιτο μαχηταί, 253  
 ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἱασπιν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑακίνθου  
 Φοιβάδος εἶχε μέταλλα καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου·  
 ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῇσιν Ἰμαίου  
 ὄρθιον ἵχνος ἔπειγε δορικτήτων ἐλεφαίτων,  
 ὃς δὲ παρ' Ἑμωδοῖο βαθυσπήλυγγι κολώνῃ 260  
 ἤλασεν Ἰνδῶν μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων  
 κυδιῶν, ἕτερος δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμα πεδήσας  
 Μυγδονίην ἔσπενδεν ἐς ἥϊνα πόρδαλιν ἔλκειν·  
 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετῆλῳ  
 στικτὸν ἔχων προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγριν ἱμάσσων· 263  
 ἄλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἐῆ Κυβελίδι νύμφῃ  
 φυταλιῇ εὐδομον ἀλιτρεφῶν δονακῆων,  
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτουσιν Ἐρυθραίης γέρας ἁλμης·  
 πολλή δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ  
 ληιδίῃ πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἔλκετο νύμφῃ, 270  
 δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ὑποζεύξασα λεπάδιν·  
 χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ῥυηφενέος χύσιν ὄλβου  
 εἰς σκοπιάς Τμῶλοιο θεόσσυτος ἦε Βάκχῃ,  
 κῶμον ἀνεύαζουσα παλιννόστῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 Καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληῖδα χάρμης 273  
 λαὸν ὄλον συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον οἴκαδε πέμπων  
 Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν· ἀπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοὶ  
 μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἑώια δῶρα θαλάσσης,  
 ὄρνεά τ' αἰολόμορφα· παλιννόστῳ δὲ πορείῃ  
 κῶμον ἀνεύαζοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ 280

\* Hyacinthos again ! The stone has no connexion with the god, but the fact that it has the same name as the flower is enough to awaken Nonnos's obsession.



Indian War, he remembered the land of his ancient home, now he had swept away the foundations of that seven years' conflict. The whole wealth of the enemy was given to the army as their plunder. One got an Indian jasper, one the jewel of Phoibos's patterned sapphire <sup>a</sup> and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios <sup>b</sup> the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverned mountain of Hemodos <sup>c</sup> driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tipling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleïd <sup>d</sup> bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone <sup>e</sup> which is the glory of the Erythraian brine. Many a blackskin bride was dragged out of her chamber by the hair, her neck bound fast under the yoke of slavery, spoil of war along with her newly wedded husband. The Bacchant woman god-possessed returned to the hills of Tmolos with hands full of streaming riches, chanting Euoi for the return of Dionysos.

<sup>275</sup> So Dionysos distributed the spoils of battle among his followers, after the Indian War, and sent returning home the whole host who had shared his labours. The people made haste to go, laden with shining treasures of the Eastern sea and birds of many strange forms. Their return was a triumphal march with universal acclaim to Dionysos the invincible;

<sup>b</sup> Himalaya.

<sup>c</sup> Himalaya, Imaios in 258.

<sup>d</sup> Phrygian.

<sup>e</sup> Pearl.

πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκμήτοιο λιπόντες  
 μνήστιν ὅλου πολέμοιο, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρη  
 σκιδναμένην· καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων αἰαθήματα νίκης  
 ὄψιμον εἰς δόμον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης  
 Ἀστέριος τότε μῦνος ἀνιπτοπόδων σχεδὸν Ἄρκτων 288  
 Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέθρον ἀθαλπεί νάσσατο γαίῃ  
 Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, ἰοῦ γενέταο τοκῆος  
 ναίων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δίπτυφα Ταύρου,  
 φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἄστνυ καὶ ἀρσινόπαιδα γενέθλην,  
 Πασιφάνην στυγέων καὶ ἔον Μίνωα τοκῆα, 290  
 καὶ Σκυθίην προβέβουλεν ἐῆς χθονός·

αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοισι  
 Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἅμα Βάκχαις  
 Καυκασίην μετὰ δῆριν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο  
 Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι θαμίζων  
 λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξεν αἰρίειν 295  
 μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας· ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης  
 Νύσια βοτρυόεντι κατέστεφεν οὔρεα θαλλῶ.

Ἀρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἑάσας  
 ἀτραπὸν Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὁδίτης,  
 καὶ Τυρίων μενέαιεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρίδα Κάδμου· 300  
 κεῖθι γὰρ ἵχνος ἔκαμψε, καὶ ἄσπετα πέπλα δοκείων  
 θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίης ἑτερόχροα δαιδάλα τέχνης,  
 ἄργυφον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἔργον Ἀράχτης·  
 καὶ Τυρίῃ σκοπίαζε δεδευμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,  
 πορφυρέους σπινθήρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης, 305  
 ἦχι κύων ἀλιεργὸς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐρέπτων  
 ἐνδόμυχον χαροπῇσι γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθὺν  
 χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἵματι κόχλου,

\* Because the great Bear never dips into the ocean.

† Now the Rion.

all revelled, for they left behind them all memory of that toilsome war, to blow away with the north wind, and each came returning home at last with his thank-offerings for victory. Asterios alone did not now return to his own country ; instead, he settled near the foot-unwashen Bears,<sup>a</sup> about the river Phasis<sup>b</sup> in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf,<sup>c</sup> where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull,<sup>d</sup> translated to the stars. He avoided the Cnossian city and the sons of his family, hating Pasiphaë and his own father Minos, and preferring Scythia to his own country. But Bacchos, followed only by his Satyrs and the Indianslaying Bacchant women, after a war in the Caucasos beside the Amazonian River, visited Arabia the second time, where he stayed and taught the Arabian people who knew not Bacchos to uplift the mystic fennel, and crowned the Nysian hills with the vineclusters of his fruitful plant.

<sup>298</sup> Leaving the long stretch of Arabia with its deep-shadowy forests he measured the Assyrian road on foot, and had a mind to see the Tyrian land, Cadmos's country ; for thither he turned his tracks, and with stuffs in thousands before his eyes he admired the manycoloured patterns of Assyrian art, as he stared at the woven work of the Babylonian Arachne<sup>e</sup> ; he examined cloth dyed with the Tyrian shell, shooting out sea-sparklings of purple : on that shore once a dog busy by the sea, gobbling the wonderful lurking fish with joyous jaws, stained his white jowl with the blood

<sup>e</sup> The Caspian Sea, called a gulf because it was supposed to open out into the so-called Northern Ocean.

<sup>d</sup> The pedigree is Zeus and Europe—Minos—Asterios.

<sup>e</sup> Arachne, daughter of Idmon of Colophon, a great dyer and weaver ; she challenged Athena, and was changed into a spider. See Ovid, *Met.* vi. 1. ff.

# NONNOS

χείλεα φοινίξας διερῶ πυρί, τῷ ποτε μοίνῳ  
φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων ἐρυθαίνεται φᾶρος ἀνάκτων. 310

Καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγλήθειν, ἦν ἐνοσίχθων  
οὐ διερῶ μίτρῳσεν ὄλῳ ζωστήρι θαλάσσης,  
ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῖον Ὀλύμπιον, οἷον ὑφαίνει  
ἀγχιτελῆς λείπουσα μὴ γλωχῆνι σελήνῃ.  
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι μέσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἄλμῃ 315  
διπλόον ἔλλαχε θάμβος, ἐπεὶ Τύρος εἰν ἀλὶ κεῖται  
εἰς χθόνα μοιρηθεῖσα, συναπτομένη δὲ θαλάσση  
τριχθαδίαις λαγόνεσσι μίαν ξυνώσατο μίτρην·  
νηχομένη δ' ἀτίνακτος ὁμοῖος ἔπλετο κούρη,  
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσση, 320  
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέση διδυμάονι πόντῳ,  
γείτονι λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῶ,  
καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαίῃ.  
καὶ πόλιν ἐνοσίγαιος ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῷ  
νυμφίος ὑδατόεις περινήχεται, οἷα συνάπτων 325  
πήχεϊ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα νύμφης.

Καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἐνι μούνῃ  
βουκόλος ἀγχικέλευθος ὁμίλεε γείτονι ναύτῃ  
συρίζων παρὰ θίνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολῇ  
δίκτυον αὖ ἐρύοντι, καὶ αἰτιτύποισιν ἔρετμοῖς 330  
σχιζομένων ὑδάτων ἐχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρω·  
εἰναλῆς δ' ὀάριζον ὁμήλυδες ἐγγῆτι λόχμης  
ποιμένες . . . ὑλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἰν ἐνὶ χώρῳ  
φλοῖσβος ἁλός, μύκημα βοῶν, ψιθύρισμα πετῆλων,  
πεῖσμα, φυτόν, πλόος, ἄλσος,  
ὔδωρ, νέες, ὀλκάς, ἐχέτλη, 335

\* This story, which seems to have passed from one list of  
176

of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>311</sup> He was delighted to see that city, which Earthshaker surrounded with a liquid girdle of sea, not wholly, but it got the shape which the moon weaves in the sky when she is almost full, falling short of fullness by one point. And when he saw the mainland joined to the brine, he felt a double wonder, since Tyre lies in the brine, having her own share in the land but joined with the sea which has joined one girdle with the three sides together. Unshakable, it is like a swimming girl, who gives to the sea head and breast and neck, stretching her arms between under the two waters, and her body whitened with foam from the sea beside her, while she rests both feet on mother earth. And Earthshaker holding the city in a firm bond floats all about like a watery bridegroom, as if embracing the neck of his bride in a splashing arm.

<sup>327</sup> Still more Bacchos admired the city of Tyre ; where alone the herdsman's way was near the fisherman, and he kept company with his piping along the shore, and goatherd with fisher again when he drew his net, and the glebe was cleft by the plow while opposite the oars were cutting the waters. Shepherds near the seaside woods gossiped in company [with boatmen, fisher with] woodmen, and in one place was the loud noise of the sea, the lowing of cattle, the whispering of leaves, rigging and trees, navigation and forest, water, ships, and lugger, plowtail,

"discoverers," *εὐρέαι*, to another (see M. Kremmer, *De catalogis heurematum*, Leipzig 1890, pp. 45, 94), is told by St. Gregory Nazianzen, *Orat.* iv. 108, Cassiodorus, *Variae* i. 2.

μῆλα, δόναξ, δρεπαίη, σκαφίδες,

λίνα, λαίφεα, θώρηξ.

καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβία ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Νῆσον ἐν ἡπείρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,  
 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον· ἱψιτεῖη γὰρ  
 δένδρεα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα, Νηριίδος δὲ 310  
 φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόinton Ἀμαδρικὸς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,  
 καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλουσιν ἀρούραις  
 πνεύων ἐκ Λιβάνοιο μεσημβριὸς ἄβρὸς αἴτης  
 ἄσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχέει ἡθοσσόον αἶρην,  
 ψύχων ἀγρονόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόον ἔλκων, 315  
 καὶ χθονίην δρεπαίην βυθίῃ πελάσασα τριαίη  
 φθέγγεται ὑδρομέδοιτι θαλυσιας ἐνθάδε Δηῶ,  
 κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἄρμα καθιππεύοντι γαλήνης,  
 ἰθύνειν δρόμον ἴσον ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,  
 ὄμπνια μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῶτα δρακόντων. 320

ὦ πόλι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθοιός, αἰθέρος εἰκῶν,  
 συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἔχεις τελαμῶνα θαλάσσης.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παράμειβε δι’ ἄστεος ὄμμα τιταίνων·  
 καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι λιθογλώχινες ἀγνυαὶ  
 μαρμαρυγὴν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαίῳ μεταλλοῦ· 325  
 καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἶδεν Ἀγήνορος, ἔδρακεν αὐλὰς  
 καὶ θάλαμον Κάδμοιο, καὶ ἄρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης  
 Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα,  
 μνηστὴν ἔχων κερόειτος ἐοῦ Διός· ἀρχεγότους δὲ  
 πηγὰς θάμβεε μᾶλλον, ὅπῃ χθονίου διὰ κόλπου 330  
 νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ὥρην  
 χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι πολυτρεφὲς ἔβλυεν ἔδωρ·  
 εἶδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόνιμον ῥόον, ἔδρακε πηγὴν



sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder :

<sup>338</sup> " How's this—how do I see an island on the mainland ? If I may say so, never have I beheld such beauty. Lofty trees rustle beside the waves, the Nereïd speaks on the deep and the Hamadryad hears hard by. A delicate breeze of the south breathes from Lëbanon upon Tyrian seas and seaside plowland, pouring a breath of wind which fosters the corn and speeds the ships at once, cools the husbandman and draws the seaman to his voyage. Here harvesthome Deo brings the sickle of the land close to the trident of the deep, and speaks to the monarch of the wet, who drives his car unwetted upon the soundless calm, while she asks him to guide her rival car on the same course, and herself whips the bounteous backs of her aerial dragons. O world-famous city, image of the earth, picture of the sky ! You have a belt of sea grown into one with your three sides ! "

<sup>353</sup> So he spoke, and wandered through the city casting his eyes about. He gazed at the streets paved with mosaic of stones and shining metals ; he saw the house of Agenor his ancestor, he saw the courtyards and the women's apartments of Cadmos ; he entered the ill-guarded maiden chamber of Europe, the bride stolen long ago, and thought of his own horned Zeus. Still more he wondered at those primeval fountains, where a stream comes pouring out through the bosom of the earth, and after one hour plenty of water bubbles up again with flood self-produced. He saw the creative stream of Abarbareë,<sup>a</sup> he saw the

<sup>a</sup> Not the same as in xv. 378. For the stories of these otherwise unknown fountains, see below, 538 ff.



Καλλιρόην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς  
 ἄβρὸν ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφήιον ὕδωρ. 363

Ἄλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἐῷ φιλοτερπεί θυμῷ,  
 εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἐκώμασε,

καὶ πρόμον ἄστροων  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐκαλέσσατο μύστιδι φωνῇ·

“ Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλεις,

αἶναξ πυρός, ὄρχαμε κόσμου,

Ἡέλιε, βροτέοιο βίου δολιχόσκιε ποιμήν, 370

ἱππεύων ἐλικηδὸν ὅλον πόλον αἶθροσι δίσκῳ,  
 νῆα χρόνου λυκάβαντα δικωδεκάμητον ἐλίσσων,  
 κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον· ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο δὲ δῖφρου  
 γήραϊ καὶ νεότητι ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών·

μαῖα σοφῆς ὠδίνος ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήνης 375

ὠδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη  
 σῆς λοχίης ἀκτίνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ,  
 ταυρεῖν ἐπικυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραῖην·

παμφαῆς αἰθέρος ὄμμα, φέρεις τετράζυγι δῖφρῳ  
 χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἰαρ ἀμείβων. 380

νῦξ μὲν ἀκοντιστῇρι διωκομένη σείο πυρσῷ  
 χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ζυγὸν ἄργυφον ἔλκων  
 ἀκροφανῆς ἱππείος ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν,

σεῖο δὲ λαμπομένοιο φαάντερον οὐκέτι λάμπων  
 ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἄστροσι λειμῶν, 385

χεύμασι δ' ἀντολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὠκαιοῖο  
 σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἱκμάδα χαίτης  
 ὄμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ' εὐώδιτι δὲ Γαίῃ  
 ἡερίης ἡῶν ἐρεύγει ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης,

καὶ σταχύων ὠδῖνας ἀναλδαύεις σείο δίσκῳ 390

lovely fountain named after Callirhoë, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

<sup>366</sup> But when he had noted all this and gratified his curiosity, he went revelling to the temple of the Starclad <sup>a</sup> and there called loudly upon the leader of the stars in mystic words :

<sup>369</sup> " Starclad Heracles, lord of fire, prince of the universe ! O Helios, longshadowed shepherd of human life, coursing round the whole sky with shining disk and wheeling the twelvemonth lichtgang the son of Time ! Circle after circle thou drivest, and from thy car is shaped the running lifespace for youth and age ! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of the motherless Moon,<sup>b</sup> while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bull's-horn. All-shining Eye of the heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes ; when thy light shines, the varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of

<sup>a</sup> Melkart. He had long been identified with Heracles and, later, with the Sun.

<sup>b</sup> Helios is the father, according to Nonnos there is no mother.

ραίνων ζωοτόκοιο δι' αὔλακος ὀμπιον ἀκτῆν.  
 Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος Ἄμμων,  
 Ἄπις ἔφυς Νειλῶος,

Ἄραψ Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζεὺς·  
 καὶ ξύλα κηῶεῖτα φέρων γαμφώνυχι ταρσῷ  
 χιλιέτης σοφὸς ὄρνις ἐπ' εὐόδμῳ σείο βωμῶν 395  
 φοῖνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,  
 τίκτεται ἰσοτύποιο χρόνου παλιᾶγρετος εἰκῶν,  
 λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμείβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἡβην·  
 εἴτε Σάραπις ἔφυς, Αἰγύπτιος ἀνιέφελος Ζεὺς,  
 εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαέθων πολυκύνυμος, εἴτε σὺ Μίθρης, 400  
 Ἡέλιος Βαβυλῶνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων  
 εἰ Γάμος, ὃν σκιεροῖσιν Ἑρως ἱσπεῖρεν ὀνείροις  
 μιμηλῆς τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἡμερον εἰήης,  
 ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώοιτος ὅτε γλῶχινι μαχαίρης  
 αὐτογάμῳ σπόρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιξύσαιτος ἀροίρης 405  
 οὐρανίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐμαιώθησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 εἴτε σὺ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλις Λιθῆρ  
 ποικίλος, Ἀστροχίτων δὲ φατίζεαι—ἐνύχιοι γὰρ  
 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντες ἐπαυγάζουσι χιτῶνες—  
 οὐασιν εὐμενέεσσιν ἐμὴν ἀσπάξεο φωνήν." 410

Τοῖον ἔπος Διόινυτος ἀιήρυγεν. ἑξαπύτης δὲ  
 ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων θεοδέγμοιτος εἰδοθι ιηοῦ  
 Ἀστροχίτων ἥστραψε· πυριγλήνιου δὲ προσώπου  
 μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·  
 καὶ θεὸς αἰγλήεις παλάμην ὥρεξε Λυαίῳ, 415  
 ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος,

εἰκόνα κόσμου,  
 στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπήνην·  
 καὶ μιν εὐφραίνων φιλή μείλιξε τραπέζῃ.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεύτῳ παρὰ δείπνῳ  
 ψαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δέ, 420

harvest, irrigating the bounteous corn in the life-nourishing furrows.

<sup>392</sup> " Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya, thou art Apis by the Nile, Arabian Cronos, Assyrian Zeus ! On thy fragrant altar, that thousand-year-old wise bird the phoenix lays sweetsmelling woods with his curved claw, bringing the end of one life and the beginning of another ; for there he is born again, self-begotten, the image of equal time renewed—he sheds old age in the fire, and from the fire takes in exchange youthful bloom. Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt ; be thou Cronos, or Phaëthon of many names, or Mithras the Sun of Babylon, in Hellas Delphic Apollo ; be thou Gamos,<sup>a</sup> whom Love begat in shadowy dreams, fulfilling the deceptive desire of a mock union, when from sleeping Zeus, after he had sprinkled the damp seed over the earth with the self-wedding point of the sword, the heights brought forth by reason of the heavenly drops ; be thou painquelling Paieon, or patterned Heaven ; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky—O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears ! "

<sup>411</sup> Such was the hymn of Dionysos. Suddenly in form divine the Starclad flashed upon him in that dedicated temple. The fiery eyes of his countenance shot forth a rosy light, and the shining god, clad in a patterned robe like the sky, and image of the universe, with yellow cheek sparkling and a starry beard, held out a hand to Lyaïos, and entertained him with good cheer at a friendly table. He enjoyed a feast without meatcarving, and touched nectar and ambrosia : why not indeed, if he did drink sweet nectar,

<sup>a</sup> Marriage.

εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἔπινε μετὰ γλάγος ἄμβροτον Ἥρης·  
εἶρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χέων φιλοπειθεία φωνήν·

“ Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε,

τύπῳ χθοιός, εἰκόνι νήσου,  
τίς θεὸς ἄστν πόλισσε, τίς ἔγραφεν οὐρανίῃ χεῖρ;  
τίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἑρρίζωσε θαλάσση; 425  
τίς κάμε δαίδαλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λάχον οὔτομα πηγαί;  
τίς χθονὶ νήσον ἔμειν ὁμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσση; ”

Εἶπε· καὶ Ἡρακλῆς φίλῳ μειλίζατο μῦθῳ·

“ Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον·

ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.

ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον, ὁμόσπορος οὗς ποτε μοῖνους 430  
ἀενάου κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Αἰών,  
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο γένος χθοιός, ὧν τότε μορφὴν  
αὐτομάτην ὥδινεν ἀνήροτος ἄσπορος ἰλὺς·

οἱ πόλιν ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθοι τέχνη  
πετραίοις ἀτίνακτον ἐπυργώσαντο θεμέθλοις. 435

καὶ ποτε πηγαίῃσι παρ' εὐύδροισι χαμευναῖς  
ἡελίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομέιης χθοιός ἀτμῷ  
τερψινόου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερὸν Ὑπνου

εὐδον ὁμοῦ, κραδίῃ δέ φιλόπτολιν οἰστρον ἀέζων  
Γηγενέων στατὸν ἵχνος ἐπηώρησα καρήνῳ, 440

καὶ βροτέου σκιοειδὲς ἔχων ἵνδαλμα προσώπου  
θέσφατον ὁμφήεντος ἀνήρυγον αἰθερεῶνος·

ἔπνον ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παῖδες ἀρούρης,  
τεύξατέ μοι ξένον ἄρμα βατῆς ἀλός· ὀξυτόμοις δέ 445  
κόψατέ μοι πελέκεσσι ράχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης·

τεύξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον· ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δέ πυκνοῖς  
ἱκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυτέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ

\* Heracles, here identified with Helios, sucked Hera's

after the immortal milk of Hera? <sup>a</sup> Then he spoke to the Starclad in words full of curiosity :

<sup>423</sup> " Inform me, Astrochiton, what god built this city in the form of a continent and the image of an island? What heavenly hand designed it? Who lifted these rocks and rooted them in the sea? Who made all these works of art? Whence came the name of the fountains? Who mingled island with mainland and bound them together with mother sea? "

<sup>428</sup> He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words :

<sup>429</sup> " Hear the story, Bacchos, I will tell you all. People dwelt here once whom Time, bred along with them, saw the only agemates of the eternal universe, holy offspring of the virgin earth, whose bodies came forth of themselves from the unplowed unsown mud. These by indigenous art built upon foundations of rock a city unshakable on ground also of rock. Once on their watery beds among the fountains, while the fiery sun was beating the earth with steam, they were resting together and plucking at the Lethean wing of mind-rejoicing sleep. Now I cherished a passion of love for that city; so I took the shadowed form of a human face, and stayed my step overhanging the head of these earthborn folk, and spoke to them my oracle in words of inspiration :

<sup>443</sup> " " Shake off idle sleep, sons of the soil! Make me a new kind of vehicle to travel on the brine. Clear me this ridge of pinewoods with your sharp axes and make me a clever work. Set a long row of thickset standing ribs and rivet planks to them, then

breast (without her knowledge, for the story varies) and so became her fosterson.



συμφερτὴν ἀτίνακτον ἀρηρότι δῆσατε δισμῶ,  
 δίφρον ἁλός, σχεδίην πρωτόπλοον, ἣ διὰ πόντου  
 ὑμέας ὀχλίξειε· καὶ ἀγκύλον ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου 150  
 πρωτοπαγὲς δόρυ μακρὸν ἄλον στήριγμα δεχέσθω·  
 ἱκρία δὲ σταμίνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δῆσατε κύκλω,  
 τοίχου δουρατέου πυκινὸν τύπον· ἱψιτεῖς δὲ  
 σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖσι μέσον ξύλον ὄρθιον ἴστω·  
 καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φᾶρος ἐφάψατε δοῦρατι μέσσω, 155  
 συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλως ἀμοιβαδῖς, ὧν ἀπὸ δισμῶν  
 ἑκταδὸν ἡερίῳ κολπώσατε φᾶρος ἀήτη  
 ἔγκυον ἐξ ἀνέμου ιηοσσόον· ἀρτιπαγὴ δὲ  
 φράξατε λεπταλέοισι σεσηρότα δοῦρατα γόμφοις,  
 πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγίων ἐπὶ τοίχων 160  
 ῥίπεσιν οἰσύντοις, μὴ φώριον οἶδμα χυθείη  
 ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῶ.  
 καὶ σχεδίης οἶηκα κυβερνητήρα πορείης  
 ὑγρῆς ἀτραπιτοῖο πολύστροφον ἡνιοχῆα  
 πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπη νόος ὑμέας ἔλκει, 165  
 δουρατέῳ κενεῶνι χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης,  
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἴκοισθε μεμορμένον, ὅππῳθι δισσαὶ  
 ἀσταθέες πλώουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλὶ πέτραι,  
 ἃς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἷς ἐν θάλλει  
 ἥλικος αὐτόρριζον ὁμόζυγον ἔριος ἐλαίης, 170  
 πέτρης ὑδροπόροιο μεσόμφαλον· ἀκροτάτοις δὲ  
 αἰετὸν ἀθρήσητε παρεδρήσσοντα κορίμβοις  
 καὶ φιάλην εὐτυκτον· ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δειδρουν  
 θαμβαλέους σπινθῆρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ,  
 καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγέος περιβόσκεται ἔριος ἐλαίης· 175  
 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψιπέτῃλον ἔλιξ ὄφιν ἀμφιχορεύει,  
 ἀμφότερον βλεφάροισι καὶ οὔασι θάμβος ἀέξων·



join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond—the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed, which can heave you over the deep! But first let it have a long curved beam running from end to end to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly out to the wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on the watery path with many a turn—twist it about everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come to the fated place, where driven wandering over the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has named the Ambrosial Rocks.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>469</sup> “ ‘ On one of them grows a spire of olive, their agemate, selfrooted and joined to the rock, in the very midst of the waterfaring stone. On the top of the foliage you will see an eagle perched, and a well-made bowl. From the flaming tree fire selfmade spits out wonderful sparks, and the glow devours the olive tree all round but consumes it not. A snake writhes round the tree with its highlifted leaves, increasing the wonder both for eyes and for ears. For the serpent

<sup>a</sup> Where, if anywhere, Nonnos found this extraordinary tale of the founding of Tyre is unknown.

οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰετὸν ἄψοφος ἔρπων  
 λοξὸς ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὀλκῷ, 490  
 οὐδὲ διαπτύων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ὀδόντων  
 ὄρνιν ἐαῖς γενέεσσι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 αἰετὸς ἐρπηστῆρα πολυσπείρητον ἀκάνθαις  
 ἀρπάξας ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιος ἡέρα τέμνει,  
 οὐδέ μιν ὀξύδοντι καταγράψει γενεῇ·  
 οὐδέ τανυπρέμιοιο φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὄξοις 495  
 πυρσὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκειται ἔριος ἐλαίης,  
 οὐδέ δρακοντείων φολιδῶν σπείρημα μαρναίνει  
 σύννομον ἀγκικέλευθον, ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν  
 οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, 499  
 ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσσα φίλον σέλας ἀτμὸν ἰάλλει· 492  
 οὐδὲ κύλιξ ἀτίνακτος ἐπήρορος ὑψόθι πίπτει 490  
 σειομένων ἀνέμοισιν ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων. 491  
 καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαιτες ὁμόχροιον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης 493  
 αἰετὸν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυανοχαίτη,  
 λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀλιπλανέεσσι κολώναις 495  
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἄστατος οὐκέτι πέτρη  
 πλάζεται ὑδροφόρητος, ἀκιήτοις δὲ θεμέθλοις  
 αὐτομάτῃ ζωσθεῖσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρη.  
 πῆξατε δ' ἀμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστν κολώναις  
 ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθεν ἐπὶ κρηπιδὶ θαλάσσης· 500  
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶν ἀνῆρυγον· ἐγρόμενοι δὲ  
 Γηγενέες δεδόνηντο, καὶ οὔασιν αἰὲν ἐκάστου  
 θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ πτερόκνιτας ὀνείρους 505  
 ἀχνυμένοις ἀνέφηνα, φιλόκτιτον ἦθος ἀέζων  
 ἐσσόμενος πολιοῦχος· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης  
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγι μορφῇ  
 εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον εἰήχετο ναυτίλος ἰχθύς·  
 τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες ἑοικότα νηὶ θαλάσσης

does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws ; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharptoothed beak ; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird's interlaced feathers. No—the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow : the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

<sup>493</sup> “ ‘ You must catch this wise bird, the high-flying eagle agemate of the olive, and sacrifice him to Seabluehair. Pour out his blood on the seawandering cliffs to Zeus and the Blessed. Then the rock wanders no longer driven over the waters ; but it is fixed upon immovable foundations and unites itself bound to the free rock. Found upon both rocks a builded city, with quays on two seas, on both sides.’ ”

<sup>501</sup> “ Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awaking were stirred, and the divine message of the unerring dreams still rang in the ears of each. I showed yet another marvel after the winged dreams to these troubled ones, indulging my mood of founding cities, myself destined to be City-holder : out of the sea popped a nautilus fish, perfect image of what I meant and shaped like a ship, sailing on its voyage selftaught. Thus observing this crea-

καὶ πλόον εὐποίητον ἄτερ καμάτοιο μαθόντες, 610  
 καὶ σχεδίην πήξαιτες ὁμοίον ἰχθὺν πόντου  
 ναυτιλῆς τύπον ἴσον ἐμιμήσαντο θαλάσσης.  
 καὶ πλόος ἦν· πισύρων δὲ λίθων ἰσοικκεί φόρτῳ  
 ναυτιλίην ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστώσαντο θαλάσση, 615  
 καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην,  
 αἱ στομάτων ἔντοσθεν ἀσσητῆρα κειλεύθου  
 λᾶαν ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθία, μὴ ποτε κείων  
 ἵπταμένων πτερὰ κοῦφα παραπλίγξειεν αἴτης,  
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἐκείνον ἐσέδρακον, ἥχι θυέλλαις  
 εἰς πλόον αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτίλλοιτο κολῶναι. 620  
 καὶ σχεδίην ἔστησαν ἀλιστεφάνῳ παρὰ νήσῳ,  
 καὶ σπιλάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπῃ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μαιομένοισιν ἐφέστιον ὄριν ἐλαίης  
 αἰετὸς ἡερόφοιτος ἐκούσιον εἰς μόρον ἔστη·  
 Γηγενέες δὲ λαβόντες εὐπτερον ἔνθεον ἄγρην, 625  
 αἶψα ἀνασειράζοντες ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρῆνου  
 γυμνὸν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον αἰθερῶνα,  
 αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ  
 Ζηνὶ καὶ ὕδρομέδοντι· δαΐζομένου δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 ἔμφρονος οἰωνοῖο νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν 630  
 θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἷμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολῶνας  
 δαιμονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλίσση  
 ἄγχι Τύρου παρὰ πόντον· ἐπ' ἀρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτραις  
 Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην.  
 σοὶ μὲν, ἄναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρεφὲς αἷμα Γιγάντων 635  
 ἔννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅφρα δαείης  
 ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθοια φύτλην·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγᾶων μυθήσομαι· ἀρχέγοινοι γὰρ  
 παρθενικαὶ πάρος ἦσαν ἐχέφρονες, ὧν ἐπὶ μίτρῃ  
 190

ture so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage : with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane ; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies.<sup>a</sup> They went on until they saw that place, where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

<sup>521</sup> " There they stayed their craft beside the sea-girt isle, and climbed the cliffs where the tree of Athena stood. When they tried to catch the eagle which was at home on the olive tree, he flew down willingly and awaited his fate. The Earthborn took their winged prey inspired, and drawing the head backwards they stretched out the neck free and bare, they sacrificed with the knife that selfsurrendered eagle to Zeus and the Lord of the waters. As the sage bird was sacrificed, the blood of prophecy gushed from the throat newly cut, and with those divine drops rooted the seafaring rocks at the bottom near to Tyre <sup>b</sup> on the sea ; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

<sup>535</sup> " There, Lord Dionysos, I have told you of the soilbred race of the Earthborn, selfborn, Olympian, that you might know how the Tyrian breed of your ancestors sprang out of the earth. Now I will speak of the fountains. In the olden days they were chaste maidens primeval, but hot Eros was angered against

<sup>a</sup> For some references to this story about cranes, see Sir D'A. W. Thompson, *Glossary of Greek Birds*<sup>2</sup>, p. 72.

<sup>b</sup> *i.e.* Old Tyre, the mainland part of the city.

θερμός Ἔρως κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἡμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων 540  
τοῖον ἀλεξιγάμοισιν ἔπος ξυνώσατο Νύμφαις·

Ἦης Ἀβαρβαρή φιλοπάρθνε, δέξο καὶ αὐτῇ  
τοῦτο βέλος, τό περ ἔσχεν ὅλη φύσις· ἐνθάδε πῆξω  
παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ' ὑμῖναιον ἀείσω.  
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· "μεθέπω διερὸν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων 545  
αὐτοτελὲς γενόμεν, καὶ ἐμὴ τροφὸς ἔπλετο πηγῇ."

Νηιάς ἦν Κλυμείη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ὠκεανοῖο·  
ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ,

ὥς ἶδε λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἀρείονα κυαιοχαίτην  
οἴστρω Κυπριδίῳ δεδοικμένον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ 550

Ὠκεανὸς ποταμοῖσι καὶ ὕδασι πᾶσι κελεύων  
Τηθύος οἶδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐύδρους ὑμῖναιούς.

τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ φέρειν ἴσα Τηθύι. τοσσατίης δὲ  
ἐξ ἀλὸς αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς 555

ἡμείρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου,  
καὶ βυθίῃ χερσαῖον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης

πηκτίδι θελγομένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαίνει.  
καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάασιν ἐμὸν βέλος· οὐ σε διδάξω

ἡμερον ὕδατόεντα· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς  
ἔκλυες ὑγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθούσης· 560

Ἀλφειὸν δεδάηκας, ὃς ἰκμαλέῳ παρὰ παστῶ  
ὕδρηλαῖς παλάμαις περιβάλλεται ἡθάδα Νύμφην.

πηγῆς αἷμα φέρουσα τί τέρπεται ἰοχαιρῇ;  
Ἄρτεμις οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ' ὕδατος, ὥς Ἀφροδίτῃ. 564

ἔννεπε Καλλιρόῃ· Δροσερῇ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτῇ.  
Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὄφελles ἄγειν χάριν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ 565

αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι,  
καὶ εἰ τροφὸς ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων. 567

δέχνυσο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὑγρονόμον σε καλίσσω  
εἰς γενεήν, ἐς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης·

τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου 570



their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs : ' Naiad Abarbarië, so fond of your maidenhood, you too receive this shaft, which all nature has felt. Here I will build Callirhoë's bridechamber, here I will sing Drosera's wedding hymn—But you will say, Mine is a watery race, I came selfborn from the streams, and my nurse was a fountain.—Yes, Clymene was a Naiad, and the offspring of Oceanos ; but she yielded to wedlock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluehair the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great and not from a little fountain, Galatea, has desire for melodious Polyphemos <sup>a</sup> ; the deepsea maiden has a husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land, enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the waters ; you have heard of the watery passion of Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain ; you have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands.<sup>b</sup> You—the offspring of a fountain—why are you pleased with the Archeress ? Artemis did not come from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to Callirhoë, do not hide it from Drosera herself. You ought rather to please Cypris, because she herself bent her neck to Eros even though she is nurse of the loves. Accept the stings of desire, and I will call you by birth one waterwalking, by love sister of Aphrodite.' So he spoke ; and from his backbent bow let fly three

<sup>a</sup> Cf. on xxxix. 257.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. on xxxvii. 173.



τριπλόα πέμπε βέλεμνα, καὶ εὐύδρῳ παρὰ παστῶ  
 Νηιάδων φιλότῃτι συνήρμισεν υἱας ἀρούρης,  
 καὶ Τυρίης ἔσπειρε θετηγενὲς αἷμα γενέθλης."

Τοῖα μὲν Ἡρακλῆς πρόμος αἰθέρος ἔνεπε Βάκχῳ  
 τερψινόοις ὄαροισιν· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μύθῳ, 575  
 καὶ πόρεν Ἡρακλῇ, τὸν οὐραϊή κάμε τέχνη,  
 χρυσοφαῇ κρητῆρα σελασφόρον· Ἡρακλῆς δὲ  
 ἀστραίῳ Διόνυσον ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι.

Καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχίτωνι Τύρου παλιούχον ἑάσας  
 Ἀσσυρίης ἐτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἀρούρης. 580

#### ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK XL

369 ff. This curious prayer, or hymn, might almost be called a compendium of solar syncretism. *Omnis pater deos ad solem referunt*, says Macrobius, *Sat.* I. 17. 2, and some examples of the ingenious theorizing by which this result was reached may be found there or in Julian's *Hymn to King Sun* 143 n ff. (vol. i. p. 390 in L.C.L.). Down to 391, Dionysos simply celebrates the physical powers of the sun; then begin the identifications. He is "Belos on the Euphrates"; the Greeks were as firmly convinced as many modern Bible-readers that the Semites, or the Orientals generally, worshipped a god called Baal or Bel, the truth of course being that *ba'al* is a Semitic word for lord or master, and so is applied to a multitude of gods. This "Bel," then, being an important deity, must be the sun, the more so as some of the gods bearing that title may have been really solar. He is "Libyan Ammon" and "the Assyrian Zeus" because Zeus is the same as Helios and Ammon is Zeus. *Apis is solis instar*, Macrobius *ibid.* xxi. 20, Cronos, long since

shots. Then in that watery bower he joined in love sons of the soil to the Naiads, and sowed the divine race of your family."

<sup>574</sup> So much Heracles leader of heaven said to Bacchos in pleasant gossip. He was delighted at heart by the tale, and offered to Heracles a mixing-bowl of gold bright and shining, which the art of heaven had made; Heracles clad Dionysos in a starry robe.

<sup>579</sup> Then Bacchos left the Starclad god, cityholder of Tyre, and went on to another district of Assyria.

misinterpreted as Time, was very easy to identify with the best-known measure of time, and therefore the gods of other nations identified with him (we do not know what Arab god Nonnos means; it would be interesting if it were Allah) are sun-gods too. Sarapis (399) had declared himself to be the Sun, Macrobian *ibid.* xx. 17, and so he must be Zeus also; Phaëthon means Helios scores of times in Nonnos, to say nothing of other writers; Mithra really was a sun-god; the "Helios of Babylon" might be simply El; Apollo had been identified with Helios since the fifth century B.C. Paian is Apollo (407) and consequently Helios also; to call the sun the ether or sky (*ibid.*) is but a small stretch of identification for a syncretist of those days; remains Gamos (402), and here we seem to have neither cult nor philosophy, but a literary pedantry of Nonnos's own. Philoxenos the dithyrambic poet, in a passage cited by Athenaios, 6 a, had called Gamos the most brilliant (*λαμπρότατε*) of the gods; now the sun is the most brilliant object in the universe, and undoubtedly a god; therefore Gamos also is Helios, Q.E.D.!

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νύϊε Μύρρης  
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.

Ἄρτι μὲν ὄφρυόειτος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνιοι καρήνων  
πήξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χθονὶ βύτρυν ὀπώρης  
οἶνοτόκους ἐμέθυσεν ὅλης κεινώτας ἀρούρης·  
καὶ Παφίης δόμον εἶδε γαμήλιον· ἡμερίδων δὲ  
ἔρνεσιν ἀρτιφύτοισι βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐρίψας 5  
ἀμπελόεν πόρε δῶρον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ.  
καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦεν· ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης  
ἡμερίδων ζωστῇρι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ  
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἐμιτρώθη κυπαρίσσῳ.

Ἄλλὰ θεμιστοπόλου Βερόης παρὰ γείτοιν πέζη 10  
ὕμνον Ἀμυμώνης, Λιβαιτιῖδες εἶπατε Μοῦσαι,  
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐύμνοιο Λυαίου  
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνκώ.

Ἔστι πόλις Βερόη, βιότου τρόπις,  
ὄρμος Ἐρώτων,  
ποντοπαγής, εὐνησος, εὐχλοος, οὐ ράχισ ἰσθμοῦ 15  
στεινὴ μῆκος ἔχοντος, ὅπῃ διδύμης μέσος ἄλμης  
κύμασιν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν·  
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὑπὸ ράχιν αἶθοπος Εὐρου

## BOOK XLI

The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone  
a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

ALREADY he had planted in the earth the clustering vintage of his glorious fruit under the beetling crags of Lebanon, and intoxicated all the winebearing bottoms of the land. He saw the wedding-chamber of Paphia; there with newgrown shoots of the gardenvine he roofed a deep-shaded grove, then presented the viny gift to Adonis and Cythereia. There was also a troop of Graces; and from the luxuriant coppice high leapt the ivy in his girdle of cultivated vine, and climbed aloft embracing the cypress.

<sup>10</sup> Come now, ye Muses of Lebanon on the neighbouring land of Beroë, that handmaiden of law! recite the lay of Amymone, the war between Cronides of the deep<sup>a</sup> and well-besung Lyaïos, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

<sup>13</sup> There is a city Beroë,<sup>b</sup> the keel of human life, harbour of the Loves, firmbased on the sea, with fine islands and fine verdure, with a ridge of isthmus narrow and long, where the rising neck between two seas is beaten by the waves of both. On one side it spreads under the deepwooded ridge of Assyrian

<sup>a</sup> Poseidon.

<sup>b</sup> Berytos, Beyrout.

Ἀσσυρίῳ Λιβάνῳ παριπέπταται, ἦχι πολίταις  
 ὄρθια συρίζουσα βιοσσόος ἔρχεται αὖρη, 20  
 εὐόδοις ἀνέμοισι τινασσομένων κυπαρίσσων . . . 21  
 σύννομος ἰχθυβολῇ γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν, 30  
 καὶ δόμος ἀγροτόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἐγγύθι λόχμης 22  
 Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπαιτηφόρος ἦντετο Δηῷ,  
 καὶ τις ἐφ' ἱστοβοῇ γειωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,  
 ραίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ, 25  
 γείτονι μηλοβοτῇ παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης,  
 σφίγξας σύζυγα ταῦρον, ὁμίλει κυρτὸς ἀροτρεὺς.  
 ἄλλα δὲ παρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλιν, ἦχι τιταίνει  
 στέρνα Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἔμβρυον αὐχένα κούρης  
 πῆχεϊ μυδαλέῳ περιβάλλεται ἕγρὸς ἀκοίτης, 30  
 πέμπων ὕδατόεντα φιλήματα χεῖλεσι νύμφης·  
 καὶ βυθίης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὁμεινέτις ἠθάδι κόλπῳ  
 ἔδνα Ποσειδάωνος ἀλίτροφα πῶκα λίμνης  
 δέχνυται, ἰχθυόεντα πολύχροα δείπνα τραπέζης,  
 εἰναλίῃ Νηρήος ἐπισκαίροντα τραπέζῃ, 35  
 ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς  
 μηκεδανῷ κενεῶνι Βορήμιος ἔλκεται αὐλῶν.  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ τερψινόοιο μεσημβρινὸν αὐχένα γαίης  
 εἰς ραχίην Νοτίην ψαμαθώδεές εἰσιν ἀταρποὶ  
 εἰς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δείδρεα κήπων 40  
 καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομόωσι, ταινυπόρθοις δὲ πετήλοισι  
 δάσκιος ἀπλανέεσσι τιταίνεται οἶμος ὁδίταις.  
 δοχμώσας δὲ ῥέεθρον ἐπ' ἥονι πόντος ἀράσσει  
 ἀμφὶ δύσιν κυανωπόν, ὅπῃ λιγυηχεὶ ταρσῷ  
 Ἑσπερίων Ζεφύροιο καθιππεύοντος ἐναύλων 45  
 συριγμῷ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ῥιπίζεται ἀγκῶν,  
 ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χώρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτοινι πόντῳ

Lebanon in the blazing East, and there comes for its people a lifesaving breeze, whistling loud and shaking the cypress trees with fragrant winds. There the ancient shepherd shared his domain and made his music along with the fisherman; there was the dwelling of the farmers, where often near the woodland, Deo sickle in hand met Pan playing on his pipes; and the husbandman bending his neck over the plowpole, and showering the corn behind him into the newcut furrows with backturned wrist, the bowed plowman gripping his yoke of bulls, had converse with his neighbour the shepherd along the foothills of the woodland pasture. The other part by the seas the city possesses, where she offers her breast to Poseidon, and her watery husband embraces the girl's pregnant neck with wet arm, putting moist kisses on the bride's lips; his bedfellow in her well-accustomed bosom accepts Poseidon's familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the sea-bred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries

φυταλιαὶ θαλέουσι, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δίνδρων  
 ἄσθματι βομβήεντι μελίζεται ἐμπνοος ὕλη. 49  
 Ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον ὁμήλικες ἡριγενεῖς, 51  
 οὓς Φύσις αὐτογένεθλος αἰνυμφεύτω τινὶ θεισμῷ  
 ἤροσε νόσφι γάμων, ἀπάτωρ, ἀλόχευτος, ἀμήτωρ,  
 ὁππότε συμμιγέων ἀτόμων τετράζυγι δεισμῷ  
 ὕδατι καὶ πυρόεντι πεφυρμένον ἡέρος ἀτμῷ 53  
 σύζυγα μορφώσασα σοφὸν τόκον ἄσπορος ἱλὺς  
 ἐμπνοον ἐψύχωσε γοιτὴν ἐγκύμοι πηλῷ,  
 οἷς Φύσις εἶδος ὅπασσε τελειφόρον· ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ  
 Κέκροπος οὐ τύπον εἶχον, ὅς ἰοβόλῳ ποδὸς ἄλκῳ  
 γαῖαν ἐπιξύνων ὀφιδέϊ σύρετο ταρσῷ, 60  
 νέρθε δράκων, καὶ ὑπερθεν ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρτήνου  
 ἄλλοφυτῆς ἀτέλεστος ἐφαίνετο δίχροος αἰτήρ·  
 οὐ τύπον ἄγριον εἶχον Ἐρεχθίδος, ὃν τέκε Γαίης  
 αὐλακι νυμφεύσας γαμήην Ἥφαιστος ἐέρσην·  
 ἀλλὰ θεῶν ἱνδαλμα γοιτῆς αὐτόχθοι ρίζῃ 63  
 πρωτοφανῆς χρύσειος ἐμαιώθη στάχυς ἀνδρῶν.  
 καὶ Βερόης νάσσαιτο πόλιν πρωτόσπορον ἔδρην,  
 ἣν Κρόνος αὐτὸς ἔδειμε, σοφῆς ὅτε νεύματι Γαίης  
 ὀκρυόεν θέτο δόρπον ἐῷ πολυχαιδέϊ λαιμῷ,  
 καὶ λίθον Εἰλείθυιαν ἔχων βεβριθότι φόρτῳ, 70  
 θλιβομένης πολύπαιδος ἀκοιτιστῆρα γενέθλης,  
 χανδὸν ὅλου ποταμοῖο ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσω  
 στήθεϊ παφλάζοντι μογοστόκον ἔσπασεν ὕδωρ,  
 λύσας γαστέρος ὄγκον· ἐπασσυτέρους δὲ διώκων  
 δισσοτόκους υἱῆας ἀνήρυγεν ἔγκυος αὐχὴν, 73  
 πορθμὸν ἔχων τοκετοῖο λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνα·

\* The four elements.

\* First king of Athens, a kind of Attic Adam; he had snakes for legs.

\* He means Erichthonios, cf. xiii. 171 ff.



bloom hard by the sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

<sup>51</sup> Here dwelt a people agemates with the Dawn, whom Nature by her own breeding, in some unwedded way, begat without bridal, without wedding, fatherless, motherless, unborn: when the atoms were mingled in fourfold combination, and the seedless ooze shaped a clever offspring by commingling water with fiery heat and air,<sup>a</sup> and quickened the teeming mud with the breath of life. To these Nature gave perfect shape: for they had not the form of primeval Cecrops,<sup>b</sup> who crawled and scratched the earth with snaky feet that spat poison as he moved, dragon below, but above from loins to head he seemed a man half made, strange in shape and of twyform flesh; they had not the savage form of Erechtheus,<sup>c</sup> whom Hephaistos begat on a furrow of Earth with fertilizing dew; but now first appeared the golden crop of men brought forth in the image of the gods,<sup>d</sup> with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroë, that primordial seat which Cronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rheia he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw off the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet.

<sup>a</sup> The Golden Age.

Ζεὺς τότε κοῦρος ἔην, ἔτι που βρέφος· οὐ ποτε πυκνῷ  
 θερμὸν ἀνασχίζουσα νέφος βητάρμοι παλιῷ  
 ἀστεροπὴ σέλαγιζε, καὶ οὐ Τίτηνιδι χάρμη  
 Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες οἰστεύοντο κεραυνοί· 80  
 οὐδὲ συνερχομένων νεφέων μυκῆτορι ρόμβῳ  
 βρονταίῃ βαρύδουπος ἐβόμβειν ὄμβριος ἤχώ.  
 ἀλλὰ πόλις Βερόη προτέρη πέλει, ἦν ἅμα γαίῃ  
 πρωτοφανὴς ἐνόησεν ὁμήλικα σύμφυτος Λιῶν·  
 οὐ τότε Ταρσὸς ἔην τερψίμβροτος, οὐ τότε Θήβη, 85  
 οὐ τότε Σάρδιες ἦσαν, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης  
 χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὀλβιος ἱλὺς,  
 Σάρδιες, Ἡελίοιο συιήλικες· οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,  
 οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦεν Ἀχαιῆς, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Ἀρκαδίῃ προσέληνος· ἀνεβλίστησε δὲ μούνη 90  
 πρεσβυτέρῃ Φαέθοντος, ὅθεν φάος ἔσχε Σελήνη,  
 καὶ φθαμένη χθόνα πᾶσαν, εἰὼ παμμήτορι κόλπῳ  
 Ἡελίου νεοφεγγὲς ἀμελγομένη σείλας αἴγλης  
 καὶ φάος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης,  
 πρώτη κυανέης ἀπεσεύσατο κῶνον ὁμίχλης, 95  
 καὶ χάεος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε καλύπτρην·  
 καὶ φθαμένη Κύπριοι καὶ Ἰσθμιοὶ ἄστρῳ Κορίνθου  
 πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι  
 ἐξ ἁλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην  
 Οὐρανίης ὥδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἐγκυον ὕδωρ, 100  
 ὅπποθι νόσφι γάμων ἀρόσας ῥοὸν ἄρσειν λύθρῳ  
 αὐτοτελὴς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόνῳ γόνος ἀφρῷ,  
 καὶ Φύσις ἔπλετο μαῖα· συναιτέλλων δὲ θεαίνῃ  
 στικτὸς ἱμάς, στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυὶ κύκλον ἐλίξας,  
 αὐτομάτῳ ζωστῆρι δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάσσης. 105  
 καὶ θεὸς ἰχνεύουσα δι' ὕδατος ἄψοφον ἀκτὴν  
 οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἐπὶ Βύβλον ἀνέδραμεν,  
 οὐ πόδα χέρσῳ

## DIONYSIACA, XLI. 77-107

77 Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks ; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the 'Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds : but before that, the city of Beroë was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroë alone grew up, older than Phaëthon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her all-mothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene. Beroë first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine ; when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite ; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife—coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos, set no

Κωλιάδος ῥηγμῖνος ἐφήρμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν  
 ὠκυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἄστυ Κυθήρων  
 καὶ χροά φυκίοεντι περιτρίψασα κορύμβῳ 110  
 πορφυρέῃ πέλε μᾶλλον· ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου  
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα θεητόκον ἴσχισεν ἰδῶρ  
 νηχομένη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσση  
 σιγαλήν ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἄλα ταρσῶ,  
 καὶ δέμας ἠώρησε, διχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης 115  
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὤθειν ὑδῶρ·  
 καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε· ποδῶν δ' ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης  
 ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐρχομένης ἰαέτης ἐψεύσατο Κύπρου.  
 πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο· καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄρμου  
 αὐτοφυεῖς λειμῶνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρῦα ποίης 120  
 ἦνθεον ἔνθα καὶ εἴθα, πολυψαμάθῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ  
 ἠόνες ῥοδέοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις,  
 πέτρῃ δ' ἀφριόωσα θυώδεος ἔγκυος οἴου  
 πορφυρέῃν ὠδῖνα χαραδραίῳ τέκε μαζῶ,  
 ληναίαις λιβάδεσσι κατάσκιον ὄμβρον ἐέρος . . . 125  
 ἀργεννὴ κελάρυζε γαλαξαίῳ χύσις ὀλκῶ·  
 αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύριοι μετάρσιον ἀτμὸν ἐλίσσων  
 ἡερίους ἐμέθυσε πόρους εὐδομος ἀήτης.  
 καὶ τότε θοῦρον Ἔρωτα, γοιῆς πρωτόσπορον ἀρχήν,  
 ἀρμονίης κόσμοιο φερέσβιον ἠνιοχῆα, 130  
 ἀρτιφανῆς ὠδινεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὄρμου·  
 καὶ πάις ὠκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενα ποσσὶ τινάξας,  
 γαστρὸς ἀμαιεύτοιο μογοστόκον ἔφθασεν ὥρην,  
 μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοιο μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξας,  
 θερμὸς ἔτι πρὸ τόκοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ 135

\* In Attica. All these places are famous centres of the worship of Aphrodite.

foot on land by the dry beach of Colias,<sup>a</sup> even passed by Cythera's city itself with quicker circuit: aye, she rubbed her skin with bunches of seaweed and made it purpler still; paddling with her hands she cleft the birthwaters of the waveless deep, and swam; resting her bosom upon the sea she struck up the silent brine, marking it with her feet, and kept her body afloat, and as she cut through the calm, pushed the water behind her with successive thrusts of her feet, and emerged at Beroë. Those footsteps of the goddess coming out from the sea are all lies of the people of Cyprus.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>119</sup> Beroë first received Cypris; and above the neighbouring roads, the meadows of themselves put out plants of grass and flowers on all sides; in the sandy bay the beach became ruddy with clumps of roses, the foamy stone teemed with sweetsmelling wine and brought forth purple fruit on its rocky bosom, a shadowing shower of dew with the liquor of the winepress,<sup>c</sup> . . . a white rill bubbled with milky juice: the fragrant breeze wafted upwards the curling vapours of scent, selfspread, and intoxicated the paths of the air. There, as soon as she was seen on the brows of the neighbouring harbourage, she brought forth wild Eros, first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before birth, he shook his light

<sup>b</sup> Possibly this means that some marks on the rocks in Cyprus were shown as the prints of Aphrodite's feet.

<sup>c</sup> The loss of one or more lines makes this obscure.

δινεύων πτερὰ κοῦφα πύλας ὤϊζε λοχεΐης.  
 καὶ ταχὺς αἰγλήεντι θορῶν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστιῶ  
 ἄστατος ἀκλινέεσσιν Ἔρως ἀνεπάλλετο μαζοῖς,  
 στήθεϊ παιδοκόμῳ τεταυσμένος· εἶχε δὲ φορβῆς  
 ἡμερον αὐτοδίδακτον· ἀνημέλκτοιο δὲ θηλῆς 140  
 ἄκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὄγκῳ  
 οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὄλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.

Ῥίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, εὖχος ἀνάκτων,  
 πρωτοφαιῆς, Λιῶνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμου,  
 ἔδρανον Ἑρμείας, Δίκης πέδον, ἄστρῳ θεμίστων, 145  
 ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμος, οἶκος Ἑρώτων,  
 Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔδεθλον, ἐναύλιον ἰοχαιρῆς,  
 Νηρείδων ἀνάθημα, Διὸς δόμος, Ἄρκος αὐλή,  
 Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηίδος ἄστρον ἀρούρης,  
 Τηθύος ἰσοέτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὠκειαοῖο, 150  
 ὃς Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἐγὼ πολυπύδακι παστῶ  
 Τηθύος ἱκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμειναιόις,  
 ἦν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεφήμεσαν, εὐτέ ἱ μήτηρ  
 ὕδρῃλῃς φιλότῃτος ὑποβρυχίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ.

Ἀλλὰ τις ὀπλοτέρῃ πέλεται φάτις, ὅττι μιν αὐτὴ 155  
 ἀνδρομέης Κυθήρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης  
 Ἀσσυρίῳ πάνλευκον Ἀδώνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ·  
 καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης  
 φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει· φθάμενος δέ μιν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,  
 ἔσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, αἶρων, 160  
 εἰς Βερόης ὠδῖνα μογοστόκος ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,  
 καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέου διὰ κόλπου

\* i.e. as much beloved by them as Orchomenos, the ancient seat of their cult, cf. xvi. 131.

† Whether either legend is older than Nonnos or his own



wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Thus quickly Eros leapt into his mother's gleaming arms, and pounced at once upon her firm breasts spreading himself over that nursing bosom. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of the lifegiving drops.

<sup>143</sup> O Beroë, root of life, nurse of cities, the boast of princes, the first city seen, twin sister of Time, coeval with the universe, seat of Hermes, land of justice, city of laws, bower of Merryheart, house of Paphia, hall of the Loves, delectable ground of Bacchos, home of the Archeress, jewel of the Nereïds, house of Zeus, court of Ares, Orchomenos of the Graces,<sup>a</sup> star of the Lebanon country, yearsmate of Tethys, running side by side with Oceanos, who begat thee in his bed of many fountains when joined in watery union with Tethys—Beroë the same they named Amymone when her mother brought her forth on her bed in the deep waters!

<sup>155</sup> But there is a younger legend,<sup>b</sup> that her mother was Cythereia herself, the pilot of human life, who bore her all white to Assyrian Adonis. Now she had completed the nine circles of Selene's course carrying her burden: but Hermes was there in time on speedy foot, holding a Latin<sup>c</sup> tablet which was herald of the future. He came to help the labour of Beroë, and Themis<sup>d</sup> was her Eileithyia—she made a way through

invention may be doubted. All this mixture of pedantry and prettiness has for its inspiration the great law school of Berytus (Beirut).

<sup>c</sup> It was of course Roman law that was taught at Berytus, although not at the time of Solon (see line 165).

<sup>d</sup> Goddess of Justice.



στεινομένης ὠδίνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην  
 ὃξὺ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,  
 θεσμὰ Σόλωνος ἔχουσα· πιεζομένη δὲ λοχεῖη 163  
 λυσιτόκῳ βαρὺ νῶτον ἐπικλίνας θεαίῃ  
 Κύπρις ἀνωδίνεσκε, καὶ Ἄτθιδος ἰφόθι βίβλου  
 παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Λακωνίδες οἱα γυναικες  
 νιέας ὠδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο βοεῖης·  
 καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυε θήλει κάλπῳ, 170  
 ἄρσενά μαῖαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον νιέα Μαιῆς·  
 καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἤγεν. ἐχυτλώσαιτο δὲ κούρην  
 τέσσαρες ἄστεα πάντα διππεύοντες αἴηται,  
 ἐκ Βερόης ἵνα γαῖαν ὄλην πλήσῃσι θεμίστων·  
 τῇ δὲ λοχευομένη πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν 175  
 Ὠκεανὸς πόρε χεῦμα λεχώιον ἱξύ κόσμου  
 ἀενάῳ τελαμῶνι χέων μιτρούμενον ὕδωρ·  
 χερσὶ δὲ γηραλήσιν ἐς ἀρτιτόκου χροά κούρης  
 σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Αἰών,  
 μάντις ἐπεσσομένων, ὅτι γήραος ἄχθος ἀμείβων, 180  
 ὥς ὅφιν ἀδρανέων φολιδῶν σπείρημα τινάξας,  
 ἔμπαλιν ἠβήσειε λελουμένος οἰδμασι θεσμῶν·  
 θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευομένης Ἀφροδίτης  
 σύνθροον ἐκρούσαιτο μέλος τετραζυγες Ὠραι.  
 Καὶ Παφίης ὠδῖνα τελεσσιγόνοιο μαθόντες 185  
 θῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο· λέων δέ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων  
 χεῖλεϊ μελιχίῳ ραχίην ἠσπάζετο ταύρου,  
 ἀκροτέροις στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκτηθμὸν ἰάλλων,  
 καὶ τροχαλῇ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων πέδον ὀπλῇ  
 ἵππος ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενέθλιον ἤχον ἀράσσω, 190  
 καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ  
 πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγκῷ,  
 ὠρυγῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαμῷ

the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroë. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

<sup>185</sup> The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the

ἄδρῦπτοις γενέεσσι λύκος πρὸς πτύζατο ποιμήν,  
 καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι λιπὼν κερμαδοσσόον ἄγρην, 195  
 ἄλλον ἔχων γλυκὺν οἶστρον, ἀμλλητῆρι χορείῃ  
 ὀρχηστήρ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμοι κάπρω,  
 καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθεῖσα δὲ διερῇ,  
 ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτῳ δαμάλην ἠγκάσσατο δισμῷ,  
 πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φιλέψιον αἰνυγα κόρσης 200  
 πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λιχμῶσα λαιῆς,  
 ἡμιτελὲς μύκημα νέων πέμπουσα γενεῶν,  
 καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἔφαυεν ὀδοόντων·  
 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο· γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ  
 ἠθάδα πέμπε γέλωτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ, 205  
 τερπομένων ὀρώσασα λεχώια παῖγνια θηρῶν.  
 πᾶσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,  
 πᾶσιν ὁμοῦ· μούνην δὲ συνὼν οὐκ ἠθέλε λείσσειν  
 τερπωλήν, ἅτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συνὸς εἰκότι μορφῆς  
 Ἄρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων 210  
 ζηλομανῆς ἤμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.  
 Καὶ Βερόνῃ γελώωσαν ἔτι βρέφος ἄμμιати χειρῶν  
 δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμοιο τιθήνῃ  
 παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ, χρυσῆς θρέπτειρα γενέθλης,  
 ἔννομα παππάζουσιν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφροισι μαζῶν· 215  
 παρθενίῳ δὲ γάλακτι ροὰς βλύζουσα θεμίστων  
 χεῖλεα παιδὸς ἔδευσε,  
 καὶ ἔβλυεν εἰς στόμα κούρης  
 Ἀτθίδος ἡδυτόκοιο περιθλίψασα μελίσσης  
 δαιδαλέην ὠδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης,  
 κηρία φωνήεντα σοφῶ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ· 220

\* καὶ δρῦες. As this makes no sense, perhaps we should read οὔρυγες, supposing the loss of a line between 203 and 204 or between ἐφθέγγαντο and γαληναίῳ, to this effect "And the gazelles uttered [a friendly call in answer to the  
 210

sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer's neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness's body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees <sup>a</sup> uttered a voice.

<sup>204</sup> With calm face ever-smiling Aphrodite rang out her unfailing laugh, when she saw the birthday games of the happy beasts. She turned her round eyes delighted in all directions ; only the boars she would not watch in their pleasures, for being a prophet she knew, that in the shape of a wild boar, Ares with jagged tusk and spitting deadly poison was destined to weave fate for Adonis in jealous madness.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>212</sup> Virgin Astraia, nurse of the whole universe, cherisher of the Golden Age, received Beroë from her mother into the embrace of her arms, laughing, still a babe,<sup>c</sup> and fed her with wise breast as she babbled words of law. With her virgin milk, she let streams of statutes gush into the baby's lips, and dropt into the girl's mouth the sweet produce of the Attic bee ; she pressed the bee's riddled travail of many cells, and mixed the voiceful comb in a sapient cup. If the girl

tiger's (or some other carnivore's) purr]." For a possible imitation of this passage by Milton, see *Paradise Lost*, iv. 340 ff.

<sup>b</sup> All stories agree that Adonis was killed by a boar, but differ as to what, if anything, Ares had to do with it.

<sup>c</sup> A sign of a wonder-child, see Ed. Norden, *Die Geburt des Kindes* (Teubner 1924), p. 65.

εἴ ποτε διψαλή ποτὸν ἦτεεν, ὤραγε κοῦρην  
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι λάλον πεφυλαγμένον ὕδωρ  
 ἢ ῥόον Ἰλισσοῖο, τὸν ἐμπυον Ἀτθίδι Μοῦσῃ  
 Πιερικαὶ δονέουσιν ἐπ' ἥόνι Φοιβάδες αὔραι· 224  
 καὶ στάχυν ἀστερόεντα περιγιάμψασα κορύμβῳ 225  
 χρύσειον, οἷά περ ὀρμόν, ἐπ' αὐχέει θήκατο κούρης. 226  
 κοῦραι δ' ἄβρὰ λοετρὰ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο 225  
 ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης μεμελημένον ἐνθά Μούσαις 226  
 ἐκ κρήνης ἀρύοντο ἰσήμεϊος ἵππιον ὕδωρ. 227

Καὶ Βερόη βλάστησεν ὁμόδρομος ἰοχαίρη,  
 δίκτυα θηρητῆρος ἀερτάζουσα τοκῆρος·  
 καὶ Παφίης ὅλον εἶδος ὁμόγνηιον εἶχε τεκούσης  
 καὶ πόδας αἰγλήεντας· ὑπερκύψασα δὲ πόντου  
 χιονέῳ σκαίρουσα Θέτις βητάρμοι ταρσῶ  
 ἄλλην ἀργυρόπεζαν ἶδεν (ἡέτιν· αἰδομένη δὲ 228  
 κρύπτετο δειμαίνουσα πάλιν στόμα Κασσιεπείης.  
 Ἀσσυρίην δ' ἐτέρην δεδοκημένος ἄλυσγα κούρην  
 Ζεὺς πάλιν ἐπτοίητο, καὶ ἵθελεν εἶδος ἀμείψαι·  
 καὶ νῦ κε φόρτον Ἑρωτος ἔχων ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ  
 ἀκροβαφῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ἰχθυος ἐρίσσω, 240  
 κουφίζων ἀδίαϊτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναικα,  
 εἰ μὴ μινῆστις ἔρυκε βοοκραίρων ὑμεινῶν  
 Σιδονίς, ἀστερόεν δὲ μέλος ζηλήμονι λαιμῶ  
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο, Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,  
 μὴ βοὸς ἰσοτύποιο δι' αἰθέρος εἰκόνα τεύχων 245  
 ποντοπόρων στήσειε νεώτερον ἄστρον Ἑρώτων·  
 καὶ Βερόην διεροῖσιν ὀφειλομένην ὑμεινῶν

• The star Spica, which Virgo-Astraea holds in her hand.

• Peirene in Corinth, or Hippocrene in Helicon.

• Mother of Andromeda, cf. xxv. 135; Thetis fears that she

thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk <sup>a</sup> from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girl's neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof <sup>b</sup> fountain of imagination, dear to the nine Muses, delicate water to wash her.

<sup>230</sup> Beroë grew up, and coursed with the Archeress, carrying the nets of her hunter sire. She had the very likeness of her Paphian mother, and her shining feet. When Thetis came up out of the sea to skip with snowy dancing foot, she saw another silverfoot Thetis, and hid in shame, fearing the raillery of Cassiepeia <sup>c</sup> once again. Zeus perceiving another unwedded maiden of Assyria, was fluttered again and wished to change his form : certainly he would have carried the burden of love in bull's form again, skimming away with his legs in the water, paddling along, bearing the woman unwetted on his back, had he not been held back by the memory of that Sidonian <sup>d</sup> bull-horned wedding, and had not the Bull of Olympos, Europa's bridegroom, bellowed from out the stars with jealous throat, to think that he might set up there a new star of seafaring amours and make the image of a rival bull in the sky. So he left Beroë, who was destined for a watery bridal, as his brother's

will once more be told, this time with truth, that someone else, viz. Beroë, is more beautiful than the Nereïds. "Silverfoot" is Thetis's stock epithet.

<sup>d</sup> To Nonnos's free and easy geography Assyria and Sidon are much the same, and Berytus is more or less equivalent to both.



γνωτῶ λεῖπεν ἄκοιτιν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης  
ὕσμινην γαμῆς πεφυλαγμένους ἐῖποσιγαίου.

Τοίη ἔην Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλος· εἴ ποτε κούρη 260  
λαροτέρην σίμβλοιο μελίρρυτον ἤπνε φωτὴν,  
ἡδυεπὴς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χεῖλεσι Πειθῶ  
καὶ πινυτὰς οἷστροησεν ἀκηλήτων φρένας ἀνδρῶν·  
Ἀσσυρίης δ' ἔκρυπτον ὁμήγυριν ἡλικος ἡβης  
ὀφθαλμοὶ γελῶντες, ἀκοιτιστῆρες Ἑρώτων, 265  
φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσιν, ὅσον πλείον ἄστρο καλύπτει  
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας οἰστεύουσα Σελήνη  
πλησιφαῆς· λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ νείατα κοῦρης  
πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίσσοιτο χιτῶνες.  
οὐ νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλείον ἡλικος ἡβης 260  
τηλίκον ἔλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
κάλλεα διχθαδίῳ ἀμαρύνσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκῆων.

Τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἰδοῦσα, ἰοήμοιτος ἔγκυος ὁμφῆς,  
ὥκυτέρην ἐλέλιζε περιστρωφῶσα μεινοῖτήν,  
καὶ ἰόον ἱππεύσασα περὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην 265  
φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάθρα παλῆων,  
ὅττι φερωνυμὴν ἐλικώπιδος εἶχε Μυκτῆης  
στέμματι τειχιόεντι περιζωσθεῖσα Μυκτῆν  
Κυκλώπων κατόνεσσι, καὶ ὥς ἰοτίῳ παρὰ Νειλῶ  
Θήβης ἀρχεγόνοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Θήβη· 270  
καὶ Βερόης μενέαιεν ἐπώνυμον ἄστρῳ χαράξαι,  
ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπολιν οἷστρον Ἑρώτων.  
φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν  
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐς εὐρυάγνιαν Ἀθήνην,  
γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπάλον· ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ 275  
ἡερίην ἀψίδα διερροίζησε πεδίλῳ  
εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὅπποθι νύμφη



bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

<sup>250</sup> Such was Beroë, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl's feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs. There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

<sup>263</sup> Then Cypris saw her : pregnant with prophetic intelligence she sent her imagination wandering swiftly round, and driving her mind to wander about the whole earth surveyed the foundations of the brilliant cities of ancient days. She saw how Mycene girt about with a garland of walls by the Cyclopians took the name of twinkle-eye Mycene ; how Thebes beside the southern Nile took the name of primeval Thebe ; and she decided to design a city named after Beroë, being possessed with a passion to make her city as good as theirs. She observed there the long column of Solon's Laws, that safeguard against wrong, and turned aside her eye to the broad streets of Athens, and envied her sister the just Judge. With hurrying shoe, she whizzed along the vault of heaven to the hall of Allmother Harmonia, where that nymph dwelt

εἶκελον οἶκον ἔναιε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου  
 αὐτοπαγῇ· πίσυρες δὲ θύραι στιβαροῖο μελάβρου  
 ἀρραγέες πισύρεσσαν ἐμιτρώθησαν αἷταις· 280  
 καὶ δόμον ἐρρύοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου  
 δμῳίδες εἶθα καὶ εἶθα· μεριζομέων δὲ θυρέτρων  
 Ἄντολὴ θεράπαινα πύλην περιδεδρομεν Εὐρου,  
 καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεῶνα Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σελήτης,  
 καὶ Νότιον πυρόεστα Μισσημβριάς εἶχεν ὄχθα, 290  
 καὶ πυκινὴν νεφέεσσι, παλιτυμείτην δὲ χαλάζῃ  
 Ἄρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πύλην ἐπέτασσε Βορήος.  
 Κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῦσα, σιείμπορος ἀφρογενεΐη,  
 Εὐρου κόψε θύρετρον Ἑλίοιο· εἰδόμυχος δὲ  
 Ἄντολῆς κροκόειτος ἀρασσομέιου πυλεῶτος 295  
 ἀνδραμεν Ἀστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἰσταμέντην δὲ  
 Κύπριν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ προπιύλαια μελάβρου  
 ποσσὶ παλινοῦστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν αἰάσση.  
 ἡ μὲν ἐποικομέτη πολυδαίδαλον ἰστόν Ἀθήνης  
 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε· ὕφαινομέιου δὲ χιτῶτος 300  
 πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μισόμφαλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ  
 οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμέιον ἄστρων,  
 συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήρμιωσε σύζυγι γαίῃ·  
 καὶ ποταμοὺς ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' αἰδρομέῳ δὲ μετώπῳ  
 ταυροφυῆς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἐγχλοος εἰκῶν· 305  
 καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἐνκλώστοιο χιτῶτος  
 ὠκεανὸν κύκλωσε περιδρομιον αἰτυγι κόσμου.  
 ἀμφίπολος δέ οἱ ἦλθε καὶ ἐγγύθι θήλειος ἰστοῦ  
 ἰσταμένην ἡγγεῖλε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτην.  
 καὶ θεός, ὥς ἤκουσε, μίτους ρίψασα χιτῶτος 310  
 θέσκελον ἰστοπόνων ἀπεσεΐσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν  
 καὶ ταχινὴν πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ

in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted—Antolia<sup>a</sup> was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Arctos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

<sup>288</sup> To that place went Charis, fellow-voyager with the Foamborn, and running ahead she knocked at the eastern gate of Euros. As the rap came on the saffron portal of sunrise, Astynomeia an attendant ran up from within; and when she saw Cypris standing in front of the gatehouse of the dwelling, she went with returning feet to inform her mistress beforehand. She was then busy at Athena's loom, weaving a patterned cloth with her shuttle. In the robe she was weaving, she worked first Earth as the navel in the midst; round it she balled the sky dotted with the shape of stars, and fitted the sea closely to the embracing earth; she embroidered also the rivers in a green picture, shaped each with a human face and bull's horns; and at the outer fringe of the wellspun robe she made Ocean run all round the world in a loop. The maid came up to the woman's loom, and announced that Aphrodite stood before the gatehouse. When the goddess heard, she dropt the threads of the robe and threw down the divine shuttle from her hands busy at the loom. Quickly she wrapped a snow-white

<sup>a</sup> The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Middy.

φαιδροτέρη χρυσέης ὑπερίζανεν ἡθάδος ἰδρῆς,  
 δεχνυμένη Κυθέρειαν, αἰαίξασα δὲ θιώκου  
 τηλεφανῇ κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην Ἀφροδίτην. 310  
 καὶ Παφίην ἰδρυσεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἐγγὺς αἰάσσης  
 Εὐρυνόμῃ ταινύπεπλος· ἀτυζομένου δὲ προσώπου  
 Κύπριν ὀπιπεύουσα κατηφεί μάρτυρι μορφῇ  
 παιτρόφος Ἀρμονίῃ φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ.  
 " Ῥίζα βίου, Κυθέρεια φυτοσπόρε, μαῖα γενέθλης, 315  
 ἐλπίς ὅλου κόσμοιο, τῆς ὑπὸ νείματι βουλῆς  
 ἀπλανέες κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι . . ."  
 " . . . εἰρομένη θέσπιζε, καὶ ὥς βιότοιο τιθήνη,  
 ὥς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὥς σίγχροικος ἡλικι κόσμῳ,  
 εἶπέ· τίνι πολίων βασιληίδος ὄργανα φωτῆς 320  
 λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡνία θεσμῶν;  
 ὅττι πολυχρονίοιο πόθου δεδοιγημένον οἴστρω  
 Ἥρης κέντρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτων ἱμεταίων  
 εἰς χρόνον ἱμείροιντα τριηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν  
 Ζῆνα γάμοις ἔξευξα· χάριν δέ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων 325  
 μισθὸν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο νοήμονι νεῦσε καρῆνῳ,  
 ὅττι μιῇ πολίων, ὧν ἔλλαχον, ἐγγυαλίζει  
 θεσμὰ Δίκης. ποθέω δὲ δαίμειναι, εἰ χθονὶ Κίπρου  
 ἢ Πάφῳ τάδε δῶρα φυλάσσεται ἢ Κορίνθῳ  
 ἢ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόοργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἢ καὶ αὐτῆς 330  
 κούρης ἡμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνορι πάτρῃ.  
 ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἁρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ  
 Ἀρμονίῃ γεγαυῖα βιοσσόος· εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὕτη  
 πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην με  
 θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἀνδρῶν,

\* While weaving she no doubt had nothing on but a smock.

robe about her body,<sup>a</sup> and brighter than the gold took her place on her usual seat to await Cythereia. As soon as Aphrodite appeared in the distance, she leapt from her throne to show due respect. Eurynome in her long robe led the Paphian to a seat near her mistress; Harmonia the Nurse of the world saw the looks and dejected bearing of Cypris that showed her distress, and comforted her in friendly tones :

<sup>315</sup> " Cythereia, root of life, seedsower of being, midwife of nature, hope of the whole universe, at the bidding of your will the unbending Fates do spin their complicated threads ! [Tell me your trouble.]"

<sup>318</sup> [She replied] : " . . . Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen's country of my own daughter Beroë. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men;

χιτώνιον, like the housewife in Theocritus xv. 31; she dresses more formally to receive her visitor.

Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα· τὸ δὲ πλεόν ἐπινομος Ἑρμῆς 335  
τοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μοῖνῃ  
ἀνέρας, οὓς ἔσπειρα, γάμου θεισμοῖσι σαώσω."

"Ὡς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μῦθον·

" Γίνεο θαρσαλή, μὴ δεῖδιθι, μήτηρ Ἑρώτων· 340  
ἐπτα γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἔχω μαιτήρια κόσμου,  
καὶ πίνακες γεγάασιν ἐπώνυμοι ἐπτα παιήτων.

πρῶτος ἐντροχάλοιο φερώνυμός ἐστι Σελήνης·

δεύτερος Ἑρμείας πίναξ χρύσειος ἀκούει

στῖλβων, ὧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται ὄργανα θεσμῶν·

οὐνομα σὸν μεθέπει ῥοδόεις τρίτος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ 345

ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρει τύπον· ἐπταπόρων δὲ

τέτρατος Ἡελίοιο μεσόμφαλός ἐστι πλανήτων·

πέμπτος ἐρευθιῶν πυρόεις κικλήσκεται Ἄρης·

καὶ Φαέθων Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἕκτος ἀλήτης·

ἑβδομος ὑψιπόροιο Κρόνου πέλεν οὐνομα φαίνων. 350

τοῖς ἐνὶ ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου

γράμματι φοινικόεντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων·

ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόων με διεῖραι εἵνεκα θεσμῶν,

πρεσβυτέρῃ πολίων πρεσβήια ταῦτα φυλάσσω·

εἴτ' οὖν Ἀρκαδίῃ προτέρῃ πέλεν ἡ πόλις Ἥρης, 355

Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάασι παλαιότεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ

Ταρσὸς ἀειδομένη πρωτόπτολις, εἰ δὲ τις ἄλλη,

οὐκ ἑδάην· Κρόνιος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,

τίς προτέρῃ βλάστησε,

τίς ἐπλετο σύγχροιος Ἡοῦς."

Εἶπε· καὶ ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαὰ θέσφατα τοίχου, 360

εἰσόκεν ἔδρακε χῶρον, ὅπῃ Βερόης περὶ πάτρης

θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιονίῃ γράφε τέχῃ

ἐν πίνακι Κρονίῳ κεχαραγμένον οἶοπι μῦθῳ·

" πρωτοφανὴς Βερόῃ πέλε σύγχροιος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,

and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown."

<sup>338</sup> To these words of hers the goddess replied with an encouraging speech :

<sup>339</sup> " Be of good cheer, fear not, mother of the Loves ! For I have oracles of history on seven tablets, and the tablets bear the names of the seven planets. The first has the name of revolving Selene ; the second is called of Hermes, a shining <sup>a</sup> tablet of gold, upon which are wrought all the secrets of law ; the third has your name, a rosy tablet, for it has the shape of your star in the East ; the fourth is of Helios, central navel of the seven travelling planets ; the fifth is called Ares, red and fiery ; the sixth is called Phaëthon,<sup>b</sup> the planet of Cronides ; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion <sup>c</sup> has engraved in red letters all the divers oracles of fate for the universe. But since you ask me about the directing laws, this prerogative I keep for the eldest of cities. Whether then Arcadia is first or Hera's city,<sup>d</sup> whether Sardis be the oldest, or even Tarsos celebrated in song be the first city, or some other, I have not been told. The tablet of Cronos will teach you all this, which first arose, which was coeval with Dawn."

<sup>360</sup> She spoke ; and led the way to the glorious oracles of the wall, until she saw the place where Ophion's art had engraved in ruddy vermilion on the tablet of Cronos the oracle to be fulfilled in time about Beroë's country. " Beroë came the first, coeval with

<sup>a</sup> *στίλβων*, an older name for the planet Mercury.

<sup>b</sup> The planet Jupiter.

<sup>c</sup> Cf. ii. 573.

<sup>d</sup> Argos.



νύμφης ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμος, ἣν μεταιάσται 363  
 υἱέες Λύσονίων, ὑπατήια φέγγεα Ἰώμης,  
 Βηρυτὸν καλέσουσιν, ἐπεὶ Λιβάνῳ πέσε γείτων. . . ."  
 τοῖον ἔπος δεδάηκε θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ' ὅτε δαίμων  
 θέσκελον ἑβδομάτου πίνακος παρεμέτρειν ἀρχήν,  
 δεῦτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτοιν τοίχῳ 370  
 ποικίλα παιτοίης ἐχαράσσετο δαῖδαλα τέχνης  
 μαντιπόλοις ἐπέεσσιν, ὅτι πρῶτιστα νοήσει  
 Πὰν νόμιος σύριγγα, λύρην Ἰλίκωνιος Ἑρμῆς,  
 δίθροον ἄβρὸς Ὑάγνις ἐντρήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ,  
 Ὅρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεηγόρα χεύματα μολπῆς, 373  
 καὶ Λίνος εὐεπὶν Φοιβήιος, Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης  
 μέτρα δυωδεκάμηνα καὶ Ἡελίοιο πορείην,  
 μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δῖφρῳ,  
 καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμφας  
 γνώσεται ἄστατα κύκλα παλινοῖστοιο Σελήνης 380  
 τριπλόα, καὶ στοιχεῖον ὁμόζυγον ἄζυγι μίξας  
 Κάδμος ἐνγλώσσοιο διδάζεται ὄργια φωνῆς,

\* Something has fallen out explaining the name by some local legend.

† Another list of "inventors," see note on xl. 310.

‡ Alluding to the (late) theory that the twelve rounds of the chariot race refer to the twelve months. Here Arcaa, not Erichthonios, invents chariots.

§ This does not mean that Endymion (rationalized here into an astronomer who calculated the times of the moon's phases) was so bad an arithmetician that he had to count on his fingers, as our children do. The ancients of course knew of this primitive method of reckoning, cf. *ps.-Arist. Prob.* xv. 3, p. 910 b 23 ff., and the verb *πεμτάζω*, but, owing to 222

the universe her agemate, bearing the name of the nymph later born, which the colonizing sons of the Ausonians, the consular lights of Rome, shall call Berytos, since here fell a neighbour to Lebanon. . . ." <sup>a</sup>

<sup>368</sup> Such was the word of prophecy that she learnt. But when the deity had scanned the prophetic beginning of the seventh tablet, she looked at the second, where on the neighbouring wall many strange signs were engraved with varied art in oracular speech : how first <sup>b</sup> shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heliconian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo's Linos eloquent speech ; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun's circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team <sup>c</sup> ; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers <sup>d</sup> will calculate the three varying phases of Selene ; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets

the clumsiness of their written figures, they found it convenient to have a number of conventional gestures with the fingers to signify numerals for purposes of calculation. A rough method, of which no details are known, is mentioned by Ar. *Wasps* 656, but long before Nonnos's day (see Juvenal x. 249 and Mayor *ad loc.*) a kind of arithmetical deaf-and-dumb alphabet had been invented, details of which are preserved by the Venerable Bede, in the section *De ratione computandi* at the beginning of his work *De temporum ratione* (printed, beside the editions of Bede, in Graevius, *Thesaurus* xi. 1699 ff. and C. Sittl, *Gebärde der Griechen und Römer*, pp. 256 ff.). By this, the fingers of the left hand alone can express numbers from 1 to 99, those of the right, 100-10,000, while by holding the hands against various parts of the body, higher numbers up to 1,000,000 can be indicated. See also G. Loria, *Le Scienze esatte nell' antica Grecia*, 743-747, and Sir T. L. Heath, *Hist. of Greek Maths.* i. 26-27 ; ii. 550-552.

θεσμὰ Σόλων ἄχραιτα, καὶ ἔισημον Ἄτθιδι πεύκη  
 συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο συνωρίδα δίζιγα Κέκροφ.  
 καὶ Παφίῃ μετὰ πάντα πολύτροπα δαίδαλα Μοῖσσης 383  
 πυκνὰ πολυσπερίων παρεμέτρειν ἔργα παλήων·  
 καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῖο μέσσην ὑπὲρ αἵτιυγα κόσμου  
 τοῖον ἔπος σοφὸν εἶρε πολύστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μοῖσση·

“ Σκῆπτρον ὅλης Αὔγουστος ὅτε

χθοιὸς ἠποχείσει,

Ῥώμῃ μὲν ζαθέῃ δωρήσεται Λίσσιος Ζεὺς 390  
 κοιρανίην, Βερόῃ δὲ χαρίζεται ἠρία θεσμῶν,  
 ὅπποτε θωρηχθεῖσα φερσασακίων ἐπὶ ιγῶν  
 φύλοπιν ὑδρομόθοιο κατευτήρει Κλεισπάτρης·  
 πρὶν γὰρ ἀτασθαλίῃ πολιπόρθιος οὐ ποτε λήξει  
 εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σαόπτολιν, ἄχρι δικάζει 395  
 Βηρυτὸς βιότοιο γαληναιόιο τιθίῃ  
 γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ ποίτον, ἀκαμπεῖ τείχεϊ θεσμῶν  
 ἄστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτόλις αὔστεα κόσμου.”

Καὶ θεός, ὅπποτε πᾶσαν Ὀφιονίην μάθεν ὁμφὴν,  
 εἰς ἑὸν οἶκον ἔβαινε παλινδρομος· ἐξομείνου δὲ 400  
 υἱέος ἐγγυὺς ἔθηκεν ἔην χρυσήλατον ἰδρην,  
 καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλουῖσα γαληνιόωιτι προσώπῳ  
 πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γέγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,  
 γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἀμφότερον δὲ  
 καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ 405

\* The Phoenician alphabet, which the Greeks borrowed (traditionally through Cadmos), had signs for consonants only; the brilliant Greek innovation was to use some of these signs, which represented consonants which did not exist in Greek, for vowels. They thus invented the first complete alphabet of human history.

† The list rationalizes: Endymion, beloved of the Moon, becomes a skilful astronomer, and the twy-formed Cecrops

of correct speech <sup>a</sup> ; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>385</sup> Now the Paphian, after all these manifold wonders of the Muse, scanned the various deeds of the scattered cities ; and on the written tablet which lay in the midst on the circuit of the universe, she found these words of wisdom inscribed in many lines of Grecian verse :

<sup>389</sup> " When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroë he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battlestirring Cleopatra. For before that, citysacking violence will never cease to shake citysaving peace, until Berytos the nurse of quiet life does justice on land and sea, fortifying the cities with the unshakable wall of law, one city for all cities of the world." <sup>c</sup>

<sup>399</sup> Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to her own house. She placed her own goldwrought throne beside the place where her son sat, and throwing an arm round his waist, with quiet countenance opened her glad arms to receive the boy and held the dear burden on her knees ; she kissed both his lips and eyes, touched his mind-

(*cf.* 59) is the person who first united the two contrasting natures of man and woman in a durable union. To do Nonnos justice, he did not originate these sillinesses.

<sup>c</sup> Berytos was destroyed by Tryphon in 140 B.C. in his rivalry with Antiochos VII. It recovered, became a town of the Roman Empire, and was renowned for its schools, especially of law. Octavian (afterwards Augustus) defeated Cleopatra at Actium in 31 B.C.

ἀπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφύωσα φρέττην,  
 οἶά περ ἀσχαλώωσα, δολόφρονα ῥίχματο φωτὴν·  
 " Ἐλπίς ὅλου βιότοιο, παραΐφασις ἀφρογενείης,  
 νηλεὲς ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μοῖνα Κρονίων·  
 ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης 410  
 δριμὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθίος τοκετοῖο  
 Ἄρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγιστα ποικίλα πάσχει  
 ἀχτυμένη· κούρην δὲ μογοστόκον ἔλλαχε Λητώ,  
 Ἄρτεμιν Εὐλείθυιαν, ἀρηγόνα θηλυτεράων.  
 τέκνον Ἄμυμώνης ὁμογάστριον, οὐ σε διδάξω, 415  
 ὥς λάχον ἐξ ἁλὸς αἷμα καὶ αἰθέρος· ἀλλὰ τελείσαι  
 ἤθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσση  
 οὐρανόθεν γεγαυῖα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξω·  
 ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλει σεῖο . . . τιταίνων  
 θέλγε θεούς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσον βίλος εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ 120  
 πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,  
 ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων  
 δῶρον ἐκηβολίης ἐπεικικότα μισθὸν ὁπάσσω·  
 δώσω σοι χρυσέην γαμίνην χέλυν, ἣν παρὰ παστῶ  
 Ἄρμονίῃ πόρε Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἐγγυαλίζω 425  
 ἄστεος ἐσσομένου μηνμήιον, ὅφρα κεν εἴης  
 καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύπος,  
 ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων."

bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words :

<sup>408</sup> " You hope of all life ! You cajoler of the Foamborn ! Cronion is a cruel tyrant to my children alone ! After nine full months of hard travail I brought forth Harmonia, suffering the bitter pangs of painful childbirth ; and now she suffers all sorts of grief and tribulation. But Leto has borne Artemis Eileithyia, the Lady of Travail, the ally of woman-kind. You Amynone's <sup>a</sup> brother, son of the same mother, need not to be told how I got my blood from brine and ether ; but I would perform a worthy deed, and being born of heaven, I will plant heaven on earth beside the sea my mother. Come then—for your sister's beauty draw your bow <sup>b</sup> and bewitch the gods, or say, shoot one shaft and hit with the same shot Poseidon and vinegod Lyaïos, Blessed Ones both. I will give you a gift for your long shot which will be a proper wage worthy of your feat—I will give you the marriage harp of gold, which Phoibos gave to Harmonia at the door of the bridal chamber ; I will place it in your hands in memory of a city to be, that you may be not only an archer, but a harpist, just like Apollo."

<sup>a</sup> Otherwise unknown, not daughter of Danaos.

<sup>b</sup> A line has fallen out paraphrasing the word " bow."

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ δεῦτερον, ἤχι λιγαίνω  
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἡμερον ἐνθουσιαίου.

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε· μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδῶν  
θερμὸς Ἔρως ἀκίχητος ὑπηνέμιον πόδα πάλλων  
ὑψινεφῆς πτερόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταραῶ,  
τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ  
μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεχάλαστο φαρίτρῃ. 5  
ὥς δ' ὁπότε ἀννεφέλοιο δι' αἰθέρος ὄξυς ὀδίτης  
ἐκταδίῳ σπινθῆρι τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ἀστήρ,  
ἢ στρατιῇ πολέμοιο φέρων τέρας ἢ τι νούτῃ,  
αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῶτον ὀπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὀλκῶ·  
ὥς τότε τοῦρος Ἔρως πεφορημένος ὄξεί ροίζῳ, 10  
παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων,  
ἡερόθεν ροίζησε· καὶ Ἀσσυρίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ  
ἔμπυρα δισσὰ βέλεμνα μὴ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,  
παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίον εἰς πόθον ἔλκων  
διχθαδίους μνηστῆρας ὁμοζήλων ὑμειναίων, 15  
δαίμονα βοτρυόεϊτα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα θαλάσσης.

Τῆμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπὼν ἀλιγεΐτονος ὄρμου,  
ὃς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἔσω Λιβάνιοιο καρῆνων  
ἦντεον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῖο δὲ δίφρου  
πόρδαλιν ἰδρώοντα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδων, 20  
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## BOOK XLII

The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

HE obeyed her request ; treading on Time's heels hot Love swiftly sped, plying his feet into the wind, high in the clouds scoring the air with winged step, and carried his flaming bow ; the quiver too, filled with gentle fire, hung down over his shoulder. As when a star stretches straight with a long trail of sparks, a swift traveller through the unclouded sky, bringing a portent for a warhost or some sailor man, and streaks the back of the upper air with a wake of fire—so went furious Eros in a swift rush, and his wings beat the air with a sharp whirring sound that whistled down from the sky. Then near the Assyrian rock he united two fiery arrows on one string, to bring two wooers into like desire for the love of a maid, rivals for one bride, the vinegod and the ruler of the sea.

<sup>17</sup> Meanwhile one came from the deep waters of the sea-neighbouring roadstead, and one left the land of Tyre, and among the mountains of Lebanon the two met in one place. Maron loosed the panther sweating from the yoke of his awful car, and brushed off the dust

καὶ κόνιν ἐξετίναξε καὶ ἔκλυσεν ὕδατι πηγῆς  
 θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.  
 ἔνθα μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἔρως ἐπὶ γείτοσι κούρη  
 δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάοισι βάλλεν διστῶ,  
 βακχεύσας Διόνυσον ἄγειν κειμήλια νύμφῃ, 25  
 εὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οἶνοπα βότρυν ὁπώρης,  
 οἰστρήσας δ' ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης  
 διπλόον ἔδιον ἔρωτος ἄγειν ἀλιγείτοσι κούρη,  
 ναύμαχον ὕγρον Ἄρην καὶ αἰόλα δαίπνα τραπέζης.  
 καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόον οἶνος ἐγείρει 30  
 εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἄφροσι κέντρῳ  
 θελγομένην ἀχάλιον ἔχων πειθήνιον ἡβην.  
 Βάκχον Ἔρως τόξευεν, ὅλον βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξας  
 ἔφλεγε δ', ὅσσον ἔθελγεν ἐπιστάξας μέλι πειθοῦς.  
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἰστρησε· δι' αἰθερίης δὲ κελεύθου 35  
 κυκλώσας βαλίοισιν ὁμόδρομον ἵχτιος ἀήταις  
 νηχομένῳ νόθος ὄρνις αἰτηώρητο πεδίῳ,  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων φιλοκέρτομον· "ἀνέρας οὔτω  
 εἰ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀρίνω."

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων 40  
 ἄβρον ἐυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρε νύμφης,  
 θάμβος ἔχων ὀχετηγὸν ἐς ἡμερον· ἀρχομένων δὲ  
 ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγίνετο πορθμὸς Ἑρώτων.  
 πλάζετο μὲν Διόνυσος ἔσω τερψίφροισι ὕλης,  
 λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιταίνων, 45  
 καὶ κατὰ βαιὸν ὀπισθεν ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦε κούρης·  
 οὐδέ οἱ εἰσορόωντι κόρος πέλεν· ἰσταμένην γάρ  
 παρθένον ὅσσον ὅπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἤθελε λείψσειν.  
 καὶ Κλυμένης φιλότητος ἀναμνήσας πρόμον ἀστρων  
 Ἥελιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόιων ἐπὶ δῖφρων 50  
 αἰθερίῳ στατὸν ἵππον ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλινῷ  
 μηκύνειν γλυκὺ φέγγος, ἵνα βραδὺς εἰς δῦσιν ἔλθῃ

and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life's merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

<sup>40</sup> The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heartrejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroë, and followed the girl's path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go

φειδομένη μάστιγι παλιμφυῖς ἡμαρ ἀέξων.  
καὶ Βερόης μετρηδὸν ἐπ' ἱχνισιν ἱχθὺς ἐρείδων,  
οἷά περ ἀγνώσσω, περιδέδρομεν· ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ 63  
ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἱχθὺς ὑποκλέπτων ἐισσίχθων  
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ βραδυπειθεί χάζετο ταραῶ,  
καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὁμοῖον εἶχε θαλάσση,  
κύμασι παφλάζοιτα πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνης.

Καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἴσω Λιβανηίδος ὕλης 60  
οἰώθη Διόνυσος ἐρημαίῃ παρὰ νύμφῃ,  
οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὀρειάδες εἶπατε Νύμφαι,  
τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἢ χρῶα κούρης  
μοῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοσιγαίου; 64  
καὶ κύσε νηρίθμοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἔρπων 71  
χῶρον, ὅπη πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἦν ἐπάτησε κοινὴν  
παρθενικὴ ροδόεντι καταυγάζουσα πεδίλῳ·  
καὶ γλυκὺν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο,

καὶ σφυρὰ κούρης  
νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις ὥπασε νύμφῃ, 73  
κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις εὔρε· καὶ οὐ ξαιθόχροι κόσμῳ  
χρिसαμένη Βερόη ροδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου  
ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόθῳ σπιυθῆρι παρειάς,  
οὐ χρὸς ἀντιτύποιο διανυγεί μάρτυρι χαλκῷ  
μιμηλῆς ἐγέλασσε·ν ἐς ἄπνοον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς 80  
κάλλος ἐὼν κρίνουσα, καὶ οὐ τεχνημοῖν θεσμῷ  
πολλάκις ἰσάζουσα παρ' ὀφρύσιν ἄκρα κομῶων  
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθειρῆς.  
ἀλλὰ γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλέον ὀξεί κέντρῳ  
ἀγλαῖται κλοιέουσιν ἀκηδέστοιο προσώπου, 85  
καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκοσμήτοιο καρῆνου  
ἄβρότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτ' ἀπλεκέες καὶ ἀλῆται  
χιονέω στιχόωσι παρήγοροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.

Καὶ ποτε διψήσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγὴν,

slow to his setting and with sparing whip increase the day to shine again. Pressing measured step by step in Beroë's tracks the god passed round her as if noticing nothing ; while Earthshaker stole from Lebanon with lingering feet, and departed with steps slow to obey, turning again and again, his mind shifting like the sea and rippling with billows of ever-murmuring care.

<sup>60</sup> Unsated, in the delicious forests of Lebanon, Dionysos was left alone beside the lonely girl. Dionysos was left alone ! Tell me, Oreiad Nymphs, what could he wish for more lovely than to see the maiden's flesh, alone, and free from lovesick Earthshaker ? He kissed with a million kisses the place where she set her foot, creeping up secretly, and kissed the dust where the maiden had trod making it bright with her shoes of roses. Bacchos watched the girl's sweet neck, her ankles as she walked, beauty which nature had given her, the beauty which nature had made : for no ruddy ornament for the skin had Beroë smeared on her round rosy face, no meretricious rouge put a false blush on her cheeks. She consulted no shining mirror of bronze with its reflection a witness of her looks, she laughed at no lifeless form of a mimic face to estimate her beauty, she was not for ever arranging the curls over her brows, and setting in place some stray wandering lock of hair by her eyebrows with cunning touch. But the natural beauties of a face confound the desperate lover with far sharper sting, and the untidy tresses of an unbedizened head are all the more dainty, when they stray unbraided down the sides of a snow-white face.

<sup>89</sup> Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of

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<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 246, for lines 65-70.

οὐρανίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένη Κυτὸς ἀτμῶ, 90  
 χεῖλεσι καρχαλέοισι· καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρῆνῳ  
 κάμπτετο κυρτωθεῖσα, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκι κούρη  
 χερσὶ βαθυνομένησιν ἀρίετο πάτριον ἔδωρ,  
 ἄχρι κορεσσαμένη λίπε νάματα· χαζομένης δὲ 95  
 ἡμερτῇ Διόινσος ὑποκλίνας γοῖν πηγῇ  
 κοιλαίνων παλάμας ἑρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,  
 νέκταρος αὐτοχύτοιο πιὼν γλυκεριώτερον ἔδωρ.  
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθου δεδοημένον οἴστρῳ  
 πηγαίῃ βαθύκολπος ἀσάμβυλος ἴαχε Νύμφη·  
 “Ψυχρὸν ἔδωρ, Διόινσε, μάτην πῖες·

οὐ δύναται γὰρ 100

σβέσσαι δίψαν ἔρωτος ὅλος ῥόος Ὀλκαιοῖο.  
 εἶρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἶδμα περήσας  
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἡμερόεν πῦρ,  
 ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον ἔκαμινεν ἐν ὕδασι· ὑγροπόρου δὲ  
 μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἐρωτος ἔχεις Ἀλφειὸν ἀλήτην, 105  
 ὅττι τόσοις ῥοθίοισι δι’ ὕδατος ὕδατα σύρων  
 οὐ φύγε θερμὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης.”

Ὡς φαμένη πηγαῖον ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ἔδωρ  
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεγγελόωσα Λυαίῳ.

καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδοιτι Ποσειδάωνι μεγαίρων 110  
 εἶχε φόβον καὶ ζῆλον, ἐπεὶ πῖε παρθένος ἔδωρ  
 ἀντὶ μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἡέρα ῥήξατο φωνήν,  
 οἶά περ εἰσαΐουσαν ἔχων πειθήμονα κούρην·

“Παρθένε, δέχινυσο νέκταρ·

ἔα φιλοπάρθεινον ἔδωρ·

φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σείῃ κορείην 115  
 ὕδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ὕδασι κυανοχαίτης,  
 ὅττι γυναιμανέων δολόεις πέλε· Θεσσαλίδος δὲ

the fiery Dog of heaven, the girl sought out a neighbouring spring with parched lips ; the girl bent down her curving neck and stooped her head, dipping a hand again and again and scooping the water of her own country to her mouth, until she had enough and left the rills. When she was gone, Dionysos would bend his knee to the lovely spring, and hollow his palms in mimicry of the beloved girl : then he drank water sweeter than selfpoured nectar. And the unshod deep-bosomed nymph of the spring, seeing him struck by the sting of desire, would say :

<sup>100</sup> “ Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you ; for all the stream of Oceanos cannot quench the thirst of love. Ask your own father ! Europa’s bridegroom traversed that wide gulf and yet did not quench the fire of longing, but he suffered still more on the waters. Witness wandering Alpheios,<sup>a</sup> whom you see the servant of waterfaring love, in that trailing water through water in all those floods he escaped not hot love, though he was a watery traveller ! ”

<sup>108</sup> So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaïos, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body.<sup>b</sup> And the god grudging at Poseidon ruler of the waves felt fear and jealousy, since the maiden drank water and not wine. He uttered his voice to the unhearing air, as if the girl were there to hear and obey :

<sup>114</sup> “ Maiden, accept the nectar—leave this water that maidens love ! Avoid the water of the spring, lest Seabluehair steal your maidenhood in the water—for a mad lover and a crafty one he is ! You know

<sup>a</sup> See on xxxvii. 173.

<sup>b</sup> This, if anything, is what the curious Greek phrase seems to mean.



Τυροῦς οἶδας ἔρωτα καὶ ὑγροπόρους ὑμειαίους·  
καὶ σὺ ῥόον δολόειντα φυλάσσειο, μὴ σέο μήτρη  
ψευδαλέος λύσειε, γαμοκλόπος ὥς περ Ἐπιεύς. 120  
ἤθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος, ὡς ἐισίχθων,  
καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ  
διψαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηίδα Τυρώ·"

Εἶπε θεός· μελέων δὲ μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμειψας,  
ὅππόθι παρθένος ἦεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην 125  
Εὖιος ἀγρευτῆρι πανείκελος· ἀβροκόμῳ δὲ  
ἀλλοφυῆς ἄγνωστος ὁμίλειεν ἄζυγι κούρῃ  
εἵκελος ἡβητῆρι, καὶ ἀκλινὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
ψευδαλέον μίμημα σαόφροινος ἔπλασεν αἰδοῦς·  
καὶ πῇ μὲν σκοπίαζεν ἐρημάδος ἄκρον ἐρίπνης, 130  
πῇ δὲ τανυπτόρθοιο βαθύσκιον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,  
εἰς πίτυν ὄμμα φέρων λεληθμένον, ἄλλοτε πεύκην  
ἢ πτελέην ἐδόκευε· φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου  
ὄμμασι λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρκετο γείτονα κούρην,  
μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειε μετὰτροπος· ἡιθέω γάρ 135  
κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ἡλικος ὄμματα κούρης  
Κυπριδίων ἐλάχεια παραίφασίς ἐστίν Ἑρώτων.

Καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἦλθε καὶ ἤθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι,  
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέδητο· φιλεΐε, πῇ σέο θύρσοι  
ἀνδροφόνοι; πῇ φρικτὰ κεράατα; πῇ σέο χαίτη 140  
γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφέων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ δρακόντων;  
πῇ στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομον; ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,  
παρθένον ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὃν ἔτρεμε φύλα Γιγάντων·  
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἑρώτων·  
τοσσατίων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰιδῶν, 145  
καὶ μίαν ἡμερόεσσαν ἀνάλκιδα δεῖδιε κούρην,  
δεῖδιε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλόχροον· ἐν δὲ κολῳναῖς

the love of Thessalian Tyro <sup>a</sup> and her wedding in the waters ; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver loose your girdle just as the wedding-thief Enipeus did. O that I also might become a flood, like Earthshaker, and murmuring might embrace my own Tyro of Lebanon, thirsty and careless beside the lovestricken spring ! ”

<sup>124</sup> So the god spoke ; and changing his form for another he plunged into the shady thicket where the maiden was, Euaios wholly like a hunter ; in a new and unknown aspect he joined the soft-haired unyoked maid, like a youth, moulding a false image of modesty with steady looks on his face. Now he surveyed the peak of a lonely rock, now he spied into the long-branching trees on the uplands, turning an eager eye on a pine or again inspecting a fir-tree, or an elm—but with cautious countenance and stolen glances he watched the girl so close to him, lest she should turn and run away ; for beauty and the eyes of a girl of his own age have little consolation to a lad who gazes at her for the loves which the Cyprian sends.

<sup>138</sup> He came near to Beroë and would have spoken a word, but fear held him fast. God of jubilation, where is your manslaying thyrsus ? Where your frightful horns ? Where the green snaky ropes of earth-fed serpents in your hair ? Where is your heavy-booming bellow ? See a great miracle—Bacchos trembling before a maid, Bacchos before whom the tribes of the giants trembled ! Love’s fear has conquered the destroyer of giants. He mowed down all that warmad nation of the Indians, and he fears one weak lovely girl, fears a tender woman. On the

<sup>a</sup> She loved the river Enipeus ; Poseidon enjoyed her by taking the river god’s shape. See *Od.* xi. 235 ff.

θηρονόμῳ νάρθηκι κατεπρήνυε λεόντων  
 φρικαλέον μύκημα, καὶ ἔτρεμε θῆλυν ἀπειλήν·  
 καὶ οἱ ἐριπτοίητον ὑπὸ στόμα μῦθος ἀλήτης 150  
 γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐτιταίνεται χειλεὶ γείτων,  
 ἐκ φρενὸς αἰσσων καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἔρπων·  
 ἀλλὰ φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδῆμοι σιγῇ  
 εἰς φάος ἐσσυμείτην παλινάγρετον ἔσπασε φωτὴν.  
 καὶ μόγις ὑστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας 155  
 αἰδοῦς ἀμβολιεργὸν ἀπαισφήκωσε σιωπῇ,  
 καὶ Βερόην ἐρέεινε χέων ψευδήμοια φωτὴν·

“ Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα;

τίς ἦρπασε σείο φαρέτρη;

πῇ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα;  
 πῇ σέο κείνα πέδιλα, θωώτερα κυκλάδος αὔρης; 160  
 πῇ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων; πῇ δίκτυα; πῇ κίνες ἀργαί;  
 οὐ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόον· οὐκ ἐθέλεις γὰρ  
 ἀγρώσσειν, ὅθι Κύπρις Ἀδωνίδος ἐγγὺς ἰαίνει.”

Ἔινεπε θάμβος ἔχων ἀπατήλιον· ἐν κραδίῳ δὲ  
 παρθενικὴ μεῖδῃσεν· ἀπειροκάκιω δὲ μεινοῖη 165  
 αὐχένα γαῦρον αἶρεν ἀγαλλομείη χάριν ἡβης,  
 ὅττι, γυνὴ περ εὐῶσα, φυτὴν ἤκτο θεαίῃ·  
 οὐδὲ δόλον γίνωσκε νοοπλανέος Διονύσου.

καὶ πλέον ἄχιντο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη 166  
 νήπιον ἡθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἡθελεν, ὄφρα δαεῖη 171

οἷστρον ἐὼν βαρύμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης 170

ὄψιμος ἡθέω περιλείπεται ἐλπὶς Ἑρώτων 172

ἐσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ’ ἀπρήκτω δὲ μεινοῖη  
 ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσιν, ὅτ’ ἀγνώσσουσι γυναῖκες.

Καὶ θεὸς ἡμαρ ἐπ’ ἡμαρ ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης 175  
 δεῖελος, εἰς μέσον ἡμαρ, Ἑώιος, Ἑσπερος ἔρπων,  
 παρθενικῇ παρέμιμνε, καὶ ἡθελεν εἰσέτι μίμνειν·

mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman's threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips—it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroë in a voice of pretence,

<sup>158</sup> “Artemis, where are your arrows? Who has stolen your quiver? Where did you leave the tunic you wear, just covering the knees? Where are those boots quicker than the whirling wind? Where is your company in attendance? Where are your nets? Where your fleet hounds? You are not making ready for chase of the pricket, for you do not wish to hunt where Cypris is sleeping beside Adonis.”

<sup>164</sup> So he spoke, feigning astonishment, and the maiden smiled in her heart; she lifted a proud neck in unsuspecting pleasure, rejoicing in her youthful freshness, because she, a mortal woman, was likened to a goddess in beauty, and did not see the trick of mindconfusing Dionysos. But Bacchos was yet more affected, because the girl in her childish simplicity knew not desire; he wished she might learn his own overpowering passion, since when the girl knows, there is always hope for the lad that love will come at last, but when women do not notice, man's desire is only a fruitless anxiety.

<sup>175</sup> Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait;

πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ' αἰδράσιν, ἡδέος ὕπνου  
 μολπῆς τ' εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὕππότε κάμπτεται αἰτῆρ  
 εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστήρα· γυναιμανέοντι δὲ μοῦνῳ 190  
 οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων· ἐψεύσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου.

Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχάτο σιωπῇ,  
 δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι τετυμμένος, εἶδοθι πῆσσω  
 κρυπτὸν ἀκοιμήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἑρώτων.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχητος ἔσω πλαταμῶνος ὀδεύων 193  
 ἐσμὸν ὀρεσσινόμενῳ παρεμέτρειν ἠθάδα ταύρων 194  
 οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχημ 197  
 βουτύπος ὀξυόεντι μύσῳ ἐχαράσσειτο κέντρῳ 199  
 ἀπροΐδης, ὀλίγῳ δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἰστρῳ 198  
 τηλίκος ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὄρθιον ὑφ' ὀπί κώτου 190  
 ἂψ ἀνασειράζων παλαιάγρατον ἔσπασεν οὐρῇ  
 κυρτὸς ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ράχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ  
 ὀξὺ κέρας δόχμωσεν αἰνούτατον ἡέρα τύπτων·  
 οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἔστεφε πολλὰκι νίκη,  
 βαιὸς Ἑρῳς οἰστρησε βαλὼν παιθελγίᾳ κέντρῳ. 196

Ὅψ' ἐδὲ μαστεύων γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην  
 Πανὶ δασυστέρνῳ Παφίης ἐγκύμοι μύθῳ  
 Κυπριδίην ἄγρυπνον εἶν ἀνέβαινεν ἀνάγκην,  
 καὶ βουλὴν ἐρέεινεν, ἀλεξήπειραν Ἑρώτων.  
 καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυριπνεύσοντας ἀκούων 200  
 Πὰν κερόεις ἐγέλασε, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μεινοῦν  
 οἰκτεῖρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος· εἶπε δὲ βουλὴν  
 Κυπριδίην· ὀλίγην δὲ παραΐφασιν εἶχεν Ἑρώτων  
 ἄλλον ἰδὼν φλεχθέντα μῆς σπυιθῆρι φαρέτρης·

“ Ξυνὰ παθῶν, φίλε Βάκχε,

τίας ὤκτειρα μερίμνας· 203  
 καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἑρῳς θρασὺς; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

\* Hom. II. xiii. 636: "Sleep and love are very sweet,

for men can have enough of all things, of sweet sleep and melodious song, and when one turns in the moving dance—but only the man mad for love never has enough of his longing; Homer's book did not tell the truth! <sup>a</sup>

<sup>182</sup> Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering over the flats past the well-known swarm of hillranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees unnoticed: how small the sting that strikes, how vast the bulk of the routed beast! he lifts the tail straight over his back and lashes back, bends and scratches his chine on the rocks, and darts a sharp horn at his side striking only the unwounded elastic air—so Dionysos, crowned so often with victory, was pricked by little Love and his allbewitching sting.

<sup>196</sup> At length, seeking a sweet medicine for love, he disclosed to bushybreasted Pan in words full of passion the unsleeping constraint of his desire, and craved advice to defend him against love. Horned Pan laughed aloud, when he heard the firebreathing torments of Bacchos, but, a luckless lover himself, heartbroken he pitied one unhappy in love, and gave him love-advice; it was a small alleviation of his own love to see another burnt with a spark from the same quiver:

<sup>205</sup> "We are companions in suffering, friend Bacchos, and I pity your feelings. How comes it that bold Love has conquered you too? If I dare to say

song and dance with tripping feet, yet a time comes when they pall, you can have enough of all—but these Trojans never can have enough of war!"



εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Διόινυσον Ἔρκως ἐκένωσε φαρίτρην.  
 ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίοιο πολύτροπον ἦθος ἐνίψω.  
 πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθέει πλέον ἀνέρος, αἰδομένη δὲ  
 κεύθει κέντρον Ἐρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτῇ, 210  
 καὶ μογέει πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ σπιυθῆρες Ἐρώτων  
 θερμότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναῖκες  
 ἐνδόμυχον πραπίδεςσι πεπαρμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων.  
 καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἀλλήλησι πόθων εἰέπουσιν ἀνάγκην,  
 λυσιπόνοις ὁάροισιν ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας 215  
 Κυπριδίας. σὺ δέ, Βάκχε, τεῶν ὀχετιγόν Ἐρώτων  
 μιμηλῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήλιον αἰδοῦς,  
 οἶα σαοφρονέουσαν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὤπωπῆν,  
 ὥς αἰέκων Βερόης σχεδὸν ἴστασο· καὶ λίνα πάλλων  
 θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ροδοειδέα δέρκεο κούρην, 220  
 κάλλος ἐπαυήσας, ὅτι τηλίκον οὐ λάχεν Ἥρη, 221  
 καὶ Χάριτας κίκλησκε χερσίονας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ 222  
 μορφῇ μῶμον ἄναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης, 223  
 καὶ Βερόην ἀγόρευε φαιειοτέρην Ἀφροδίτης·  
 κούρῃ δ' εἰσαΐουσα τετὴν ψευδήμοινα μομφὴν  
 αἶνω τερπομένη πλέον ἴσταται· οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ  
 ὄλβον ὅλον χρύσειον, ὅσον ροδέης περὶ μορφῆς  
 εἰσαΐειν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἡλικος ἥβης. 230  
 παρθενικὴν δ' ἐς ἔρωτα νοῖήμοι βέλγε σιωπῇ, 231  
 κινυμένων βλεφάρων αἰτώπια νεύματα πέμπων· 232  
 πεπταμένη δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδεῖ χειρὶ πατάξας 233  
 ψευδαλέον σέο θάμβος ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ. 234  
 ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθέπει σε σαόφροινος ἐγγίθι κούρης· 235  
 εἰπέ, τί σοὶ ῥέξει μία παρθένος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει, 236  
 οὐ ροδέῃ παλάμη ταινύει βέλος· ἔγχεια κούρης  
 ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγάασιν ἀκοιτιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,  
 παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ροδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.



so, Eros has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos ! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

<sup>209</sup> " Every woman has greater desire than the man, but shamefast she hides the sting of love, though mad for love herself ; and she suffers much more, since the sparks of love become hotter when women conceal in their bosoms the piercing arrow of love. Indeed, when they tell each other of the force of desire, their gossip is meant to soothe the pain and deceive their voluptuous longings. And you, Bacchos, must wear a deceptive blush of pretended shame to carry your love along. You must keep an unsmiling countenance as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroë as if by mere chance. Hold your nets in hand, and look at the rosy girl with pretended amazement, praising her beauty ; say that not Hera has the like, call the Graces less fair, find fault with the good looks of both Artemis and Athena, tell Beroë she is more brilliant than Aphrodite. Then the girl when she hears your feigned faultfinding, stands there more delighted with your praise ; more than mountains of gold she would hear about her rosy comeliness, how her beauty surpasses all the friends of her youth. Charm the maiden to love with a meaning silence. Let your eyelids move, send wink and beck towards her. Open your hand and slap your brow without mercy, and show your feigned amazement by prudent silence. You will say, fear restrains you in the presence of a modest maid ; tell me, what will a lonely girl do to you ? She shakes no spear, she draws no shaft with that rosy hand <sup>a</sup> ; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are

<sup>a</sup> Nonnos, or Pan, has forgotten that Beroë was a huntress.

ἔδνα δὲ σοῖο πόθοιο, τῆς κειμήλια νύμφης,  
 μὴ λίθον Ἰνδῶν, μὴ μάργαρα χειρὶ τινάξης,  
 οἷα γυναιμανέοντι πέλει θέμις· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ 240  
 ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφίος δὲ  
 κάλλεος ἰμεῖρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοῖο γυναῖκες.  
 μαρτυρίης ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀβροκόμου γὰρ  
 ποῖα παρ' Ἐιδυμῖωτος ἐδέξατο δῶρα Σελήτη;  
 Κύπριδι ποῖον Ἄδωνις ἐδείκνυν ἔδιον Ἑρώτων; 245  
 ἄργυρον Ὠρίων οὐκ ὤπασεν ἡριγενεΐη·  
 οὐ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον·

ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῖνος  
 χωλὸς ἐὼν Ἥφαιστος ἀθελγέος εἵκεκα μορφῆς  
 ὤπασε ποικίλα δῶρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην·  
 οὐ πέλεκυς χραίσμησε λεχώιος· ἀλλὰ θεαίνης 250  
 ἰμεῖρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ζυγίων ἱμεναίων  
 φέρτερον, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, θελκτῆριον ἄλλο διδάξω·  
 βάρβιτα χειρὶ λίγαινε, τῆς ἀναθήματα Ῥεῖης,  
 Κύπριδος ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα παροίνιον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ  
 πλήκτροις καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἑτερόθροον ἡχώ, 255  
 Δάφνην πρῶτον ᾄειδε καὶ ἀσταθείος δρόμον Ἥχοῦς  
 καὶ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης,  
 ὅττι θεοὺς ποθέοντας ἀπέστυγον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν  
 μέλπε Πίτυν φυγόδεμιον,

ὀρειάσι σῖνδρομον αὖραις,  
 Πανὸς ἀλυσκάζουσαν αἰνυμφεύτους ἱμεναίους· 260  
 μέλπε μόρον φθιμένης αὐτόχθοια· μέμψο γαίῃ.  
 καὶ τάχα δακρύσειε γοήμονος ἄλγεα νύμφης  
 καὶ μόρον οἰκτεῖρουσα· σὺ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ

those rose-red girlish cheeks. For lovegifts to be treasures for your bride, do not display the Indian jewel, or pearls, as is the way of mad lovers; for to get love, your own handsome shape is enough—to touch your beautiful body is what women want, not gold!

<sup>243</sup> “I need no other testimony—what gifts did Selene take from soft-haired Endymion? What love-gift did Adonis produce for Cypris? Orion<sup>a</sup> gave no silver to Dawn; Cephalos<sup>b</sup> provided no delectable wealth; but the only one it seems who did offer handsome gifts was Hephaistos, being lame, to make up for his unattractive looks, and then he failed to persuade Athena—his birth-delivering axe did not help him, but he missed the goddess he wanted.

<sup>251</sup> “But there is a stronger charm for wedded union, which I will teach you if you like. Twang the lyre which was dedicated to your Rheia, the delicate treasure of Cypris beside the winecup. Pour out the varied sounds together, voice and striker! Sing first Daphne,<sup>c</sup> sing the erratic course of Echo,<sup>d</sup> and the answering note of the goddess who never fails to speak, for these two despised the desire of gods. Yes, and sing also of Pitys<sup>e</sup> who hated marriage, who fled fast as the wind over the mountains to escape the unlawful wooing of Pan, and her fate—how she disappeared into the soil herself; put the blame on the Earth! Then she may perhaps lament the sorrows and the fate of the wailing nymph; but you must let your heart rejoice in silence, as you see the honey-

<sup>a</sup> One of the numerous lovers of Eos; same as Orion the hunter.

<sup>b</sup> An Attic hero, husband of Procris, loved by Eos.

<sup>c</sup> Cf. ii. 108.

<sup>d</sup> Cf. ii. 119.

<sup>e</sup> Cf. ii. 108.

μυρομένης ὁρόων μελιηδέα δίκρυα κούρης  
 οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοῖος, ἐπεὶ πλείον οὔσι μορφῇ 263  
 ἱμερταὶ γεγύασι, ὅτε στενίχουσι γυναῖκες.  
 μέλπον ἔρωμανέουσιν ἐπ' Ἐιδυμῶνι Σιλήτην,  
 μέλπε γάμον χαρίειςτος Ἀδώνιδος, εἰπέ καὶ αὐτὴν  
 αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδιλον ἀλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,  
 νυμφίον ἰχνεύουσιν ὀριδρομον· οὐδέ σε φεύγει 270  
 πατρίων αἶουσα μελίφρονα θεσμόν Ἑρώτων.  
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάντα,

δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιφαύσκω·  
 ἀλλὰ με καὶ σὺ διδάξον ἐμῆς θελκτῆριον Ἥχοις."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παῖδα Θυώτης. 274  
 καὶ δολίην Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὄπωπην 63

παρθενικὴν ἐρέεινεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀμφὶ τοκῆς,  
 ὡς φίλος, ὡς ὁμόθηρος ὀριδρομος· ἰσταμένης δὲ  
 στήθεϊ χεῖρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἄκρα δὲ μίτρης  
 ὡς ἀέκων ἔθλιψεν· ἐπιφαίνουσα δὲ μαζῶν  
 δεξιτερὴ νάρκησε γυναιμαγείος Διοτύσου. 70

καὶ ποτε νηπιάχοισιν ἐν ἤθεσιν εἶρτο κούρη 273  
 υἱὰ Διὸς παρεόντα, τίς ἔπλετο καὶ τίνος εἴη·

καὶ πρόφασιν μόγισ εὔρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης  
 ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα καὶ ὄμπνια λήια γαίης

καὶ δροσερὸν λειμῶνα καὶ αἰόλα δείδρα δοκεύων 280  
 ἦθεσι κερδαλέοισι· καί, οἷά τε γηπείος ἀνὴρ,  
 ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντῳ φάτο φωνῇ·

"Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος· ἦν ἐβελήσης,  
 ἀρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἐγὼ σέο καρπὸν ἀέξω.

Ὡράων πισύρων νοέω δρόμον· ἰσταμένην δὲ  
 νύσσαν ὀπιπεύων φθινοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω· 283

Ἵσκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κῆρυξ  
 αὐλακος εὐκάρποιο· βόας ζεύξωμεν ἀρότρῳ.

sweet tears of the sorrowing maid. No laugh was ever like that, since women become more desirable with that ruddy flush when they mourn. Sing Selene madly in love with Endymion, sing the wedding of graceful Adonis, sing Aphrodite herself wandering dusty and unshod, and tracking her bridegroom over the hills. Beroë will not run away from you when she hears the honeyhearted lovestories of her home. There you have all I can tell you, Bacchos, for your unhappy love ! Now you tell me something to charm my Echo."

<sup>274</sup> Having said his say, he dismissed the son of Thyone comforted. Then Dionysos put on a serious look, the trickster ! and questioned the maiden about her father Adonis, as a friend of his, as a fellow-hunter among the hills. She stood still, he brought a longing hand near her breast, and stroked her belt as if not thinking what he did : but touching her breast, the lovesick god's right hand grew numb. Once in her childlike way, the girl asked the son of Zeus beside her who he was and who was his father. With much ado he found an excuse, when he saw before the portals of Aphrodite the vineyard and the bounteous harvest of the land, the dewy meadow and all the trees ; and in the cunning of his mind, he made as if he were a farm-labourer and spoke of wedding in words that meant more than they said :

<sup>282</sup> " I am a countryman of your Lebanon. If it is your pleasure, I will water your land, I will grow your corn. I understand the course of the four Seasons. When I see the limit of autumn is here, I will call aloud—' Scorpion is rising with his bounteous plenty, he is the herald of a fruitful furrow, let us yoke oxen

Πηλιάδες δύνουσι· πότε' σπείρωμεν ἀρούρας;  
 αὐλακες ὠδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει  
 αὐομένην Φαέθοιτι.<sup>1</sup> καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἐγγὺς Ἀμάξης 290  
 χείματος ὀμβρήσαιτος ἰδὼν Ἀρκτοῦρον ἐνίψω·  
 ὁδυαλέη ποτὲ γαῖα Διὸς νυμφεύεται ὀμβρῷ.  
 εἶαρος αἰτέλλοιτος εἰώιος εἰς σὲ βοήσω·  
 ἄνθεα σεῖο τέθηλε· πότε κρίνα καὶ ῥόδα τιλλω; 294  
 ἠνίδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτοσι μέρτι,  
 πῶς γελάει ἰάρκισσος ἐπιθρύσκων ἀνιμώνη.<sup>2</sup> 302  
 καὶ σταφυλὴν ὀρόων θέρεος παρσίοντος ἐνίψω· 296  
 ἄμπελος ἡβώουσα πεπαίνεται ἄμμορος ἄρπης·  
 παρθένε, σύγγονος ἦλθε·

πότε τρυγῶμεν ὀπώρην;  
 σὸς στάχυς ἡέξητο καὶ ἀμνητοῖο χατίζει·  
 λήιον ἀμήσω σταχυηφόρον, αἰτὶ δὲ Δηοῦς  
 μητρὶ τεῇ ῥέξαιμι θαλύσια Κυπρογενεῖη.<sup>3</sup> 300  
 δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργὸν ἀλωτῆς· 303  
 ὑμετέρης με κόμισσε φυτηκόμον ἀφρογενεῖης, 304  
 ὄφρα φυτὸν πῆξαιμι φερίσβιον, ἡμεριδῶν δὲ 305  
 ὄμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χερσὶν ἀφάσσω.  
 οἶδα, πόθεν ποτὲ μῆλα πεπαίνεται· οἶδα φυτεῦσαι  
 καὶ πετελέην ταινύφυλλον ἐρειδομέειν κυπαρίσσω·  
 ἄρσενα καὶ φοῖνικα γεγηθότα θήλει μίσγω,  
 καὶ κρόκον, ἣν ἐθέλης, παρὰ μιλακι καλὸν αἰέσω. 310  
 μή μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν·  
 οὐ χρεῖος ὄλβου·

<sup>1</sup> δύνουσί ποτε Rose, δύνουσι· πότε cdd.

to the plow. The Pleiads are setting : when shall we sow the fields ? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaëthon.<sup>a</sup> And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos<sup>b</sup> close to the Arcadian wain, I will exclaim—' At last thirsty Earth is wedded with the showers of Zeus.' As the spring rises up, I will cry out in the morning—' Your flowers are blooming, when shall I pluck lilies and roses ? Just look how the iris has run over the neighbouring myrtle, how narcissus laughs as he leaps on anemone !' And when I see the grapes of summer before me I will cry—' The vine is in her prime, ripening without the sickle : Maiden, your sister<sup>c</sup> has come—when shall we gather the grapes ? Your wheatear is grown big and wants the harvest ; I will reap the crop of corn-ears, and I will celebrate harvest home for your mother the Cyprus-born instead of Deo.'

<sup>303</sup> " Accept me as your labourer to help on your fertile lands. Take me as planter for your Foam-born, that I may plant that lifebringing tree, that I may detect the half-ripe berry of the tame vine and feel the newgrowing bud. I know how apples ripen ; I know how to plant the widespreading elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don't offer me gold for my keep ; I have no need of wealth—my

<sup>a</sup> The Sun is in Scorpius in late October, the Pleiads set about the beginning of November, the plowing and sowing are for winter wheat.

<sup>b</sup> Arcturos (and Boötes) sets in the evening early in November, and rises in the evening about the beginning of March ; the latter is meant here, apparently : a sign of rain.

<sup>c</sup> Perhaps this means " Virgo has risen " (Aug. 31).



μισθὸν ἔχω δύο μῆλα, μῆς ἵνα βότρυν ὀπώρης."

Τοῖα μάτην ἀγόρευε, καὶ οὐκ ἡμείβετο κούρη  
Βάκχου μὴ νοέουσα γυναιμανίος στίχα μύθων.

Ἄλλὰ δόλω δόλον ἄλλον ἐπέφραδεν Ἐραφιώτης 313  
καὶ Βερόης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐδέχνυτο δίκτυα θήρης  
οἷά τε θαμβήσας τεχινήμοινα, πυκνὰ δὲ σείων  
εἰς χρόνον ἀμφελέλιζε, καὶ εἶρετο πολλάκι κούρην·

"Τίς θεὸς εἶτεα ταῦτα, τίς οὐρανίη κάμε τέχνη;  
τίς κάμε; καὶ γὰρ ἄπιστον ἔχω νόον, ὅττι τελίσσει 320  
ζηλομανίης Ἡφαιστος Ἀδώνιδι τεύχεα θήρης."

Εἶπεν ἀκηλήτοιο παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.  
καί ποτε πεπταμένων ἀνεμωνίδος ἰφόβι φύλλων  
νῆδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυεν· οἶα γὰρ οἱ ἐπλετο κούρη 325  
εἵματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένη. ἀντίτυπον γὰρ  
ἔργον, ὃ περ τελείει τις ἐν ἡματι, νυκτὶ δοκεύει·  
βουκόλος ὑπνώων κεραοὺς βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκει·  
δίκτυα θηρητῇρι φαίνεται ὄψις ὀνείρου·  
γειοπόνοι δ' εὐδοῖτες ἀροτρεύουσιν ἀρούρας,  
αὐλακα δὲ σπείρουσι φερίσταχυν· ἀζαλή δὲ 330  
ἄνδρα μεσημβρίζοντα κατὰσχετον αἶθοπι δίψῃ  
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀμάρην ἀπατήλιος ὕπνος ἐλαύνει.  
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἰνδάλματα μόχθων,  
μιμηλῶ πτερόεντα νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείρῳ,

<sup>1</sup> So mss.; Ludwich ἐπέφραδεν.

\* Dionysos is using the well-worn parallel of woman and field, man and plowman, or plow, but Heros is too innocent to understand (314). Half the things he says are charged with a double meaning; Aphrodite's harvest-home (300) would be marriage, or perhaps the birth of a child, the  
250

wages will be two apples and one bunch of grapes of one vintage.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>313</sup> All this he said in vain ; the girl answered nothing, for she understood nothing of the mad lover’s long speech.

<sup>315</sup> But Eiraphiotes <sup>b</sup> thought of trick after trick. He took the hunting-net from Beroë’s hands and pretended to admire the clever work, shaking it round and round for some time and asking the girl many questions—“What god made this gear, what heavenly art? Who made it? Indeed I cannot believe that Hephaistos mad with jealousy made hunting-gear for Adonis ! ”

<sup>322</sup> So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves ; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night ; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture ; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream ; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn ; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams

“ planter of the Foamborn ” a successful lover (304), and the trees and grapes have an obvious sexual allusion. Finally, the proposed wages (311-312) contain another pun ; *μῆλα* is properly apples, but can mean a woman’s breasts, and a bunch of grapes is what one gathers at vintage, but to “gather the vintage” of a woman is to enjoy her favours, *cf.* *Ar. Peace* 1338-1339.

<sup>b</sup> The meaning of the epithet is unknown : but Nonnos connects it with *ράπτειν* “to stitch” in ix. 23, which suggested the conjecture *ἐπέρραφεν* here for *ἐπέφραδεν* from vii. 152.

καὶ σκιεροῖσι γάμοισιν ὀμίλεεν. ἐγρόμενος δὲ 335  
παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχησε, καὶ ᾔθελεν αὐτὶς ἰαίνειν·  
καὶ κενεὴν ἐκόμισσε μινυθαδῆς χάριν εὐνῆς,  
εὖδων ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθιμείης ἀνεμώνης.  
μέμφετο δ' ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσιν·

ἀχνύμενος δὲ

Ὑπνον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἐσπερίην Ἀφροδίτην 340  
τὴν αὐτὴν ἰκέτευεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὄψιν ὀνείρου,  
φάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου  
πολλάκι Βάκχος ἱαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὕπνου.  
ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκὺν εἶχε, ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
λυσιμελῆς Διόνυσος ἐλίετο γυῖα μερίμνῃ. 345

Καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, νείει Μύρρης,  
θηροσύνην ἀνέφηνεν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ  
στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα κερβῶν,  
λάβριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκημένος· ἱσταμένου δὲ  
παρθένος ἄστατον ὄμμα φυλασσομένῃ Διονύσου 350  
φάρει μαρμαίρουσαν ἐὼν ἔκρυψε παρειήν.  
καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστήρης Ἐρώτων  
αἰδομένας ἔτι μᾶλλον ὀπιπεύουσι γυναῖκας,  
καὶ πλέον ἰμείρουσι καλυπτομένοιο προσώπου.

Καὶ ποτε μουνωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄλγυα κούρην 355  
ἀθρήσας σχεδὸν ἦλθε, καὶ αἰδρομέης ἀπὸ μορφῆς  
εἶδος ἐὼν μετὰμειψε, καὶ ὥς θεὸς ἵστατο κούρῃ·  
καὶ οἱ ἐὼν γένος εἶπε καὶ οὔνομα,

καὶ φοῖνον Ἰνδῶν,

καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴου,  
ὅττι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὖρε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιτῇ 360  
θάρσος ἀναιδείῃ κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἰδοῦς  
τοίην ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίνων φάτο φωνήν·

“ Παρθένε, σὸν δι' ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω·  
σῶν πατέρων σπήλυγγες ἀρείονές εἰσιν Ὀλύμπου.

until he was joined to her in a wedding of shadow. He awoke—and found no maiden, and wished once again to slumber : he carried away the empty largess of that short embrace, as he slept on the leaves of the anemone which perishes so soon. He reproached the dumb leaves there spread ; and sorrowfully prayed to Sleep and Love and Aphrodite of the evening,<sup>a</sup> all at once, to let him see the same vision of a dream once more, longing for the deceptive phantom of an embrace. Bacchos often slept near the myrtle<sup>b</sup> and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel ; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs relaxed by lovestricken cares.

<sup>346</sup> In company with Beroë's father, the son of Myrrha, he showed his hunting-skill. He cast his thyrsus, and wrapt himself in the dappled skins of the newslain fawns, ever with his eye secretly on Beroë ; as he stood, the maiden covered her bright cheeks with her robe, to escape the wandering eye of Dionysos. She made him burn all the more, since the servants of love watch shamefast women more closely, and desire more strongly the covered countenance.

<sup>355</sup> Once he caught sight of the unyoked girl of Adonis alone, and came near, and changed his human form and stood as a god before her. He told her his name and family, the slaughter of the Indians, how he found out for man the vine-dance and the sweet juice of wine to drink ; then in loving passion he mingled audacity with a boldness far from modesty, and his flattering voice uttered this ingratiating speech :

<sup>363</sup> “ Maiden, for your love I have even renounced my home in heaven. The caves of your fathers are

<sup>a</sup> Venus, the evening star.

<sup>b</sup> As being Aphrodite's plant.

πατρίδα σὴν φιλέω πλέον αἰθέρος· οὐ μενεαίνω 363  
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς γενετῆρος, ὅσον Βερόης ὑμειαίους·  
 ἀμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθερίου δὲ  
 νέκταρος εὐόδοιοιο τεοὶ πνείουσι χιτῶνες.  
 παρθένε, θάμβος ἔχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκοίων,  
 ὅττι σε κεστὸς ἔλειπεν ἀθελγέα· πῶς δὲ σὺ μοῖνῃ 370  
 σύγγονον εἶχες Ἑρωτα  
 καὶ οὐ μάθες οἶστρον Ἑρώτων; 371  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὑμειαίων· 374  
 νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἶδεν Ἀθήνη· 375  
 οὐ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις ἡ Ἀρτεμις. ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη, 372  
 Κύπριδος αἷμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὄργια φεύγεις; 373  
 μὴ γένος αἰσχύνῃς μητρώιον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ 376  
 εἰ ἐτεὸν χαρίειτος Ἀδώνιδος αἷμα κομίζεις,  
 ἀβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο διδάσκειο θεσμὰ τοκῆος,  
 καὶ Παφίης ζωστήρι συνήλικι πείθειο κεστῶ,  
 καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντητα μῆνιν Ἑρώτων· 380  
 νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἑρωτες, ὅτε χρέος, ὅπποτε ποιῇν  
 ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας·  
 οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς πυρόεσσαν ἀτιμήσασα Κυθήρην  
 μισθὸν ἀγνηορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὥπασε<sup>1</sup> Σύριγξ,  
 ὅττι φυτὸν γεγαυῖα νόθη δονακώδεϊ μορφῇ 385  
 ἔκφυγε Πανὸς ἔρωτα, πόθους δ' ἔτι Πανὸς αἰεῖει·  
 καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, αἰδομένου ποταμοῖο,  
 ἔργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δειδρώσατο Νύμφη,  
 ἔμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὁμφῆεντι κορύμβω  
 Φοίβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοίβου. 390  
 καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλῆτα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε χαλέψῃ  
 θερμὸς Ἑρως βαρύμηνης· ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μίτρης

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: Ludwich ὥχμασε.

better than Olympos. I love your country more than the sky ; I desire not the sceptre of my Father Zeus as much as Beroë for my wife. Your beauty is above ambrosia ; indeed, heavenly nectar breathes fragrant from your dress ! Maiden, when I hear that your mother is Cypris, my only wonder is that her cestus has left you uncharmed. How is it you alone have Love for a brother, and yet know not the sting of love ? But you will say Brighteyes had nothing to do with marriage ; Athena was born without wedlock and knows nothing of wedlock. Yes, but your mother was neither Brighteyes nor Artemis. Well, girl, you have the blood of Cypris—then why do you flee from the secrets of Cypris ? Do not shame your mother's race. If you really have in you the blood of Assyrian Adonis the charming, learn the tender rules of your sire whose blessing is upon marriage, obey the cestus girdle born with the Paphian, save yourself from the dangerous wrath of the bridal Loves ! Harsh are the Loves when there's need, when they exact from women the penalty for love unfulfilled.

<sup>383</sup> " For you know how Syrinx <sup>a</sup> disregarded fiery Cythera, and what price she paid for her too-great pride and love for virginity ; how she turned into a plant with reedy growth substituted for her own, when she had fled from Pan's love, and how she still sings Pan's desire ! And how the daughter of Ladon,<sup>b</sup> that celebrated river, hated the works of marriage and the nymph became a tree with inspired whispers, she escaped the bed of Phoibos but she crowned his hair with prophetic clusters. You too should beware of a god's horrid anger, lest hot Love should afflict you in heavy wrath. Spare not your

<sup>a</sup> Cf. ii. 118.

<sup>b</sup> Daphne, cf. ii. 108.



διπλόον ἄμφεπε Βάκχον ὁπάοια καὶ παρακοίτην·  
 καὶ λίνα σοῖο τοκῆος Ἀδώνιδος αὐτὸς αἶρων  
 λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσοιμι κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης. 395  
 ποῖά σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίσσει;  
 ἦ ῥά σοι ἔδνα γάμοιο λελέξεται ἄλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ στορέσει πνείοντα δυσώδεια πότιον ὁδμήν  
 δέρματα φωκάων, Ποσιδήια πέπλα θαλάσσης;  
 δέρματα φωκάων μὴ δέχνησο· σείο δὲ παστῶ 400  
 Βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρους θεράποντας ὁπάσσω·  
 δέξό μοι ἔδνα γάμοιο καὶ ἀμπελόισσαν ὁπώρην·  
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀδώνιδος οἶά τε κούρη,  
 θύρσον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἔα γλωχίνα τριαίνης.  
 φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἦχον ἀσιγίτοιο θαλάσσης, 405  
 φεῦγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδήιον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων.  
 ἄλλη Ἀμυμώνη παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτης,  
 ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρον ὁμώινυμος ἔπλετο πηγῇ·  
 καὶ Σκύλλη παρίαυε καὶ εἰναλὴν θέτο πέτρην·  
 Ἀστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἔπλετο ἰῆσος ἐρήμη· 410  
 παρθενικὴν δ' Εὐβοίαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσση.  
 οὗτος Ἀμυμώνην μιηστεύεται, ὅφρα καὶ αὐτὴν  
 λαϊνέην τελέσῃ μετὰ δέμνιον· οὗτος ὁπάσσει  
 ἔδνον ἐὼν θαλάμων ὀλίγον ῥόον ἢ βρύον ἄλμης  
 ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλον. ἐγὼ δέ σοι εἵνεκα μορφῆς 415  
 ἴσταμαι ἀσχαλῶν, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσσω·  
 οὐ χατέει χρυσοῖο τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.  
 ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ Ἀλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσσω·  
 ἄργυρον ἄργυρόπηχυς ἀναίνεται. εἰς σέ κομίσσω  
 δῶρα διαστίλβοντα φεραυγέος Ἡριδανοῖο· 420  
 Ἥλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὄλβον ἐπαισχύνει σέο μορφῇ

\* See xli. 11.

† A rationalization: usually she is a devouring monster, but this was often explained away as a dangerous rock.



girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bed-fellow. I myself will carry the nets of your father Adonis, I will lay the bed of my sister Aphrodite.

<sup>396</sup> "What worthy gifts will Earthshaker bring? Will he choose his salt water for a bridegift, and lay sealskins breathing the filthy stink of the deep, as Poseidon's coverlets from the sea? Do not accept his sealskins. I will provide you with Bacchants to wait upon your bridechamber, and Satyrs for your chamberlains. Accept from me as bridegift my grape-vintage too. If you want a wild spear also as daughter of Adonis, you have my thyrsus for a lance—away with the trident's tooth! Flee, my dear, from the ugly noise of the neversilent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amymone,<sup>a</sup> but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water.<sup>b</sup> He pursued Asterië,<sup>c</sup> and she became a desert island; Euboa<sup>d</sup> the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amymone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you gleaming gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness,

<sup>c</sup> See ii. 125.

<sup>d</sup> The nymph after whom the island was mythically named, being named originally Macris (Long Island). Only Nonnos mentions her as Poseidon's love, and the identification of her with the actual rock of the island is apparently his own.

λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἴου's  
 εἵκελος ἡλέκτρῳ Βερόης ἀμηνρίσσεται αὐχὴν . . .  
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοιντα· τεοῦ χροὸς εἶδος ἐλέγχει  
 μάρμαρα τιμῆντα· μὴ εἵκελον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ 425  
 λυχνίδα σοι κομίσοιμι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὀπωπαί·  
 μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόειτος αἰαῖσσοιντα κορύμβου  
 σοὶ ῥόδα δῶρα φέροιμι, ῥοδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί."  
 Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· καὶ οὔατος ἔνδοθι κούρῃ  
 χεῖρας ἐρεισασμένη διδύμας ἔφραξεν ἀκουάς, 430  
 μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἑρωτι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούσῃ,  
 ἔργα γάμου στυγέουσα· ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 μόχθῳ μόχθον ἔμιξε. τί κύντερόν ἐστιν Ἑρώτων,  
 ἢ ὅτε θυμοβόροιο πόθου λυσσώδει κέντρῳ  
 ἀνέρας ἰμείροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναῖκες 435  
 καὶ πλέον οἴστρον ἄγουσι σαόφρονες;

ἰνδόμυχος δὲ  
 διπλόος ἐστὶν ἔρως, ὅτε παρθένος ἀνέρα φεύγει.

"Ὡς ὁ μὲν οἴστρήειτι πόθου μαστίζετο κιστῶ·  
 παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμνεν· ἀμτροχίτῳ δὲ κούρῃ  
 σύνδρομον ἀγρώσσοιντα ἰόνον πόμπεικεν ἀλήτην, 440  
 κέντρον ἔχων γλυκύπικρον.

ἀνεσσύμενος δὲ θαλάσσης,  
 ἱκμία διψαλέοιο δι' οὔρεος ἵχνια πάλλων,  
 παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάσσης,  
 ἄβροχον ὕδατόεντι περιρραίνων χθόνα ταρσῶ·  
 καὶ οἱ ἔτι σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης 445  
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ . . .  
 εἰς Βερόην σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου  
 κούρης ἱσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἔνθεον ἥβην·  
 ὃξὺ δὲ λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος οἶα κατόπτρῳ  
 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης, 450  
 οἷά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκεῖων

puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades ; the neck of Beroë is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel ; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

<sup>429</sup> Such was his address ; and the girl pressed the fingers of her two hands into her ears to keep the words away from her hearing, lest she might hear again another speech concerned with love, and she hated the works of marriage. So she made trouble upon trouble for lovestricken Lyaïos. What is more shameless than love, or when women avoid men who yearn with the heart-eating maddening urge of desire, and only make them more passionate by their modesty ? The love within them is doubled when a maiden flees from a man.

<sup>438</sup> So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire ; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot ; and as he hasted along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement. . . . He espied Beroë, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror ; glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed

στήθεα μαρμαίροντα, πολυπλεκείσσι δὲ δεσμοῖς  
μαζῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερὴν ἐπεμέμφετο μήτηρ,  
δινεύων ἑλικηδὸν ἔρωμαῖς ὄμμα προσώπου,  
παπταίνων ἀκόρητος ὅλον δέμας· οἰστρομαίης δὲ 155  
εἰναλίην Κυθέρειαν ἁλὸς μεδέων ἰνυσιχθῶν  
μοχθίζων ἰκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποιμνίῳ  
παρθένον ἰσταμένην φιλίῳ μελίζατο μύθῳ·

“ Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γυνὴ μία πᾶσαν ἐλέγχει·  
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος αἰεῖδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρου 160  
οὔνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται· οὐκέτι μέλπει  
Νάξον αἰειδομένην εὐπάρθειον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὠδῖνας ἐνικήθη Λακεδαιμῶν·  
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμώνης δὲ τιθήνη  
ἀντολίῃ σύλησεν ὅλον κλέος Ὀρχομενοῖο, 165  
μούνην ἀμφιέπουσα μίαν Χάριν· ὀπλοτέρῃ γὰρ  
τρισσᾶων Χαρίτων Βερόῃ βλάστησε τετάρτη.  
παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμις· οὐ σέο μήτηρ  
ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἁλὸς θυγίτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·  
πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔδιον ἀτέρμοινα, μείζονα γαίης· 170  
σπεῦσον ἐριδμαίνειν ἀλόχῳ Διός, ὃφρά τις εἴπῃ,  
ὅττι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἰνυσιγαίου  
πάντοθι κοιρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόεντος Ὀλύμπου  
Ἥρη σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόῃ κράτος ἔσχε θαλάσσης.  
οὐ σοι Βασσαρίδας μανιώπεις ἐγγυαλίξω, 175  
οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σειληιὸν ὀπάσσω·  
ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τετῆς θαλαμηπόλον εὐνῆς  
Πρωτέα σοι καὶ Γλαῦκον ὑποδρηστήρα τελείσω·  
δέχνησο καὶ Νηρῆα καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, Μελικέρτην·  
καὶ πλατὺν αἰνάου μιτρούμενον αἰτυγι κόσμου 180  
Ὠκεανὸν κελάδοντα τεὸν θεράποντα καλέσω·

the jealous bodice wrapt about in many folds which hid the bosom, he ran his lovemaddened eye round and round over her face, he gazed never satisfied on her whole body. Then mad with passion Earthshaker lord of the brine appealed in his trouble to Cythereia of the brine, and tried with flattering words to make friends with the maiden standing beside the country flock :

<sup>459</sup> " One woman outshines all the lovely women of Hellas ! Paphos is celebrated no longer, nor Lesbos, Cyprus no longer has a name as mother of beauty ; no longer will I sing Naxos which the singers call isle of fair maids ; yes, even Lacedaimon is worsted for children and childbirth ! No more Paphos, no more Lesbos—the land of the rising sun, Amymone's nurse, has plundered all the glory of Orchomenos, for one single Grace of her own ! For Beroë has appeared a fourth grace, younger than the three !

<sup>468</sup> " Maiden, leave the land. That is just, for your mother grew not from the land, she is Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Here is my infinite sea for your bridegift, larger than earth. Hasten to challenge the consort of Zeus, that men may say that the lady of Cronides and the wife of Earthshaker hold universal rule, since Hera has the sceptre of snowy Olympos, Beroë has gotten the empire of the sea. I will not provide you with mad-eyed Bassarids, I will give you no dancing Satyr and no Seilenos, but I will make Proteus chamberlain of your marriage-consummating bed, and Glaucos shall be your underling—take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like ; and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant, broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal

σοὶ ποταμοὺς ξύμπαντας ὁπάοις ἔδινον ὁπάσσω.  
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισ ἐπιτέρπεται, εἰς σὲ κομίσσω  
θυγατέρας Νηρήος· ἀναιιομένη δὲ γενέσθω  
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο τετὴ θαλαμηπόλος Ἰνώ." 485

"Ἐννεπε· χωομένην δὲ λιπῶν δυσπειθία κούρην  
ἥερι μῦθον ἔειπε χέων ἀνεμῳδα φωνήν·

" Μύρρης ὄλβιε κοῦρε, λαχὼν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην  
τιμὴν μοῦνος ἔχεις διδυμάοια· μοῦνος ἀκούεις  
καὶ γενέτης Βερόης καὶ νυμφίος ἀφρογενεῖης." 490

Τοῖα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κιστῷ·  
πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταινεν Ἀδωνίδι καὶ Κυθερίῃ,  
κούρης ἔδινον ἔρωτος· ὁμοφλέκτῳ δὲ βελλέμινῳ  
ὄλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτοσι Γάγγῃ  
χρυσοφαεῖς ὠδῖνες ἐμαιώσαντο μετάλλων,  
πολλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαῖην Ἀφροδίτην. 495

Καὶ Παφίῃ δεδόητο, πολυμιήστοιο δὲ κούρης  
ἀμφοτέρους μισηστῆρας ἔδειδεν· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ  
ἰσοτύπων ὁρώσα πόθον καὶ ζῆλον Ἑρώτων  
Ἄρεϊ νυμφιδίῳ Βερόης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα 500  
καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἡμερόεσσαν Ἐινῳ.  
καί μιν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ  
Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀκροπόλεως ἑῆς ἰδρύσατο πάτρης  
παρθένον ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἄβρὸν Ἑρώτων·  
ἀμφοτέροισ δὲ θεοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν· 505

"Ἦθελον, εἰ δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὅφρα συνάψω  
τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐννοσίχθονι, τὴν δὲ Λυαίῳ·  
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ γενόμην διδυμητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει  
θεσμὰ γάμων ἄχραντα μίαν ξυνήοια κούρην



world. I give you as a bridal gift all the rivers together for your attendants. If you are pleased to have waitingmaids also, I will bring you the daughters of Nereus; and let Ino the nurse of Dionysos be your chambermaid, whether she likes it or not ! ”

<sup>486</sup> Thus he pleaded, but the maiden was angry and would not listen ; so he left her, pouring out his last words into the air—

<sup>488</sup> “ Happy son of Myrrha, you have got a fine daughter, and now a double honour is yours alone ; you alone are named father of Beroë and bridegroom of the Foamborn.”

<sup>491</sup> Thus Earthshaker was flogged by the blows of the cestus ; but he offered many gifts to Adonis and Cythereia, bridegifts for the love of their daughter. Dionysos burning with the same shaft brought his treasures, all the shining gold that the mines near the Ganges had brought forth in their throes of labour ; earnestly but in vain he made his petition to Aphrodite of the sea.

<sup>497</sup> Now Paphia was anxious, for she feared both wooers of her muchwooed girl. When she saw equal desire and ardour of love in both, she announced that the rivals must fight for the bride, a war for a wedding, a battle for love. Cypris arrayed her daughter in all a woman’s finery, and placed her upon the fortress of her country, a maiden to be fought for as the dainty prize of contest. Then she addressed both gods in the same words :

<sup>506</sup> “ I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaïos ; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a



ζευξαι διχθαδίοισιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις, 810  
 ἀμφὶ μιῆς ἀλόχοιο μύθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ καμάτου Βερόης λῆχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης  
 ἄμφω ἀεθλεύσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγῶνα·  
 ὃς δέ κε νικήσει, Βερόην αἰνέδουσαν ἀγέσθω . . .  
 ἀμφοτέροις φίλος ὄρκος· ἐπεὶ περιδειδία κοῦρης 815  
 γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλης, ὅπη πολιοῦχος ἀκούω,  
 πατρίδα μὴ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ἀλίσσω·  
 συνθεσίας πρὸ γάμοιο τελέσσατε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην  
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἀτεμβόμενος περὶ νίκης  
 γαῖαν αἰστώσειεν ἑῆς γλωχίνι τριαίνης, 820  
 μὴ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἀμνυμῶνις περὶ λέκτρων  
 ἄστεος ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἀλωήν.  
 εὐμενέες δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόιον· ἀμφοτέροι δὲ  
 φίλτρον ζῆλον ἔχοντες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῷ  
 κάλλει παιδροτέρῳ κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης." 825  
 Ὡς φασμένης μνηστῆρες ἐπήκειον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ  
 ἔμπεδος ὄρκος ἦν· Κρονίδης καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Λίθῆρ  
 καὶ Στύγαι ραθάμιγγες· ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι  
 συνθεσίας· καὶ Δῆρις ἀέξετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων  
 καὶ Κλόνος·

ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλος ὥπλισε Πειθώ. 830  
 οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολόντες ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος  
 σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμμιον, ὅσοι ιαετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,  
 μάρτυρες ὑσμίνης Λιβαιτηίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης.

Ἐνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ· 835  
 κίρκος ἀελλήεις χαλάσας πτερὸν ἔγκυνον αὖρης  
 βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα· τὴν δέ τις ἄφνω  
 ἐκ χθονὸς ἀρπάξας ἀλκίαιετος εἰς βυθὸν ἔπη,  
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὄριν ἀείρων.

pair of husbands together change and change about, let battle be chamberlain for one single bride, for without hard labour there is no marriage with Beroë. Then if you would wed the maid, first fight it out together; let the winner lead away Beroë without brideprice. Both must agree to an oath, since I fear for the girl's neighbouring city where I am known as Cityholder, that because of Beroë's beauty I may lose Beroë's home. Make treaty before the marriage, that seagod Earthshaker if he lose the victory shall not in his grief lay waste the land with his trident's tooth; and that Dionysos shall not be angry about Amymon's wedding and destroy the vineyards <sup>a</sup> of the city. And you must be friends after the battle: both be rivals in singlehearted affection, and in one contract of goodwill adorn the city of the bride with still more brilliant beauty."

<sup>526</sup> The wooers agreed to this proposal. Both took a binding oath, by Cronides and Earth, by Sky and the floods of Styx; and the Fates formally witnessed the bargain. Then Strife grew greater to escort the Loves, and Turmoil also; Persuasion the handmaid of marriage, armed them both. From heaven came all the dwellers on Olympos, with Zeus, and stayed to watch the combat upon the rocks of Lebanon.

<sup>534</sup> Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings,<sup>b</sup> when suddenly an osprey caught up the pigeon from the ground and flew to the deep, holding

<sup>a</sup> How there came to be any so early as that Nonnos does not explain. *Προῖος* is talking about the future & gods not yet

<sup>b</sup> *i.e.* he was just dropping on the pigeon, when the eagle *arrived* & came under with a swoop sideways and caught it.

# NONNOS

καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυνεν ἐλπίδα νίκης·  
ἔμπης δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν.

ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδοιμῷ 610  
ὄμματι μειδιόωντι πατὴρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,  
δῆριν ἀδελφειοῖο καὶ νείος ὕψι δοκεύων.

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the bird high in gentle talons. When Dionysos beheld this, he cast away hope of victory ; nevertheless he entered the fray. Father Cronion was pleased with the contest of these two, as he watched from on high the match between his brother and his son with smiling eye.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὁππόθι μέλπω  
Ἄρεα κυματόεϊτα καὶ ὑμπελόισσαν Ἐννώ.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐγρεκίδοιμος Ἄρης, ὀχετηγὸς Ἐρώτων,  
νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαζε μίχης θαλαμηπόλον ἡχώ,  
καὶ γαμίου πολέμοιο βεμέλια πῆξεν Ἐννώ·  
καὶ κλόνον αἰθύσσων ἐισσίχθονι καὶ Διονίσῳ  
θοῦρος ἦν Ὑμέναιος, ἐς ἰσμίην δὲ χορεύων  
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄειρεν Ἀμυκλαίης Ἀφροδίτης,  
Ἄρεος ἀρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αὐλῷ.  
καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆι καὶ ἡνιοχῇ θαλάσσης  
παρθένος ἦεν ἄεθλον· αἰναιομένη δὲ σιωπῇ  
εἰναλίου μνηστῆρος ἔχειν μετανίστιον εὐνὴν  
ὑγρὸν ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδειδίε παστὸν Ἐρώτων,  
καὶ πλέον ἤθελε Βάκχον· ἔικτο δὲ Δηιακίρῃ,  
ἥ ποτε νυμφιδίῳ περιβρομέοντος ἀγῶνος  
ἤθελεν Ἥρακλῆα, καὶ ἀσταθίος ποταμοῖο  
ἴστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους ὕμναιους.

Καὶ δρόμον αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἐλικώδεϊ ρόμβῳ  
ἀνέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήιον αἰθῆρ·  
καὶ βλοσυρὸν μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαίμῳ  
Ἀσσυρίῳ τριόδοιτι κορύσσετο κυαιοχαίτης,  
σείων πόντιον ἔγχος· ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσση

## BOOK XLIII

Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war  
of the waters and a battle of the vine.

So battlestirring Ares, who leads the channel for Love, shouted the warcry to prepare for the bridal combat. Enyo laid the foundations of the war for a wedding : and lusty Hymenaios was he that kindled the quarrel for Earthshaker and Dionysos—he danced into the battle, holding the bronze pike of Amyclaiian Aphrodite,<sup>a</sup> while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea ; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos : she was like Deianeira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Heaven unclouded by its own spinning whirl trumpeted a call to war ; and Seabluehair armed himself with his Assyrian trident, shaking his maritime pike and pouring a hideous din from a mad throat. Dionysos threatening the sea danced into

<sup>a</sup> The Armed Aphrodite ; “ Amyclaiian ” loosely for Spartan.

<sup>b</sup> An allusion to Sophocles, *Trach.* 9-27, *cf. ibid.* 503-530.

εἰς ἐνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἶνοπι θύρῳ,  
 μητρὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο καθήμιενος ἄρματι Ρεῖης·  
 καὶ τις ἀεξομένη παρὶ Μυγδόιοις αἰνυγα δῖφρου  
 ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλειστος ὅλον δέμας ἴσκειπε Βακχου,  
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασσι κατάσκια σύζυγι κισσῷ· 25  
 καὶ τις ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων 26  
 θηγαλέῳ χθονὸς ἄκρα λέων ἐχαράξατο ταρσῷ, 28  
 τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων· 27  
 καὶ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ, 29  
 ὄρθιον ἀγνάμπτωιο ποδὸς στήριγμα κολάφας, 30  
 ὄμβριον ἀζαλέοισιν ἀντήρυσσε χεῖλεσιν ἰῶωρ,  
 καὶ προχοὰς ξήραινε· κοινομέειν δὲ ροάων  
 πηγαῖν ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διφάδα Νύμφην.

Καὶ θεὸς ὑδρομέδων ἐκορύσσετο· Νηρείδων δὲ  
 ἦν κλόνος· ἱκμαλίοι δὲ θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ κώτων 35  
 δαίμονες ἐστρατόωντο· τανυπτόρθοις δὲ κορύμβοις  
 δῶμα Ποσειδάωντος ἱμάσσετο, πόντιον ἰῶωρ·  
 καὶ χθονίου λοφόεντος ἀρασσομέειν κενεῶντος  
 ἡμερίδες· Λιβάνωιο μετοχλίζοιτο τριαῖτη·  
 καὶ τινα βοσκομένην μελανόχροον ἐγγυθὶ πόντου 40  
 εἰς βοέην ἀγέλην Ποσιδήιον ἄλματι λάβρω  
 θυιάδες ἐρρώοιτο· ταινυγλήωιο δὲ ταύρου  
 ἢ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη ράχιν ἐσχισεν, ἢ δὲ μετώπου  
 διχθαδῆς ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἄκρα κεραίης·  
 καὶ τις ἀλοιητῇρι διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρῳ· 45  
 ἄλλη πλευρὸν ἔτεμνεν ὅλον βοός· ἡμιθανὴς δὲ  
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀρούρη·  
 καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλιδομέειν κοίτῃ  
 ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα  
 προσθιδίους ἐρύεσκε, πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ριπῇ 50  
 ὄρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἥερα δίζυγα χηλὴν.

Καὶ στρατιῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,



the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia ; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth's surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream ; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

<sup>34</sup> Meanwhile, the lord of the waters prepared for conflict. There was confusion among the Nereïds ; the deities of the waters came from the stretches of the sea to form array. Poseidon's house, the water of the sea, was flogged with long bunches of leaves ; the caverns of the mountains were shaken by the trident, and the vines of Lebanon were rooted up. With wild leaps the Thyiades threw themselves upon a herd of black cattle of Poseidon's, feeding near the sea. One with a touch cut through the back of a glaring bull, another sheared off from its forehead the two stiff projecting horns, one pierced the belly with destroying thyrsus, another slit the whole side of the creature : halfdead the bull sank down and rolled helpless on his back on the ground—as he rolled in the dust with these fresh wounds, one pulled off his hind legs, one tugged at the forefeet, and threw up the two hooves tumbling over and over straight up in the air.

<sup>52</sup> Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made

στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.  
 τῆς πρώτης στιχὸς ἦρχε Κίλιξ εὐάμπελος Οἰνύς  
 υἱὸς Ἐρενθαλίωτος, ὃν ἦρσεν ἐγγίει Ταύρου 68  
 Φυλλίδος ἀγραύλοισιν ὁμιλίσας ἑμειναίῳ·  
 τῆς δ' ἐτέρης ἦγειτο μελιγχαίτης Ἐλικάων  
 ξανθοφυῆς ῥοδείῃσι παρησίῃσι, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῇ  
 πλοχμὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ἔλιξ ὑπὲρσίρετο χαίτης·  
 Οἰνοπίων τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμαχίζε τετάρτης, 69  
 Οἰνομάου δὺν τέκνα, φιλακρήτοιο τοκῆος·  
 πέμπτης δ' ἡγεμόνευε Μελαινθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,  
 ὃν τέκεν Οἰνώη Κισσηιάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃ  
 φυταλιῆς πλέξασα θυώδεος ἄκρα πετῆλων  
 σπάργαντα βοτρυνόετα πέριξ εὐλίξατο μήτηρ, 70  
 υἷέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμοιι ληνῷ.  
 τοίῃ κισσοφόροισιν οἰστεύουσα βελέμοις  
 σὺνδρομος ἀμπελόειτι φάλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο Βάκχῃ.  
 καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξε χέων λιοσσόον ἡχώ·  
 “ Βασσαρίδες, μάρνασθε· κορυσσομέιου δὲ Λυαίου 71  
 αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κερόεις πολεμήιον ἦχον ἀράσσω  
 ἀντίτυπον φθέγγαιτο μέλος μυκίτορι κόχλῃ,  
 καὶ διδύμοις πατάγοισι μόθου χαλκόθροον ἡχώ  
 τύμπανα δουπήσειεν· Ἐιναλίῳ δὲ χορεύων  
 Γλαῦκον οἰστεύσειε Μάρων ῥήξήτορι θύρῳ· 72  
 καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆος ἀήθει δῆσατε κισσῷ,  
 καὶ Φαρίου πόιτοιο λιπῶν Αἰγύπτιον ὕδωρ,  
 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἔχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,  
 αὐχένα κυρτώσειεν ἐμοὶ θρασύν· εἰ δύναται δέ,  
 Σειληνῷ μεθύοιτι κορυσσέσθω Μελικέρτης· 73  
 καὶ ναέτην Τμῶλοιο μετὰ βρυόειτας ἐναύλους 74  
 γηραλέον Φόρκυνα διδάξατε θύρσον αἰερεῖν, 75  
 ἀμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαῖος ἀλκυός· 76  
 καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρμος ἐὼν νάρθηκα τινάσσω 77

five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the wine-press teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in stirring tones:

<sup>70</sup> "Fight, Bassarids! When Lyaïos is under arms, let my pipes of horn strike up a warlike tune, answering the booming sound of the conch, let the cymbals of bronze beat a loud noise with double clashings. Let Maron dancing in battle shoot Glaucos with manbreaking thyrsus. Go, tie up the hair of Proteus with ivy, something new for him! Let him leave the Egyptian water of the Pharian Sea, and change his sealskins for a speckled fawnskin, and bow his bold neck to me. Let Melicertes fight against drunken Seilenos, if he can. Teach old Phorcys to leave the seaweedy deeps and dwell in Tmolos holding a thyrsus, and let the old man become a vinegrower on land. Let the Satyr stand fast and brandish his fennel, and with

διψαλέον Νηρῆα μεταστήσειε θαλάσσης 84  
 ἀγραύλοισ παλάμησι· καὶ ἄρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων 86  
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαιίμοις οὔνοπι δεσμῶ,  
 καὶ μιν ὑποδρήσσοιτα μετ' Ἴσθμιάδος βυθὸν ἄλμης  
 πόντιον ἡνιοχῆα κομίσσατε μητέρι Ῥεΐη, 90  
 εἰναλίη μάστιγι κυβερνητῆρα λεόντων·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεψιὸν εἰσέτ' ἐάσω.<sup>1</sup>  
 ἀθρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δορικτήτοιο θαλάσσης  
 νεβρίδι κοσμηθείσαν· ἀπειρήτησι δὲ Νύμφαις  
 κύμβαλα Νηρεΐδεςσιν ὀπάσσετε· μίξατε Βάκχαις 93  
 Ὑδριάδας· Θέτιδος δέ, καὶ εἰ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης,  
 μούνης ξεινοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεαίνης·  
 Λευκοθέης δ' ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·  
 χερσαίῃ δὲ φανείσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχῃ  
 Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην· 100  
 καὶ βυθίῃ Πανόπεια τιναξαμένη βρύον ἄλμης  
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσειεν ἐχιδνήειτι κορίμβῳ·  
 Εἰδοθέῃ δ' ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ρόπτρα δεχέσθω·  
 καὶ πόθον ἴσον ἔχουσιν ἔρωμαίοντι καὶ αὐτῷ  
 τίς νέμεσις Γαλάτειαν ὑποδρήσσειν Διούσῳ,  
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 ἰστοπόνῳ παλάμῃ Λιβανηίδι πέπλον ἀνάσσει;  
 ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρῆος ἐάσατε· ποιντοπόρους γὰρ  
 δμωίδας οὐκ ἐθέλω, Βερόῃ μὴ ζῆλον ἐγείρω.  
 καὶ κομόων γλωχίνι τανυπτόρθοιο μετώπου 110  
 Πάν ἐμός οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ πνέζων  
 θηγαλέῃ πλήξειε Ποσειδάωνι κεραίῃ,  
 στέρνου μεσσατίοιο τυχὼν εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς  
 ἢ σκοπέλῳ λοφόειτι, διαρρήξειε δὲ χηλαῖς  
 δισσοφυῇ Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.  
 Γλαῦκος ἀλιβρέκτοιο διάκτορος ἐννοσιγαίου 115  
 Βάκχῳ ὑποδρήσσειε, περίκροτα χερσὶν ἀείρων

his countryman's hands transport thirsty Nereus out of the sea ; enwreath Palaimon's hair with bonds of vine from newly planted gardens, and bring that charioteer of the sea from the depths of the Isthmian brine to be a servant for Mother Rheia and to guide her lions with his whip, for I will no longer leave my cousin in the deep : I will behold the host of the spearconquered sea decked out in the fawnskin. Give cymbals to the inexperienced Nereïd Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants—spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins ; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants ; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreath her locks in clustering vipers ; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amydone the queen of Lebanon ?—No, leave alone the family of Nereus ; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroë might be jealous.

<sup>109</sup> “ Let Pan my old mountainranger, proud with the longbranching points on his forehead, press Poseidon with unarmed hand and butt him with sharp horn, strike him full in the chest with those curving prongs, or with a rocky stone, let him break with his hooves the ring of Triton's backbone where his two natures join. Let Glaucos the attendant of brinesoaken Earthshaker be servant to Bacchos, and lift in his hands the rattling cymbals of Rheia

<sup>1</sup> So MSS.: Ludwich εἰσέτι νάσσαω.

αὐχενίῳ τελαμῶνι παρήορα τύμπαινα ῥείης.  
 οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάριναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς  
 νύμφης ἡμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος· οὐ μιν ἀράξας  
 ἱσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἀλὸς μεδέων ἰνσιχθων, 120  
 εἰναλίην περ εὐοῦσαν, ἀμυλδύνειε τριαῦντη,  
 ὅττι κορυσσομένῳ θωρήξομαι· ἀμφότερον γάρ,  
 εἰ λάχε γείτονα πόιντον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,  
 νίκης ἡμετέρης σημήιον· ἀγχιάλου γάρ . . .  
 ἀλλὰ παλαιότερην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ 125  
 Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἵκοιτο δικασπόλος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ  
 ἄμπελος αἰεῖδοιτο φερέπτολις, ὥς περ ἐλαίῃ.  
 καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἕτερον τύπον οὐ μιν ἐγίσω  
 ἐγγὺς ἀλός, κραιναὰς δὲ ταμῶν νάρθηκι κολώνιας  
 γείτονα Βηρυτοῖο γεφυρώσω βυθὸν αἰλμης, 130  
 χερσώσας σκοπέλοισιν ἀλὸς πετρούμενον ἰῶν.  
 τρηχαλέῃ δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὀξεί θυρώσῃ.  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἠθάδι νίκη  
 θαρσαλέαι· κταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον αἶμα Γιγάντων  
 νεβρίς ἐμῇ μεθέπουσα μελαίνεται· εἰσέτι δ' αὐτῇ 135  
 ἀντολίῃ τρομέει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει  
 Ἰνδὸς Ἄρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσια δάκρυα λείβων  
 δάκρυα κυματόειντα γέρων ἔφριξεν Ὑδάσπης.  
 καὶ διερὴν μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων Λιβαιτιῖδα νύμφην  
 ἐν γέρας ἰμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἰνσιγαίῳ· 140  
 ἦν ἐθέλλῃ, μέλπειεν ἐμῶν ὑμέναιον Ἑρώτων,  
 μούνον ἐμῇ Βερόῃ μὴ δόχμιον ὄμμα τανύσση."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ἀπειλητῇρι δὲ μύθῳ  
 κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυανοχαίτης·  
 " Αἰδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὅττι τριαῦντης 145

\* i.e. as King Cecrops decided in favour of Athena when



which hang by a strap beside his neck. Not for Beroë alone I fight, but for the native city of my bride. Earthshaker must not strike it, but it must stand unshaken, although it lies in the sea and he is lord of the sea—he must not destroy it with his trident because I will face him in arms : it is as much one as the other—if the sea is its neighbour, it has ten thousand plants of mine, a sign of my victory ; for close to the shore [are my vineyards]. But as for Pallas of old, so for the appeal of Bacchos, may a new Cecrops come as umpire, that the vine may be celebrated as citysustainer, like the olive.<sup>a</sup> Then I will make the city of another shape : I will not leave it near the sea, but I will cut off rugged hills with my fennel and dam up the deep brine beside Berytos, making the water dry land and stony with rocks, and the rough road is smoothed by the sharp thyrsus.

<sup>133</sup> “Come, fight again, Mimallones, confident in your constant victory—my fawnskin is red with the newly-shed blood of slain Giants,<sup>b</sup> the very east still trembles before me, Indian Ares bows his neck to the ground, old Hydaspes shivers, and sheds tears of supplication, tears like his own flood ! When I have won my bride of Lebanon after the battle in the sea, I grant one boon to Earthshaker the lover. If he will, he may sing a song at my wedding, only let him not look askance at my Beroë.”

<sup>143</sup> So spoke Dionysos ; and Seabluehair replied in threatening tones and mocked at him :

<sup>145</sup> “I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos,

she and Poseidon strove for Attica, so let someone in authority decide that Berytos belongs to Dionysos and not Poseidon.

<sup>b</sup> Some confusion on Nonnos's part ; the victory over the Giants is not till book xlviii.



# NONNOS

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Νηρείδες γεγάασιν ἀρείονες· ἀλλὰ θαλάσση	
διψαλεία κρύπτοιτο Μιμαλλόνες, οἶνοχύτου δὲ	
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ἄρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρεφές, ἄρτι κεραυνῷ	

because you want to fight the swinger of the trident, when you fled from Lycurgos's poleaxe ! Look here, Thetis ! Here is a fine return for life and safety that your fugitive Dionysos gives to the hospitable sea ! I am not surprised, Torchbearer : fire killed your mother when you were born, so you act like the fire.

<sup>149</sup> " Up, my dear Tritons, help—tie up the Bacchants and make them seafarers ! May the cymbals that mountainharboured Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water ; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaïos in my watery hall.—Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep : Nereïds are better. But let the Mimallones quench their thirst in the sea and drown there ; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaïos. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereïds ; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia,<sup>a</sup> that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

<sup>172</sup> " And you, Lydian Bacchos, leave your miserable thyrsus and seek you another weapon ; put off your speckled fawnskins, the scanty covering of your limbs. If in that marriage the wooing flame of Zeus was your midwife, now fight with fire, O fireborn ! now

<sup>a</sup> See xxv. 135.

πατρώω προμάχιζε κυβερνητῇρι τριαίης,  
 καὶ στέροπῃν κούφιζε καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆος·  
 οὐ γὰρ Δηριάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοόργου  
 οὗτος ἀγών, Ἄράβων ὀλίγος μόθος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης 180  
 τοσσατίης. τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσέτι πόντιον αἰχμὴν  
 οὐρανὸς ἡμετέρην βυθίην δεδάηκεν Ἑννώ·  
 καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοιτος ἀκωκῆς  
 πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὅτε δύσμαχος ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου  
 εἰς μόθον ἀστερόεντα κορύσσετο πόντιος Ἄρης· 185  
 ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὠκεανῷ δὲ  
 λούετο διψὰς Ἀμαξα, καὶ ὕδασι γείτονος ἄλμης  
 βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κίων ἐψύχετο Μαίρης,  
 καὶ βυθίων κενεῶνες αὐψώθησαν ἐναύλων  
 κύματα πυργώσαιτες, ἱμασσομένιοιο δὲ πόντου 190  
 οὐρανίῳ Δελφῖνι θαλάσσιος ἦιτετο δελφίς."

Ὡς εἰπὼν τριόδοιτι μυχοὺς ἐτίταξε θαλάσσης,  
 καὶ ῥοθίῳ κελάδοιτι καὶ οἰδαίνοιτι ῥέιθρῳ  
 ἥερα μαστίζοντες ἐβόμβειον ὕδατος ὀλκοί.  
 καὶ διεροῖς σακέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἄλμης· 195  
 καὶ βυθίου Κρονίωιτος ἀλιβρέκτιω παρὰ φάτιγ  
 ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζεν ὑποβρυχίην Μιλικέρτης,  
 ζεύξας Ἰσθμιον ἄρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆος  
 ἔγχος ἀλικινήμιδι παρηώρησεν ἀπήνη,  
 τριχθαδίῃ γλωχῖνι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων, 200  
 ζεύξας Ἰσθμιον ἄρμα· καὶ ἱππείῳ χρημετισμῷ  
 Ἰνδῶων κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεόντων.  
 καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔλαυνε· τιτανομένιοιο δὲ δίφρου  
 ἄκρον ὕδωρ ἀδίαντος ἐπέγραφεν ἄβροχος ὀπλή.  
 Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐπέκτυπε θυιάδι χάρμῃ, 205

\* The constellation Canis, which contains Scirius (the Dogstar). For its story, see xlvii. 246 ff.

battle with the thunderbolt of your father against the helmsman of the trident, hurl the lightning and wield your father's aegis. No champion Deriades faces you now : this is no contest with Lycurgos, no little Arabian fight, but your adversary is the sea so mighty. Heaven still trembles at my spear of the deep, Heaven knows what a battle with the sea is like. Champion Phaëthon too in his celestial course felt the point of my trident, when the deep waged formidable war in that starry battle for Corinth. The sea rose to the sky, the thirsty wain bathed in the Ocean, Maira's dog<sup>a</sup> found salt water at hand to bathe in and cooled his hot chin ; the deep bottom of the waters was uplifted in towering waves, the dolphin of the sea met the dolphin of the sky<sup>b</sup> amid the lashing surges ! ”

<sup>192</sup> As he spoke, he shook with his trident the secret places of the sea, roaring surf and swelling flood flogged the sky with booming torrents of water. The army of the brine took up their wet shields. Under the water beside the brinesoaked manger of Cronion, Melicertes shook the spear of the deep, and yoked the Isthmian team ; he slung to the side of the seaborne car the spear of the seafaring king, and scored the back of the water with its triple prong—he yoked the Isthmian team, and the roar of Indian lions resounded along with the neighing of the horses.

<sup>203</sup> He drove his watery course ; as the car sped, the hoof unwetted, unmoistened, scored only the surface. The broadbearded Triton sounded his note for

<sup>b</sup> The constellation of that name. Poseidon, besides his contest with Athena for Athens, had a more successful one against Helios for the Isthmus of Corinth.

ὃς διδύμοις μελέεσσιν ἔχει βροτοειδέα μορφήν  
 ἄλλοφυῇ, χλοάουσαν, ἀπ' ἱξίος ἄχρι καρήνου  
 ἡμιτελής· διερῆς δὲ παρήγορος ἱξίος ὀλκῶ  
 δίπτυχος ἰχθυόεντι τύπῳ περικάμπτεται οὖρῃ.  
 καὶ διερῇ μᾶστιγι, θαλασσαίῃ παρὰ φάτην 210  
 ζεύξας ὠκυπόρῳ πεφορημένον ἄρμα θυέλλῃ,  
 Γλαῦκος ἀνιπτοπόδων λοφίην ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππων  
 καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἀλirroίζῃ δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 Πᾶν κέροεις, ἀβάτοισιν ἐν ἰῶσιν κοῖφος ὀδίτης,  
 ἄβροχος αἰγείησιν αἰακροῖων ἅλα χηλαῖς, 215  
 ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαῦροπι πότιον ἀράσσω,ν,  
 πηκτίδι συρίζων πολέμου μέλος· ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ  
 μιμηλὴν αἶων ἀνεμῶλιον εἰκόνα φωιτῆς  
 ποσσὶν ὄρεσσινόμοισι διέτρεχε πότιον ὕδωρ,  
 μαστεύων κτύπον ἄλλον· ὑπηγέμιος δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ 220  
 τικτομένη σύριγγι διώκετο ποιτιάς ἡχώ.  
 ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδα λόφον ἰησαῖον ἐλίξας  
 ῥῖψεν ἐφ' Ἑδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ πέτρῃ  
 Νηρεΐδων ἐτίναξεν Παλαίμοιτος ἔμβρυον αὐλήν.  
 Πρωτεὺς δ' Ἰσθμιον οἶδμα λιπὼν  
 Παλληνίδος ἁλμῆς 225  
 εἰναλίῳ θώρηκι κορύσσετο, δέρματι φώκης·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφαιτηδὸν ἐπέρκεον αἶθοπις Ἰῖδοι  
 Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στίχες ἀνδρῶν  
 φωκάων πολύμορφον ἐπηχύναιτο ἰομήη.  
 σφιγγομένου δὲ γέροitos ἦν ἑτερόχροος εἰκῶν· 230  
 Πρωτεὺς γὰρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων  
 πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἦν ἐστίξατο μορφήν·  
 καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρθιον ἔστη  
 δεινδρώσας ἐὰ γυνῖα, τινασσομένων δὲ πετήλων  
 ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισεν αἶρη· 235  
 καὶ γραπταῖς φολιδέεσσι κεκασμένα ἰῶτα χαράξας

the mad battle—he has limbs of two kinds, a human shape and a different body, green, from loins to head, half of him, but hanging from his trailing wet loins a curving fishtail, forked. So Glaucos yoked beside their manger in the sea the team that travels in the swift gale, and as they galloped along dryfoot he touched up the necks of the horses with dripping whip, and chased the Satyrs. In the loud sea-tumult horned Pan, lightly treading upon the untrodden waters and splashing up the brine with his goats-hooves himself unwetted, skipt about quickly beating the sea with his crook and whistling the tune of war on his pipes; then hearing on the waves the shadow of a counterfeit sound carried by the wind, he ran all over the sea with his hillranging feet seeking the other sounds—and so the sea-echo produced by his pipes in the wind was hunted itself. Some one else tore up a firmbased island cliff and threw it at the Hydriads—the rock missed the Nereïds and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

<sup>225</sup> Proteus left the flood of the Isthmian sea of Pallene, and armed him in a cuirass of the brine, the sealskin. Round him in a ring rushed the swarthy Indians at the summons of Bacchos, and crowds of the woollyheaded men embraced the shepherd of the seals in his various forms. For in their grasp the Old Man Proteus took on changing shapes, weaving his limbs into many mimic images. He spotted his body into a dappleback panther. He made his limbs a tree, and stood straight up on the earth a selfgrown spire, shaking his leaves and whistling a counterfeit whisper to the North Wind. He scored his back well with painted scales and crawled as a serpent;



εἶρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεῶνος  
 σπείραν ἀνηώρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστῇρι δὲ παλμῷ  
 ἄκρα τιταινομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρῆς,  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ὠρθωσεν, ἀποπτύων δὲ γενεῶν  
 ἰὼν ἀκοιτιστῆρα κεχηνότι σύρισε λαιμῷ.  
 καὶ δέμας ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχων σκιοκιδέῃ μορφῇ  
 φρίξε λέων, σύτο κάπρος, ὕδωρ ῥέει.

240

καὶ χορὸς Ἰνδῶν

ὕγρὸν ἀπειλητῇρι ῥόον σφήκῳσατο δισμῷ  
 χερσὶν ὀλισθηρῇσιν ἔχων ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.  
 κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων  
 εἶχε Περικλυμένοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,  
 ὃν κτάμεν Ἡρακλῆης, ὅτε δάκτυλα δισσὰ συνάψας  
 ψευδαλέον μίμημα νόθης ἔθραυσε μελίσσης.  
 χερσαῖν δὲ γέροντος ἐκυκλώσαντο πορείην  
 πῶεα κητώειτα, φιλοψαμιάβοιο δὲ φώκης  
 οἰγομένῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπλάσσε λαιμῷ.

245

250

Θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλείιον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων  
 ἔγχεϊ κυματόεντι γέρων ὠπλίζετο Νηρεὺς,  
 ποντοπόρῳ τριόδοντι καταθρώσκων ἐλεφάντων,  
 δεινὸς ἰδεῖν· πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἥϊνα γείτονες ὄχθαι  
 εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆος ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκωκῇ.

255

Νηρεῖδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῇ  
 ὑσμίνης ἀλάλαγμα· καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑφ' ὀπί πόντου  
 ἡμιφανῆς ἀπέδιλος ἐβακχεύθη χορὸς αἰλμης.  
 καὶ Σατύρων ἀσιδήρος ἐπαίσσουσα κυδοιμῷ  
 ἀρχαίην ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἄστατος Ἰνώ,  
 λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ἀφρόν ὑπῆνης.  
 καὶ βλοσυρὴ Παιόπεια διαῖσσουσα γαλήνης  
 γλαυκὰ θαλασσαῖς ἐπεμάστιε ἰῶτα λεαύτης·  
 καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου  
 εἰναλίῃ Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχῃ.

260

265



he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water—the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos,<sup>a</sup> whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

<sup>253</sup> Ancient Nereus armed himself with a watery spear, and led his regiment of daughters into the Euian struggle. With sea-traversing trident he leapt at the elephants, terrible to behold: many a neighbouring cliff along the shore toppled sideways under the seapike of Nereus. The tribes of Nereids sounded for their sire the cry of battle-triumph: unshod, half hidden in the brine, the company rushed raging to combat over the sea. Restless Ino speeding unarmed into strife with the Satyrs, fell again into her old madness spitting white foam from her maddened lips. Terrible Panopeia also shot through the quiet water flogging the greeny back of a sealioness. Galateia too the sea-nymph lifting the club of her lovesick Polyphemos<sup>b</sup> attacked a wild

<sup>a</sup> A son of Neleus and brother of Nestor, to whom Poseidon gave power to take all manner of shapes. For Heracles' war with Neleus's sons, see *Il.* xi. 690.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. xl. 555.

κουφίζων δ' ἀτίνακτον ἀλιτρεφείων ἐπὶ κώτων  
 πομπίλος ἤέρταζε δι' ἰθαίτος ἄβροχον Ἑλδῶ.  
 ὥς δέ τις ἱππεύων ἐλατήρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνη, 270  
 δοχμῶσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερόν ἐγγίθι νύσσης,  
 δεξιτερόν κάμψειε, παριμένιοιο χαλινοῦ  
 κείτρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλῆξιππον ἀπειλήν,  
 ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτος, ἐπ' αἰτυγι γοῖήατα πῆξας  
 ἰξυί καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκοίσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων 275  
 φειδομένη παλάμη τεχτήμιον βαῖον ἡμάσσει,  
 ὄμμα βαλὼν κατόπισθε, παρελκομένου δὲ προσώπου  
 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόροιο ζυλίσσεται ἡνιοχῆς·  
 ὥς τότε Νηριίδες διερὴν περὶ νύσαν ἀγῶνος  
 ἰχθύς ὠκυπόροισιν ἐοικότας ἤλασαν ἵπποις. 280  
 ἄλλη δ' αἰτικέλευθον ἀλιδρομιον εἶχε πορείην 281  
 ἡνίοχος δελφῖνος ὑπερκίψασα θαλάσσης, 283  
 νώτῳ δ' ἰχθυόεντι καθιππεύουσα γαλήνης 282  
 ὕγρομαιτῇ δρόμον εἶχε· μαινίς δέ τις ὕγρὸς ὀδίτης 284  
 μεσσοφαιτῆς δελφῖνις ὁμόζιγας ἔσχισε δελφίς. 285

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς ἰσμίνην Διοτίσου  
 θαρσύνοντες ἄνακτα, καὶ αἰνάνων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 ὕδατόεν μύκημα κεχηνόςτος Ὀλκαιοῖο  
 ἄγγελος ὑσμίνης Ποσιδήιος ἔβριμε σάλπιγξ·  
 καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο σινειχμαζόιντα τριαίτη· 290  
 Ἰκαρίῳ Μυρτώος ἐπίτρεχει, ἀγχιφαιτῆς δὲ  
 Ἑσπερίῳ Σαρδῶος, Ἰβηρ ἐπισύρτο Κελτῶ  
 οἰδαίνων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἡθίδι δίζυγι πόιντῳ  
 Βόσπορος ἀστήρικτος ἐμίγνυε καμπύλον ὕδωρ,  
 Αἰγαίου δὲ ῥέεθρα σιναιθίσσοιτες ἀέλλη  
 Ἰονίης κενεῶνες ἐμαστιζοῖτο θαλάσσης  
 συζυγέες, Σικελίης δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ θυιάδος ἁλμης  
 κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπεν Ἀδριαῆς ἁλμῇ  
 ἀγχινεφῆς· καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ

Bacchant. Eido rode unshaken, unwetted, over the water mounted on the back of a seabred pilot fish.

<sup>270</sup> As a driver in the circus rounding the post with skill, turns about the near horse to hug the post and lets the off horse follow along on a slackened rein, goading him on and yelling horse-lashing threats—he stoops and crouches, resting his knees on the rail, and leans to the side: as he drives a willing horse with the sparing hand of a master, and a little touch of the whip, as he turns his face casting an eye behind while he watches the car of the driver behind—so then the Nereïds drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin's back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-dolphins.

<sup>286</sup> The Rivers came roaring into the battle with Dionysos, encouraging their lord, and Oceanos gaped a watery bellow from his everflowing throat while Poseidon's trumpet sounded to tell of the coming strife; the deeps rounded into a swell rallying to the Trident. Myrtoan hurried up to Icarian, Sardinian came near Hesperian, Iberian with swelling waves rolled along to Celtic; Bosporos never still mingled his curving stream with both his familiar seas; the deeps of the Ionian Sea rolling with the stormwind beat together upon the streams of Aegean, and the wild Adriatic brine rose high as the clouds and in towering waves beat on the feet of the raging Sicilian. Libyan Nereus caught up his conch under the water by Syrtis,

εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρείς· 300  
 καί τις ἀναΐξας ῥοθίων χερσαῖος ὁδίτης  
 εἰς σκοπιὴν πόδα λαιὸν ἐρείσατο, δεξιτερῷ δὲ  
 οὖρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθοι ταραῶ  
 Μαινάδος ἀψαύστοιο κατηκόιτιζε καρῆνου·  
 καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοιτι καταιχμάζων Διοιύσου 305  
 ἄλμασι μητρώοισιν ἐβακχείθη Μελικέρτης.

Βασσαριδῶν δὲ φάλαγγες

ἐπιστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν δοιέουσα μετήλιδα βότρυν ἐθείρης  
 εἰς μόθον ὑδατόεῖτα κορίσσειτο φοιτάδι λυσση,  
 ἄστατος οἰσטרηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμοι παλμῷ· 310  
 ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήισαν ὑπὸ σπήλυγα Καβείρων  
 νασσαμένη Λιβάνιοι παρσκήρτησεν ἐρίπην,  
 βάρβαρον αἰθύσσουσα μέλος Κορυβαντίδος ἡχοῦς·  
 ἄλλῃ ἀπὸ Τρώλοιο λεχωίδος ἱψὶ λααίης  
 ἄρσενά μιτρώσασα κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ, 315  
 Μαιονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,  
 καὶ ποδὸς ἵχνος ἔπηξε μετῆρορον ἰφόθεν ὄχθης,  
 μιμηλαῖς γενέεσσιν ὑπαφρίωσα θαλάσση.  
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κίλισσαν ἀναβλύζοιτες ἐέρσην  
 Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσοιτο λεόντων, 320  
 καὶ βυθίῳ καναχηδὸν ἐπισκιρτῶντες ὁμίλῳ  
 ἀμπελόεν παλάμησιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔριος Ἐννοῦς,  
 καὶ παλάμας ταινύσαιτο λειοτεῖην ἐπὶ δειρὴν  
 δραξάμενοι πλοκαμίδος, ἀμαιμακέτους δὲ φορῆας  
 θαρσαλέοι λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαιτο χαλινοῖς. 325  
 ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοῖτα χαραδρήειτος εἰαύλου  
 Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμοι, φοιταλέην δὲ  
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δι' ὕδατος ἤλασεν Ἰνώ.  
 ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε· καὶ οὐκ ἠδέεσσατο Βάκχη  
 θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι καταΐσσουσα τριαίνης, 330

and boomed on his sea-trumpet. Then one rising from the surge and stepping on land rested his left foot on a rock, and with right broke off the top of the cliff with earthshaking tread and hurled it at a Mainad's inviolate head ; and Melicertes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

<sup>307</sup> Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maonian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another : a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident,

Βάκχη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης  
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἤρισε Νηρεὺς  
 πῆχεϊ παφλάζοιτι· δαφουήγειτι δὲ κισσῷ  
 δαίμονα Παλληναῖον ὀρκιστῖας ἤλασε Βάκχη, 335  
 οὐδέ μιν ἐστυφέλιξεν· ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 Γλαῦκον ἀκοιτιστῇρι Μάρων ἀπεισίσαστο θύρῳ.  
 ὑψινεφῆς δ' ἐλίφας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλινῷ  
 δινεύων στατὸν ἶχνος ἀκαμπεί γοῖνατος ὄγκῳ  
 χεῖλεσι μηκεδανούσι χαμεινάδι μάρνατο φώκῃ· 340  
 καὶ Σάτυροι ῥώοιτο κυβιστητῇρι κυδοιμῷ  
 ταυροφυεῖς κεράεσσι πεποιθότες, ἐσσυμένων δὲ  
 ἀλλοφαιτῆς κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξίος ὄρθιος οὐρῇ.  
 Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρριον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
 ποσσὶ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημέιος ἰξύ ταύρου  
 συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθροον αὐλῶν. 345  
 καὶ πλοκάμους βαλίῃσι συναιθίσσουσα θυέλλαις  
 Μυγδονὶς ἐκροτάλιζεν ὁμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,  
 καὶ λοφιὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστιε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου  
 θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης αἰτώπιον· ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ  
 πόρδαλις οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρῳ. 350  
 καὶ τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης  
 ἶχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ἐπισκίρτησε θαλάσση,  
 οἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρῆν·  
 λὰξ ποδὶ κύματα τίψεν, ἐπηπειλήσε δὲ πόντῳ  
 σιγαλέῳ, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἐπεμάστιε θύρῳ 355  
 Βασσαρὶς ὑγροφόρητος· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ νύμφης  
 ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,  
 θάμβος ἰδεῖν· κυνρῇ δὲ παρ' ἥοι γάιτονι πόντῳ  
 φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου  
 αἰνοπαθῆς Ὑαμάθῃ πολυταρβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν· 360  
 “Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἶσθα  
 καὶ εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος,



she, a Bacchant and a woman ; Nereus defending the sea came on land to fight with foaming arms against a rock-loving Pan ; a mountain Bacchant chased the god of Pallene <sup>a</sup> with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him ! Glaucos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloudhigh elephant with earthshaking motions of his limbs stamped about his stiff legs with massive unbending knee, and attacked an earth-bedding seal with his long snout. Satyrs also bustled about in dancing tumult, trusting to the horns on their bull-heads, while the straight tail draggled from their loins for a change as they hurried. Hosts of Seilenoi rushed along, and one of them with his two legs straddling across the back of a bull, squeezed out a tune on his two pipes tied together. A Mygdonian Bacchant rattled her pair of cymbals, with hair fluttering in the brisk winds ; she flogged the bowed neck of a wild bear against a monster of the deep, and the wild panther of the mountains was driven by a thyrsus-goad. One Bassarid possessed with mindrobbing throes of madness skipt over the sea with unwetted feet, as if she were dancing upon Poseidon's head—she stamped on the waves, threatened the silent sea, flogged the deaf water with her thyrsus, that Bassarid who never sank ; from her hair blazed fire selfkindled over her neck and burnt it not, a wonder to behold. Psamathe sorrowful on the beach beside the sea, watching the turmoil of seabattling Dionysos, uttered the dire trouble of her heart in terrified words :

<sup>361</sup> “ O Lord Zeus ! if thou hast gratitude for Thetis and the ready hands of Briareus, if thou hast

<sup>a</sup> Poseidon, *cf.* Thuc. iv. 129. 3.



εἰ μάθες Λιγαίωνα τεῶν χραισμήτορα θεσμῶν,  
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, Βάκχον ἔρυκε μεμηνῶτα· μηδὲ νοήσω  
 δουλοσύνην Νηρήος ἐπὶ Γλαύκοιο τελευτῇ·  
 μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακρυς ὑποδρήσσειε Λυαίῳ, 365  
 δμῳῖδα μὴ μιν ἴδοιμι παρὰ Βρομίῳ, χθόνα Λυδῶν  
 ὀφομένην μετὰ πόιτον, Ἀχιλλεία, Πηλέα, Πύρρον,  
 υἱωνόν, πόσιν, υἷα μὴ στενάζουσιν ἀνίη·  
 Λευκοθέην δ' ἐλάειρε γοήμοια, τῆς παρακοίτης  
 υἷα λαβὼν ἐδάϊξε, τὸν ἀστόργοιο τοκτῆος 370  
 παιδοφόνοι γλωχῖνες ἑδαιτρίψαιτο μαχαίρης."  
 "Ὡς φασμένης ἤκουσε δι' αἰθέρος ἱψιμέδων Ζεὺς,  
 καὶ Βερόης ὑμῖναιον ἐπέτραιεν ἐπιοισιγαίῳ,  
 καὶ μόθον ἐπρήνιε γαμοστόλον· οὐρανόθεν γὰρ  
 νυμφιδίην ἀτέλειστον ἀναστέλλοντες Ἑνὺ 375  
 Βάκχον ἀπειλητῆρες ἐκυκλώσασιντο κεραυνοί.  
 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμίῳ δεδοημένος ἰὼ  
 κούρην μὲν μενέαινε· πατὴρ δέ μιν ἱψιμέδων Ζεὺς  
 βρονταίης ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσω, 380  
 καὶ πόθον ὑσμίνης ἀνεσείρασε πάτριος ἡχώ.  
 ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο κωθρὸς οὔρεος,  
 στυγνὸς ὀπισθοβόλῳ δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι κούρην·  
 οὐασι δ' αἰδομένοισιν αἰδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 ζῆλον ἔχων ἤκουεν Ἀμυμώνης ὑμναιῶν.  
 καὶ γάμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλίβρομος ἤπνε σύριγγι, 385  
 καὶ δονέων ἄσβεστον ἐν ὕδασι νυμφιδίον πῦρ  
 παστὸν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλος ἤπνε Νηρείς,  
 καὶ μέλος ἔπλεκε Φόρκυς· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείῃ  
 Γλαῦκος ἀνεσκίρτησεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης·  
 καὶ ζυγίην Γαλάτεια διακροίουσα χορείην 390  
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ,  
 καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλὰ λιγαίνειν  
 ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.

not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws,<sup>a</sup> save us from Bacchos in his madness ! Let me never see Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave ! Let not Thetis in floods of tears be servant to Lyaïos, let me not see her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on the Lydian land, lamenting in one agony Achilles, Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son ! Pity the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their son and slew him—the heartless father butchered his son with the blade of his murderous knife ! ”

<sup>372</sup> She spoke her prayer, and Zeus on high heard her in heaven. He granted the hand of Beroë to Earthshaker, and pacified the rivals’ quarrel. For from heaven to check the bridebattle yet undecided came threatening thunderbolts round about Dionysos. The vinegod wounded by the arrow of love still craved the maiden ; but Zeus the Father on high stayed him by playing a tune on his trumpet of thunder, and the sound from his father held back the desire for strife. With lingering feet he departed, with heavy pace, turning back for a last gloomy look at the girl ; jealous, with shamed ears, he heard the bridal songs of Amymone in the sea. The syrinx sounding from the brine proclaimed that the rites were already half done. Nereus as Amymone’s chamberlain showed the bridal bed, shaking the wedding torches, the fire which no water can quench. Phorcys sang a song ; with equal spirit Glaucos danced and Melicertes romped about. And Galateia twangled a marriage dance and restlessly twirled in capering step, and she sang the marriage verses, for she had learnt well how to sing, being taught by Polyphemos with a shepherd’s syrinx.

<sup>a</sup> Cf. *Il.* i. 396 ff.

Καὶ Βερόης διεροῖσιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμειναίοις  
 νυμφίος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐφίλατο πατρίδα νύμφης· 395  
 καὶ Βερόης ναέτησιν ἐῆς κειμήλιον εὐνῆς  
 Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο θαλασσαίην πόρε νίκην.  
 καὶ γάμος ὀλβιος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ βυθίῳ παρὰ παστῶ  
 ἄξιον ἔδινον Ἐρωτος Ἄραφ ἐκομίσσατο Νηρεὺς,  
 Ἥφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλύμπια δαίδαλα, νύμφη, 400  
 ὄρμον ἄγων κάλυκας τε φέρων ἑλικὰς τε τιταίνων,  
 ὅπποσα Νηρείδεσσιν ἀμιμνήτῳ κάμε τέχνη  
 Λήμνιος ἐργοπόνοσ παρὰ κίημασι· καὶ μέσον αἰλῆς  
 ἔμπυρον ἄκμοινα πάλλιν ὑποβρυχίην τε πυράγρην,  
 φυσαλέου χοαίοιο περιδρομον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 405  
 ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοισιν, ἀναπτομέτης δὲ καμίνου  
 ἐν ῥοθίοις ἄσβεστον ἐβόμβειν ἰδόμευχον πῦρ.  
 Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κούρη  
 Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχης·  
 χρυσὸν Ἴβηρ πόρε Ἰήνος· ἐχεκτεάων δὲ μετάλλων 410  
 ἤλυθεν εἴκελα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς αἰείρων  
 χερσὶ φυλασσομέτησιν, ὅτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε Λυδῶν  
 Βάκχον ἐὼν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥεῖην  
 Μυγδονίης πολιούχον ἐῆς χθονός· Ἠριδαιὸς δὲ  
 Ἥλιάδων ἤλεκτρα ῥυηφειῶν ἀπὸ δείδρων 415  
 δῶρα πόρε στύλβοντα· καὶ ἀργυρέης ἀπὸ πέτρης  
 Στρυμῶν ὅσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὅπποσα Γεῦδις αἰερεῖ,  
 ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνη δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης.  
 Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῶ  
 γήθεεν ἐννοσίγαιος· ἀμειδίτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ 420  
 γνωτὸς Ἐρως φθονέοιτι παρήγορον ἰαχε φωνήν·

<sup>1</sup> A gap in M and other mss.: P reads κίμασι, Gracse, followed by Ludwig, restores Κύπριδι.

<sup>394</sup> After celebrating Beroë's wedding in the sea, her bridegroom Earthshaker was a friend to her native place. He gave her countrymen victory in war on the sea as a precious treasure in return for his bride. It was a wealthy wedding. Arabian Nereus brought to the bridechamber in the deep a worthy gift of love, a clever work of Hephaistos, Olympian ornaments, for the bride; necklace and earrings and armlets he brought and offered, all that the Lemnian craftsman had made for the Nereïds with inimitable workmanship in the waves <sup>a</sup>—there in the midst of the brine he shook his fiery anvil and tongs under water, blowing the enclosed breath of the bellows <sup>b</sup> with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner's embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amydone by Seabluehair.

<sup>419</sup> And so the dances were over, and Earthshaker was happy in the bridechamber beneath the waters; but Lyaïos never smiled, and his brother Eros came to console him in his jealous mood:

<sup>a</sup> This was when he was thrown out of heaven, and rescued by Thetis and Eurynome. Hom. *Il.* xviii. 398-405.

<sup>b</sup> Literally, windy pipe: but Nonnos seems to have confused bellows with melting pot.

“ Νυμφοκόμῳ, Διόινυσε, τί μέμφεται εἰσέτι κιστῷ;  
 οὐ Βρομίῳ Βερόης γάμος ἔπριπεν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης  
 ἄρμενος ἦν γάμος οὗτος, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης  
 παῖδα λαβὼν ἔζευξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ· 425  
 ἄβροτέρην δ' ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμοις Ἀριάδτην,  
 ἐκ γενεῆς Μίνωος ὁμόγνιον· οὐτιδαιτὴν δὲ  
 πόντιον αἷμα φέρουσιν Ἀμυμώνῃν λίπε πόντῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Λιβάριοιο λόφον καὶ Ἀδωνίδος ἰδὼρ  
 ἵξαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐπάρθειον, ἥχῃ σε μίμνει 430  
 ἄβροχον Ἡελίοιο λέχος Τιτηνίδος Λύρης·  
 καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστάδα κούρης  
 Θρήκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἥχῃ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Παλλήνῃ καλέει σε δορυσσόος, ἥς παρὰ παστῷ  
 ἀθλοφόρον γαμίοισι περιστέψω σε κορύμβοις 435  
 ἡμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης.”

Τοῖα γυναιμανέονται κασιγνήτῳ φάτο Βάκχῳ  
 θοῦρος Ἔρως· πτερύγων δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων  
 ἡερίῃ νόθος ὄρνις αἰτηώρητο πορείῃ,  
 καὶ Διὸς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν. ἀπ' Ἀσσυρίοιο δὲ κόλπου 440  
 ἄβροχίτων Διόινυσος αἰτῆμεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν  
 Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χρυσαυγεί πηλῷ  
 ἀφνειῆς τιταίοιο μέλαν φοινίσσεται ἰδὼρ·  
 Μαιονίης δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἴστατο μητέρι Ῥεΐῃ  
 Ἰνδῶς ὀρέγων βασιλῆια δῶρα θαλάσσης. 445  
 καλλείψας δὲ ρέεθρα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῖο  
 καὶ Φρύγιον κενεῶνα καὶ ἄβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν  
 Ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαν ἐὼν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην,  
 Εὐρώπης πτολίεθρα μετ' Ἀσιῶδος ἄστεα βαίνων.

<sup>422</sup> "Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroë was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amyclone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stock.<sup>a</sup> Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakespeare summons you, beside whose chamber I will crown you with a wedding wreath for your prowess, when you have won Aphrodite's delectable wrestling-match."

<sup>437</sup> So wild Eros spoke to his lovmad brother Bacchos: then he flapt his whizzing fiery wings, and up the sham bird flew in the skies travelling until he came to the house of Zeus. And from the Assyrian gulf Dionysos went daintily clad into the Lydian land along the plain of Pactolos, where the dark water is reddened by the goldgleaming mud of wealthy lime; he entered Maonia, and stood before Rheia his mother, offering royal gifts from the Indian sea. Then leaving the stream of this river of deep riches, and the Phrygian plain, and the nation of softliving men, he planted his vine on the northerly plain, and passed from the towns of Asia to the cities of Europe.

<sup>a</sup> Hyperion, father of Helios, was a Titan, so the reading may pass.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστόν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἤχι γυναῖκας  
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πειθέος ὕγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Ἦδη δ' Ἰλλυρίης Δαυλαίτιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης  
καὶ πέδον Λίμοιῆς καὶ Πήλιον ἄκρον ἑάσας  
Ἑλλάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ Ἀοιή παρὰ πέζῃ  
στήσε χορούς. αἶων δὲ μέλος μυκῆτορος αὐλοῦ  
Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳ θιάσους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν· 5  
καὶ κρήνη κελάδῃσεν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς ἄκρον ἀράξας  
ὕγρὸς ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἐπώνυμον ἔγλυφεν ἰδῶρ.  
Ἄσωπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίπινα χεύματα σύρων  
καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε· σὺν Ἰσμητιῶ δὲ τοκτῇ  
κυκλάδας αἰθύσσουσα ῥοὰς ὠρχήσατο Δίρκῃ. 10  
καὶ ποτέ τις δρυόειτος αἰατίζασα κορύμβου  
ἡμιφανῆς ἐλίγαιεν Ἀμαδρυνὰς ὑψόθι δένδρου,  
οὔνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διοτίσου·  
πηγαίῃ δ' ὁμόφωτος ἀσάμβalos ἵαχε Νύμφῃ.  
Καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτοιο βοκίης 15  
Πειθέος ἀσπόνδοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουαῖς·  
οἰνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος αἰαξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ,  
καὶ στρατιὴν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμοια, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς

\* There are Taulantians in Strabo and Livy, and Lucan vi. 16.



## BOOK XLIV

The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may  
see maddened women and the heavy threat  
of Pentheus.

ALREADY he had passed the Daulantian <sup>a</sup> tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse's wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him.<sup>b</sup> Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spouting her whirling waters along with her father Ismenos. At times a Hamadryad shot out of her clustering foliage and half showed herself high in a tree, and praised the name of Dionysos cluster-laden; and the unshod nymph of the spring sang in tune with her.

<sup>15</sup> The noise of the raw cowhide resounded over the mountains, and reached the ears of irreconcilable Pentheus. The impious king was angry with winegod Bacchos, and he armed a hostile host, calling to the

<sup>b</sup> Hippocrene.

ἄστεος ἑπταπόροιο περιφρίξαι πυλεῶνας·  
 οἱ μὲν ἐπεκλήμισαν ἁμοιβαδῖς, ἐξαπίης δὲ 20  
 αὐτόματοι κληῖδες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων,  
 καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶνι μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχῆας  
 ἡερίοις θεράποιντες ἐριδμαῖνοιτες ἀήταις.  
 οὐ τότε τις πυλαωρὸς ἰδὼν ἀνταείρασε Βάκχην·  
 Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροιντας ἀτευχίας ἀσπιδιῶται 25  
 ἔτρεμον αἰχμητῆρες· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ  
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἀφειδίσαιτες ἀπειλῆς  
 πολλάκις ὠρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοκίαις  
 κυκλάδος ἐστήσαιο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης, 29  
 αἰτίτυπον μίμημα φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβαίντων.  
 φρικαλαίαι δ' ἰάχησαν ἐν οἴρσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι· 33  
 καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὑψιπότητον ἐρωτῆν  
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο· λέων δὲ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων 31  
 μειλίχιον βρύχημα συτήλικι πέμπε λαίῃ.  
 Ἦδη δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐσείετο Πειθέος αἰλῇ 35  
 ἀκλινέων σφαιρηδὸν ἀναιίσσουσα θεμύθλων·  
 καὶ πυλεῶν δεδοίητο θορῶν ἐνσιχθοῖ παλμῷ,  
 πῆματος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ  
 λαῖνος Ὀγκαίης ἐλελίζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,  
 ὃν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπειθεὶ ῥίπῃ 40  
 μόσχου πυργοδόμοιο φερέπτολις ὤκλασε χηλῇ·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ θεῖον ἄγαλμα πολισσούχοιο θεαίης  
 αὐτομάτῃ ραθάμιγγι θεόσσυτος ἐβλυν ἰδρῶς  
 δεῖμα φέρων ναέτῃσι· καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρῃ καρῆνου  
 ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἄρκτος ἔρριε λύθρῳ. 45  
 Καὶ ναέται δεδοίητο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ  
 Πενθέος αὐχήμετος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μεινιῇ,  
 μνησαμένη προτέροιο δαφουῖηεντος ὀνείρου  
 πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑφόβη λέκτρων  
 ἐξ ὅτε κοιρανίην πατρώιον ἤρπασε Πειθεύς, 50

people to bar the portals of the sevenway city. One by one they were shut, but the locks of the gates suddenly opened of themselves : in vain the servants resisted the winds of heaven and set the long bars at each gate. Then no gatewarden could check a Bacchant if he saw her ; but shielded spearmen trembled before old Seilenoi unarmed—disregarding often the threats of their clamouring king, they danced with singlethroated acclaim ; with their well-made oxhides they danced the round in shieldshaking leaps, the very picture of the noisy Corybants. Terrible bears growled madly in the hills, the panther gnashed her teeth and leapt high in the air, the lion in playful sport gave a gentle roar to his comrade lioness.

<sup>35</sup> Already the palace of Pentheus began of itself to tremble and quake, and started from its immovable foundations all about ; the gatehouse quivered and sprang up with earthshaking throbs, foretelling the trouble to come. The stone altar of Oncaian Athena tottered of itself, that which Cadmos had built, when with slow-convincing movement the heifer's hoof sank, to bid him build a wall and found a city ; over the divine image of the cityholding goddess, godsent sweat beaded in drops of itself, bringing fear to the people—from head to foot the statue of Ares ran with gore, telling of things to come.

<sup>46</sup> The inhabitants also were shaken. The mother of boastful Pentheus quivered with fear, mad with anxiety, remembering that bloody dream of old with its prophecy of bitterness ; how once, after Pentheus had seized his father's sovereignty, Agauë slumber-

πάννυχον ὑπναλέοις ὁάροις εὔδουσαν Ἀγαύην  
 φάσματα μμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὀνείρου,  
 ἀπλαιέος θρώσκοιντα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεῶνος·  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Πειθῆα χοροῖτυπον ἄβρὸν ὁδίτην  
 ἄρσενα κοσμήσαιτα γυναικείῳ χροῶ πέπλῳ 55  
 ῥίψαι πορφυρόνωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φῶρος ἀνάκτων,  
 θύρσον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτροιο φορῆα·  
 καὶ μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Καδμηῖς Ἀγαύη  
 ἐζόμενον σκιεροῖο μετάρσιον ὑφ' ὀθι δένδρου·  
 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον, ὅπη θρασὺς ἔζητο Πειθεύς, 60  
 θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαιοτο, καὶ ἄγριον εἶχον ἐρωήν  
 δένδρον ἀπειλητῆρι μετοχλίζοντες ὁδοῖτι,  
 τρηχαλαῖς γενύεσσι· τινασσομένιοιο δὲ δένδρου  
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ διωκίετο Πειθεύς,  
 καὶ μιν ἐδηλήσαντο δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι· 65  
 ἀγροτέρη δὲ λείαια καταΐσσουσα προσώπου  
 πρυμνόθεν ἔσπασε χεῖρα,

καὶ ἄσχετα μαινομένη θῆρ  
 ἡμιτόμου Πειθῆος ἐρρισαμένη πόδα λαιμῷ  
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διέθρισεν ἀιθερεῶνα,  
 αἵμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισεν ἄρπαγι ταρσῷ 70  
 οἰκτρὰ δαΐζομένου, καὶ ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ  
 παλλομένη, βροτέην δ' ἀλιτήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·  
 "Εἰμὶ τεῇ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος· εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ  
 Πειθέος ὀλβίστοιο, τεῇ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.  
 τηλίκον ὤλεσα θῆρα· λεοντοφόνοιο δὲ νίκης 75  
 δέχνυσο τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάγριον ἀλκῆς·  
 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἰνώ,  
 οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονόη· σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀγαύης  
 πῆξον ἀριστοπόνοιο τεοῦ προπάροιθε μελάθρου."

Τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρωπὸν ὑπόχλοος εἶδεν Ἀγαύη. 80  
 ἔνθεν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπωσαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου,

ing on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives,<sup>a</sup> and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman's robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agauë thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree ; round the lofty trunk where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him ; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint—then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words :

<sup>73</sup> “ I am your daughter, the slayer of wild beasts ! I am the mother of Pentheus, happiest of men, your Agauë, the loving mother ! See what a beast I have killed ! Accept this head, the firstfruits of my valour, after victorious slaughter of the lion. Such a beast Ino my sister never slew, Autonoe never slew. Hang up before your hall this keep-sake from Agauë your doughty daughter.”

<sup>80</sup> Such was the horrible vision that pale Agauë saw. Then after she had shaken off sleep's wing,

<sup>a</sup> Cf. *Hom. Od.* xix. 562 ff.

ὀρθρινὴ καλέσασα θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικλοῦς,  
 μάντιας ἔσσομένων φοιῖους ἰδίδωξεν ὀκίρους·  
 Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἄρσενα ῥέξαι  
 ταῦρον, ἀοσσητῆρα δαφουιτηνίτος ὀκίρου, 83  
 Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεοκλήτω παρὰ βωμῶ,  
 μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης παρὰ δειδῶρον, ἤχι Κιθαιρῶν  
 πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος· Ἀμαδρυνάδισσι δὲ Νύμφαις  
 θῆλυν οἶν σήμαινε θυηπολίειν παρὰ λόχημ.  
 ἔγνω δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρώσσουσας Ἀγαύην 90  
 γαστρὸς ἐῆς ὠδῖνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκτον ἀγῶνα  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθίης· ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ  
 κρύψεν ὄνειρείης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νίκης,  
 Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμηνιν ἰὸν βασιλῆα χαλέψῃ.  
 πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῶ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη 95  
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόστολος ἦε Κάδμῳ  
 Πενθέος ἔσπομένοιο· καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῶ  
 θῆλυν οἶν κερόειτι συνέμπορον ἄρσειν ταῦρω,  
 ἤχι Διὸς πέλεν ἄλσος ὀρειάδος ἔμπλειον ὕλης,  
 Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδρυνάδεσσι μίαν ξίῃωσε θυηλὴν 100  
 Κάδμος Ἀγηγορίδης, θεοτερπία βωμὸν ἀνάψας,  
 ῥέξων ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ  
 κνίσῃ μὲν περίφοιτος ἱλὶξ συνειήχετο καπνῶ  
 εὐόδμῳ στροφάλιγγι, δαΐζομένοιο δ' ἄρα ταύρου  
 ὄρθιος αἵμαλέης αὐτόσσυτος αἰλὸς ἐέρσης 105  
 χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι φόνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαύης . . .  
 αὐχένιον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἱλίσας  
 οἰδαλέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐὴν δοχμιώσατο δειρὴν  
 μείλιχος εἰλικόεντι δράκων μιτρούμενος ὀλκῶ,  
 στέμματι δ' ὀλκαίῳ κεφαλὴν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου 110  
 πρηῦς ὄφης, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λίχμαζεν ὑπήνην  
 μειλichίων φίλον ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα γενεῖων  
 οἰγομένων· καὶ θῆλυς ὄφης μιτρώσατο κόρσῃν

trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Chariclo's son, and revealed to him her dream, the bloody prophecy of things to come. Teireisias the diviner bade her sacrifice a male bull to help against the bloody dream, at the altar where men call upon Zeus the Protector, beside the trunk of a tall pinetree where Cithairon spreads his lofty head; he told her to offer a female sheep to the Hamadryad Nymphs in the thicket. He knew the beast as human, he knew Agauë hunting the fruit of her own womb, the struggle that killed her son, the head of Pentheus; but he concealed in wordless silence the deceptive vision of victory in the dream, that he might not provoke the heavy wrath of Pentheus his king. Agauë the tender mother obeyed the wise old man, and went to the lofty hill together with Cadmos while Pentheus followed. At the horns of the altar Cadmos Agenorides made one common sacrifice to Zeus and the Hadryads, female and male together, sheep and horned bull, where stood the grove of Zeus full of mountain trees; he lit the fire on the altar to do pleasure to the gods, and did sacrifice to both. When the flame was kindled, the rich savour was spread abroad with the smoke in fragrant rings. When the bull was slaughtered, a jet of bloody dew spouted straight up of itself and stained the hands of Agauë with red blood. . . . A serpent crept with its coils, surrounding the throat of Cadmos like a garland, twining and trailing a crooked swollen collar about it in a lacing circle but doing no harm—the gentle creature crept round his head like a trailing chaplet, and his tongue licked his chin all over dribbling the friendly poison from open mouth, quite harmless; a female snake girdled the temples of Harmonia like a wreath of



Ἄρμονίης ξανθοῖσι περιπλεχθεῖσα κορύμβοις.  
 καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γυνὴ Κρονίων, 115  
 ὅττι παρ' Ἰλλυρικοῖο δραιοτοβότου στόμα ποίτου  
 Ἄρμονίη καὶ Κᾶδμος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου  
 λαϊνέην ἤμελλον ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν. 118  
 καὶ φόβοι ἄλλοι ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβον ὕπνου 121  
 ἰόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθε σὶν υἱεὶ καὶ γενετῇρι. 122  
 Τοῖον ἶδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ὀμφήκτος ὀνείρου 119  
 μιησαμέητη δεδοίητο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή. 120  
 Ἦδη δ' ἐπταπόροιο δι' ἄστεος ἵστατο Φθίμη 123  
 ὄργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκίος Διονύσου·  
 οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος αἰνὰ πτόλιν· ἀγρονόμων δὲ 125  
 εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐμυτρώθησαν ἀγναί·  
 καὶ θάλαμον Σιμέλης χλοερῷ σκιδώσα κορύμβω  
 νυμφιδίου σπινθήρος ἔτι πνείοντα κεραυνοῦ  
 αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ.  
 φρικτὰ δὲ παπταίνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου, 130  
 ζῆλον ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, αἶαξ κυμαίνεται Πειθεύς·  
 καὶ κενεῆς προχέων ὑπερήνορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς  
 τοῖον ἔπος δμῶεσσιν ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πειθεύς·  
 “Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποιντα κομίσσατε,  
 θῆλιν ἀλήτην,  
 δαινυμένου Πειθῆος ὑποδρηστήρα τραπέζης, 135  
 οἰνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλο διαστάζοντα κυπέλλῳ,  
 ἢ γλάγος ἢ γλυκὺ χεῦμα· κασιγνήτην δὲ τεκούσης 138  
 Αὐτονόην πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἱμάσσω, 147  
 καὶ πλοκάμους τμήξωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου· 139  
 κύμβαλα δ' ἡχίεντα διαρρίψαιτες ἀήταις 140  
 καὶ πάταγον Βερέκνιτα καὶ Εὐία τύμπανα ῥεῖης  
 ἔλκετε Βασσαρίδας μανιώδεας, ἔλκετε Βάκχας,  
 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλυδας, ἃς ἐνὶ Θήβῃ

<sup>1</sup> Ludwich marks a lacuna here.

clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned the bodies of both snakes into stone,<sup>a</sup> because Harmonia and Cadmos were destined to change their appearance and to assume the form of stone snakes, at the mouth of the snakebreeding Illyrian gulf. Then Agauë returned home with her son and her father, having a new fear besides the fear of the dream.

<sup>119</sup> Such was the vision which Agauë had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

<sup>123</sup> Already Rumour was flying about the seven-gated city proclaiming the rites of danceweaving Dionysos. No one there was throughout the city who would not dance. The streets were garlanded with spring leafage by the country people. The chamber of Semele, still breathing sparks of the marriage thunders, was shaded by selfgrowing bunches of green leaves which intoxicated the place with sweet odours. King Pentheus swelled with arrogance and jealousy to see the terrible wonders of Bacchos in so many shapes. Then Pentheus uttered proud boasts and empty threats to his servants in these insulting words :

<sup>134</sup> " Bring here my Lydian slave, that womanish vagabond, to serve the table of Pentheus at his dinner ; let him fill his winebeaker with some other drink, milk or some sweet liquor ; I will flog my mother's sister Autonoë with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropt locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecyntian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on

<sup>a</sup> Imitated from *Il.* ii. 319, but given a new meaning.

Ἴσμηνοῦ διεροῖσιν ἀκοιτίζοντες ἐναύλοισ  
 Νηίδας Ἀονίαις ποταμήσι μίξατε Νύμφαις  
 ἤλικας, Ἀδρυάδας δὲ γέρων δέξαιτο Κιθαιρῶν 145  
 ἄλλαις Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ὁμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυαίου. 146  
 ἄξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποιήτορι θεσμῷ, 148  
 ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὁπάσσω.  
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω. 150  
 εἰ δέ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,  
 γνῶσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας· οὐραίου γὰρ  
 θερμότερους σπινθήρας ἐμὸν λάχεν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·  
 σήμερον αἰθαλόεϊτα τὸν ἀμπελόεϊτα τελέσσω.  
 εἰ δὲ μόθον στήσειε μαχήμοια θύρσον ἀείρων, 155  
 γνῶσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον δόρυ· καὶ μιν ὀλέσσω,  
 οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγόων, οὐ στήθιος, οὐ κενεώνων  
 ὠτειλὴν μεθέποντα· καὶ οὐ βουπλήγι δαΐξω  
 κυρτὰ βοοκραίριοι κεράατα δισσὰ μετώπου,  
 οὐδὲ διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένος· ἀλλὰ ἐ τίψω 160  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,  
 ὅττι Διὸς μέγαλοιο γοιτὴν ἐφείσατο μηροῦ  
 καὶ πόλον ὥς ἐὼν οἶκον· ἐγὼ δὲ μιν ἀντὶ μελάβρου  
 ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλεῶνος ἐνέρτερον Ἴλιδι πέμψω, 165  
 ἥέ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζοιτα καλίψω  
 κύμασιν Ἴσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρίος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης.  
 οὐ δέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεόν· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,  
 ψεύσομαι, ὥς Διόνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου  
 αἷμα φέρω χθονίοιο, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός, ὄρχαμος ἄστρον,  
 Ἡέλιός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔσπειρεν Ἐχίων· 170  
 τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν Ἀγαυή·  
 εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης·  
 οὐρανὸς ἀστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις· ἴατε, Θῆβαι·  
 Παλλὰς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἄμβροτος Ἡβη·  
 Πενθεί μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἄρεα δεσπότης Ἥρη, 175

Bromios—hurl them into the watery beds of Ismenos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian rivernymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaïos. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire : Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos ! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth !<sup>a</sup> For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorchy one ! If he lift his thyrsus and give battle, he shall learn what kind of a spear I have from earth. I will destroy him without a wound in foot or flank, breast or belly ! I will not cut off the two crooked horns from his bullhorned head with a poleaxe, I will not cut through his neck : I will pierce the fork of his thigh with a blow from a spear of bronze, because of his lies about the thigh of great Zeus, and heaven as his home. Instead of the palace of Zeus, instead of his gatehouse, I will send him down to Hades, or make him roll himself helpless into the waves of Ismenos to hide—we can do without the sea !

<sup>167</sup> “ I will not receive a mortal man as a bastard god. If I dare say it, I will deny my own breeding, like Dionysos. I have not in me the blood of mortal Cadmos, but my father is the chief of stars—Helios begat me, not Echion ; Selene brought me forth, not Agauë ; I am the offspring of Cronides and a citizen of heaven, the sky with its wandering stars is my home—so forgive me, Thebes ! Pallas is my concubine, immortal Hebe my consort. Queen Hera gave me the

<sup>a</sup> He is “ from earth ” as being descended from the earth, born Spartoi.

καὶ ζαθέη μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐγένετο Πειθία Λητώ·  
 Ἄρτεμιν ἱεμένην νυμφεύσομαι· οὐδὲ με φεύγει,  
 ὥς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγεν ἑῆς μισηστῆρα κορείης,  
 μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα κασιγνήτων ἑμεναίων.  
 εἰ δέ τήν Σεμέλην οὐκ ἔφλεγεν οὐρανή φλόξ, 190  
 παιδὸς ἑῆς διὰ μῶμον εἶν δόμον ἔφλεγε Κάδμος,  
 ἄστεροπὴν δ' ἐκάλεσσε χαμαιγενὲς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,  
 καὶ δαΐδων ὀνόμηνε σέλας σπιυθῆρα κεραυνοῦ."  
 Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπιστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ  
 ὀπλοφόροι κενεοῖσιν ἐριδμαίνοντες αἵταις· 195  
 καὶ στρατὸς ἄσπετος ἦεν ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης,  
 ἶχνια μαστεύοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου.  
 Ὅφρα μὲν ἐπαιέτησιν αἶναξ ἐπετέλλετο Πενθεύς,  
 τόφρα δέ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφεγγέα νύκτα δοκεύων  
 τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνη· 190  
 "ὦ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, πολίστροφε, παιτρόφε Μῆνη,  
 ἄρματος ἀργυρέοιο κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνη,  
 εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἐκάτη πολικῶνυμος, ἐντυχίῃ δέ  
 πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονέεις θιασώδεια πένυκν,  
 ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὅττι σε τέρπει 195  
 κνυζηθμῶ γοόωιτι κυιοσσόος ἐντυχὸς ἡχώ·  
 Ἀρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφηβόλος, ἐν δέ καλῶναις  
 νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσω,  
 ἔσσο κασιγνήτοιο βοηθόος· ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ  
 αἷμα λαχὼν Κάδμοιο διώκομαι ἔκτοθι Θήβης, 200  
 μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος· ὠκύμορος γὰρ  
 θνητὸς αἰὴρ κλονέει με θεημάχος· ὥς νυχίῃ δέ

\* Evidently a folktale explaining why Sun (Apollo-Helios) and Moon (Artemis-Selene) are never together: for more such stories, see A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, l'ayot, 1938), pp. 129 ff.

breast after Ares, divine Leto brought me forth after Phoibos. I will woo Artemis, who wants me—she does not run from me as she did from Phoibos, the wooer of her maidenhood, because she feared blame for wedding with a brother.<sup>a</sup> And if the heavenly flame did not burn your Semele, Cadmos did burn his house for his daughter's shame, and gave the name of lightning to the earthly fire he kindled, called the flame of torches the spark of the thunderbolt."

<sup>184</sup> When the king had spoken, his men of war mustered in arms to fight the empty winds; there was an infinite host in the pinewood, seeking the tracks of Lyaïos ever unseen.

<sup>188</sup> But while Pentheus was giving his commands to the people, Dionysos waited for darksome night, and appealed in these words to the circling Moon in heaven:

<sup>191</sup> "O daughter of Helios,<sup>b</sup> Moon of many turnings, nurse of all! O Selene, driver of the silver car! If thou art Hecate of many names, if in the night thou dost shake thy mystic torch in brandcarrying hand, come nightwanderer, nurse of puppies because the nightly sound of the hurrying dogs is thy delight with their mournful whimpering. If thou art staghunter Artemis, if on the hills thou dost eagerly hunt with fawnkilling Dionysos, be thy brother's helper now! For I have in me the blood of ancient Cadmos, and I am being chased out of Thebes, out of my mother Semele's home. A mortal man, a creature quickly perishing, an enemy of god, persecutes me. As a

<sup>b</sup> So first in Eurip. *Phoen.* 175, of surviving works, but the scholiast there says it comes in "Aeschylus and others of the more scientific (*φυσικώτεροι*). writers." It is indeed more astronomical than mythological, since the moon's light is from the sun. Usually she is the sun's sister.



νυκτελίῳ χραισμήσον ἐλαυτομένῳ Διοτίσῳ·  
 εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνηα νεκισσός, ὑμέτεραι δὲ  
 ψυχαὶ Ταρταρίοισιν ὑποδρήσσουσι θούκοις, 206  
 νεκρὸν ἴδω Πειθῆα, καὶ ἀχτυμέϊου Διοτίσου  
 δάκρυον εὐνήσειε τεὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἑρμῆς·  
 σείο δὲ Τισιφύϊης μανιώδεις ἢ Μεγαίρης  
 Ταρταρίῃ μάλιστα λαθίφρονα παῦσον ἀπειλὴν  
 Γηγενέος Πειθῆος, ἐπεὶ δυσμήχαιος Ἦρη 210  
 ὀψίγονον Τιτῆνα νέῳ θώρηξε Λυαίῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ φῶτα δάμασσον ἀθίσμιον, ὅφρα γεραίρης  
 ἀρχεγόου Ζαγρῆος ἐπωτυμῆν Διοτίσου.  
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκειε μεμηνόςτος ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλῆν·  
 κλῦθι, πάτερ καὶ μήτηρ· ἐλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου 215  
 σὴ στεροπὴ γαμῆ Σιμέλης τιμήρορος ἴστω."  
 "Ὡς φαμένου ταυρῶπις ἀνίαχεν ὑφόθι Μῆνη·  
 " Νυκτιφαῆς Διόινυσε,

φυτηκόμει, σὺνδρομει Μῆνης,  
 σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε· μέλει δέ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,  
 ὑμετέρων ὅτι γαῖα φυτῶν ὠδῖνα πεπαίνει 220  
 μαρμαρυγὴν δροσόεσσαν ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης  
 δεχτυμείῃ· σὺ δέ, Βάκχε χοροῖτυπε, θύρσα τιταίνων  
 σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ οὐ τρομέεις γένος ἀνδρῶν  
 ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοῦφος αἰεὶ νόος, ὧν καὶ ἀνάγκη  
 Εὐμενίδων μάλιστα ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλὰς. 225  
 σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέεσσι κορύσσομαι· ἴσα δὲ Βάκχω  
 κοιρανέω μανίης ἑτερόφροιτος· εἰμὶ δὲ Μῆνη  
 Βακχιάς, οὐχ ὅτι μοῦνον ἐν αἰθέρι μῆνας ἐλίσσω,  
 ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μανίης μεδέω καὶ λίσσαν ἐγείρω.

• Cf. on 152.



being of the night, help Dionysos of the night, when they pursue me ! If thou art Persephoneia, whipper-in of the dead, and yours are the ghosts which are subservient to the throne of Tartaros, let me see Pentheus a dead man, and let Hermes thy musterer of ghosts lull to sleep the tears of Dionysos in his grief. With the Tartarean whip of thy Tisiphone, or furious Megaira, stop the foolish threats of Pentheus, this son of earth,<sup>a</sup> since implacable Hera has armed a lateborn Titan against Lyaïos. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus.<sup>b</sup> Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother ! Lyaïos is contemned : let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele ! ”

<sup>217</sup> To this appeal bullface <sup>c</sup> Mene answered on high :

<sup>218</sup> “ Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes ; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of unresting Selene. Then do you, dancing Bacchos, stretch out your thyrsus and look to your offspring ; and you need not fear a race of puny men, whose mind is light, whose threats the whips of the furies repress perforce. With you I will attack your enemies. Equally with Bacchos, I rule distracted madness. I am the Bacchic Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-

<sup>b</sup> With this string of the moon’s identifications with various goddesses, *cf.* the similar list of the sun’s names, xl. 369 ff.

<sup>c</sup> So called because her exaltation (*ὑψωμα*) is in Taurus ; this is astrology, not myth.

- οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὕβριν ἐγὼ νήποιον εἰάσω· 230  
 ἤδη γὰρ Λυκούργος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσω,  
 ὁ πρὶν ἐὼν ταχύγουιτος, ὁ Μαιάδας ὄξυ διώξας,  
 τυφλὸς ἀλητεύει καὶ δεύεται ἡγεμονίης.  
 ἤδη δ' ἀμφὶ τένοιτας Ἑρυθραίων δονακῆων 235  
 κέκλιται εἶθ' αἰεὶ καὶ εἶθ' αἰεὶ, τῆς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκῆς,  
 Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος, αἰαινομένῳ δὲ ῥείθρῳ  
 ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα πατὴρ ἔκρυπεν Ἰθάσσης  
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆειτι τετυμμένον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων 240  
 πατρώῳ βαρύνθῃσι κατηφείπε πῖπτε ῥείθρῳ·  
 Τυρσηνοὶ δεδάασι τεὸν σθένος, ὅππότε νηῶν 245  
 ὀρθίος ἰστὸς ἄμειπτο καὶ ἀμπελόαις πλεν ὄρηξ  
 αὐτοτελής, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι πετῆλοισι  
 ἡμερίδων εὐβοτρὺς αἰηδέζητο καλυπτρῇ,  
 καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον ἐχιδνῆεντι κορύμβῳ 250  
 ἰοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυτὴν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βουλὴν  
 δυσμενέες ῥίψαιτες ἀμειβομένῳ προσώπου  
 ἀφραδέες δελφῖνες ἐνιπλώουσι θαλάσση·  
 εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοις Διονύσω, 255  
 οἷα κυβιστητῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι γαλήνῃ.  
 καὶ νέκυς ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὄξεί θυρῶ  
 χεύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισι καλύπτεται Ἰδὸς Ὀρόντης,  
 εἰσέτι δειμαίνων καὶ ἐν ἰδασιν οὔνομα Βάκχου. 260  
 Τοῖον ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσήνιος ἴαχε δαίμων.  
 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀμίλει κυκλάδι Μήνῃ,  
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρῇ χαριζομένη Διονύσω 265  
 Περσεφὼν θώρηξεν Ἑρινύας, ἀχυνμένη δὲ  
 ὄψιγόνῳ χραίσμησε κασιγιγῆτῳ Διονύσω.  
 Αἱ δὲ Διὸς χθονίοιο δυσάιτεϊ νεύματι κόροψ' 270  
 Εὐμενίδες Πενθῆος ἐπεστρατόωντο μελάθρῳ,  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ζοφεροῖο διαθρώσκουσα βερίθρου  
 Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνῆεσσιν ἰμάσθλην,

punished earthly violence against you. For already Lycurgos who threatened Dionysos, so quick of knee once, who sharply harried the Mainads, is a blind vagabond who needs a guide. Already over the stretches of Erythraian reedbeds a crowd of Indians lie dead here and there, dumb witnesses to your valour, and foolish Deriades has been swallowed up in the unwilling stream of his father Hydaspes, pierced with an ivy spear—yes, he fled and fell into the sad stream of his despondent father. The Tyrsenians learnt your strength, when the standing mast of their ship was changed, and turned into a vinestock of itself, the sail spread into a shady canopy of leaves of garden-vine and rich bunches of grapes, the forestays whistled with clumps of serpents hissing poison, your enemies threw off their human shape and intelligent mind and changed their looks to senseless dolphins wallowing in the sea—still they make revel for Dionysos even in the surge, skipping like tumblers in the calm water. Indian Orontes also is dead, struck by your sharp thyrsus, and drowned in the Assyrian floods, still fearing the name of Bacchos even under the waters.”

<sup>253</sup> Such was the answer of the goldenrein deity to Bromios. But while Bacchos yet conversed with circling Mene, even then Persephone was arming her Furies for the pleasure of Dionysos Zagreus, and in wrath helping Dionysos his later born brother.

<sup>258</sup> Then at the grim nod of Underworld Zeus, the Furies assailed the palace of Pentheus. One leapt out of the gloomy pit swinging her Tartarean whip of vipers; she drew a stream from Cocytos and

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<sup>1</sup> 'Ρείης MS.: κούρης Koch, κόρης Graefe, Ludwig.

Κωκυτοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρον ἀρύετο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ χθονὴν ῥαθάμιγγι δόμους ἔρραιεν Ἀγαίης . . .  
 οἷα προθεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυα Θήβης·  
 Ἀκταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' Ἀτθίδος ἦγαγε δαίμων, 265  
 ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλοιο μαιφόιον, ἥ ποτε μήτηρ  
 Πρόκνη θυμολέαινα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ  
 τηλυγέτην ὠδῖνα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ  
 παιδοβόρῳ Ἱηρῇ φίλῃν δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν·  
 κείνην χειρὶ φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγόν Ἑρινὺς 270  
 ἀρχεκάκοις οὐνύχεσσι διαγλύψασα κοινήν  
 Ἀττικὸν ἔκρυφεν ἄορ ὀρεσσιφύτῳ παρὰ ῥίζῃ  
 μηκεδαιτῆς ἐλάτης, ἥ Μαινάδες, ὅπποθι Πειθεὺς  
 μέλλε θανεῖν ἀκάρητος· ἐπαμήσασα δὲ κόχλῳ  
 Γοργόνος ἀρτιφόνιοιο νεόρρυτον αἷμα Μεδοῦσης 275  
 πορφυρέαις ἔχρισε Λιβυστίσι δίδυρον ἑρσασί.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνήσατο μαινὰς Ἑρινὺς.  
 Ὀρφναίοις δὲ πόδεςσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου  
 νυκτιφαῆς Διόνυσος ἔχων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,  
 αἰθύσσων Κρονίην μανιώδεια Παιὸς ἱμάσθλην· 280  
 βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλιον Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα  
 Αὐτονόην ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·  
 “Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλῖον ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ  
 υἱέος εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐριδμαίνεις καὶ Ὀλύμπῳ·  
 αἰθέρος ἦρπασας εὖχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄβρὸν ἀκοίτην 285  
 Ἄρτεμις Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἐιδυμῖωνα Σελήνῃ,  
 οὐ θάνεν Ἀκταίων, οὐκ ἔλλαχε θηρὸς ὀπωπὴν,  
 οὐ στικτῆς ἐλάφοιο ταινυγλώχινῃ κεραίην,  
 οὐ νόθον εἶδος ἔδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐψεύσατο μορφήν,  
 οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας εἰοῦς εἰσήσε φοιτῆας· 290

\* Since all this was in Thrace, it is hard to see how the knife got to Attica, even though the two sisters were Athenians.

water from Styx, and drenched Agauë's rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat.<sup>a</sup> This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

<sup>278</sup> Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan's Cronian<sup>b</sup> whip of madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called Autonoë and cried in wild tones—

<sup>283</sup> "Autonoë, happier far than Semele—for by your son's late marriage you can rival Olympos itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing

<sup>b</sup> Because Pan is descended by one way or another from Cronos.

ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσων στομάτων κεινόφροιν μύθῳ  
 υἱέος ὑμετέροιο μόρον ψείσαντο βοτῆρες,  
 νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης.  
 οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὗτος· ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις ὑμεναίοις  
 εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίην ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες. 295  
 ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι διαθρώσκουσα πεδίλῳ  
 σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὔρα· κείθι μολοῦσα  
 ὄψεται Ἀκταίωνα συναγρώσσοιτα Λυαίῳ,  
 Ἄρτεμιν ἐγγὺς ἔχοντα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης  
 ἐνδρομιῆδας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφόωντα φαρέτρην. 300  
 ὀλβίῃ, Λίποισσῃ, Σιμέλῃς πλέον, ὅτι θεαίνης  
 εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἐκνὴρ πέλες ἰοχεαίρης·  
 Ἴνους καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρη, ὅτι θεαίνης  
 σὸς παῖς ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχεν Ὀτος ἀγῆνωρ.  
 οὐ θρασὺς Ἰλρίων πέλε νυμφίος ἰοχεαίρης. 305  
 χάρματι δ' ἠβήσας σίθεν υἱέος εἴνεκα νύμφης  
 κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρσσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῷ,  
 σείων ἡερίοις ἀνέμοις χιοινώδεα χαίτην.  
 ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένιοιο γημοστόλος, εὐλοχε μήτηρ·  
 ἄρμενος οὗτος Ἐρως, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἄρτεμις ἀγῆ 310  
 υἷα κασιγιήτοιο, καὶ οὐ ξείον εἶχεν ἀκοίτην.  
 ἀλλὰ θεὰ φυγόδεμνος ἐπὶν ποτε παῖδα λοχεύσῃ,  
 υἱέα κουφίζουσα σαόφρονος ἰοχεαίρης  
 πῆχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμονι δείξον Ἀγαυῇ.  
 τίς νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, κυνοσσόος εἰ παρὰ παστῷ 315  
 ἤθελε θηρητῆρα λαγωβόλον υἷα λοχεῦσαι,  
 εἵκελον Ἀκταίωνι φιλοσκοπέλῳ τε Κυρήνῃ,  
 μητρώων ἐλάφων ἐποχημένον ὠκέϊ δῖφρῳ;''



him. No, these were all herdsmen's lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son's fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from : women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe ! Make haste, speed into the mountains ! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaïos on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingering his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoë ! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself ! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son's bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother ! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother's son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agauë jealous at the sight ! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother's team of swift deer ? "



## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόφει,  
ὀππόθι Πειθεὺς  
 ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκείος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίωιο δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη  
 χάριματι λυσσῆεντι κατάσχετος, ὅφρα νοήσῃ  
 νυμφίον Ἀκταίωνα παρήμεινον ἰοχεαίρῃ·  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένη σφαλερῶ ποδὶ σὺνδρομος αὔραις  
 εἰς ὄρος ἀκρήδεμνος ὁμάρτεε μαινὰς Ἀγαυή, δ  
 καὶ Κρονίης μάστιγος ἱμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ  
 ἄσκοπον ἐρροίβδῃσε μεμνηότι χεῖλεϊ φωτῆν·

“ Οὐτιδανῶ Πειθῇ κορίσσομαι, ὅφρα δαείῃ,  
 θαρσαλέην ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζόνα τίκτεν Ἀγαυήν.  
 ἔμπλεος ἠγορέης καὶ ἐγὼ πέλων· ἦν ἐθειλήσω, 10  
 καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμησιν ὅλον Πειθῆα δαμάσσω,  
 καὶ στρατιὴν εὖοπλον ἀτευχέι χειρὶ δαίξω.  
 θύρσον ἔχω· μελὴς οὐ δειόμαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλω·  
 ἔγχεϊ δ’ ἀμπελόεντι δορυσσόον αἰέρα βάλλω·  
 οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δαμάσσω. 15  
 κύμβαλα δ’ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλήγη βοεῖην  
 κυδαίνω Διὸς νῖα, καὶ οὐ Πειθῆα γεραίρω.  
 Λύδιά μοι δότε ρόπτρα· τί μέλλετε, θυιάδες ὦραι;  
 ἴξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅθι Μαιαῖδες, ἤχι γυναῖκες

## BOOK XLV

See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaïos.

WHEN Bromios had spoken, the nymph rushed from the house possessed by joyous madness, that she might see Actaïon as bridegroom seated beside the Archeress ; along with her as she hastened swift as the wind sped Agauë to the mountain, with staggering steps, unveiled, frenzied, the sting of the Cronian <sup>a</sup> whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips :

<sup>8</sup> “ I rebel against that ridiculous Pentheus, to teach him what a bold Amazon is Agauë the daughter of Cadmos ! I too am chockfull of valour. If I like, I will tame all Pentheus even with my bare hands, and I will destroy his well-armed host with no weapon in my hand ! I have a thyrsus ; ashplant I want not, no spear I shake—with viny lance I strike the spear-shaking man ! I wear no corselet, but I will tame the man who wears the best. Shaking my cymbals and my tambour which I beat on both sides I magnify the son of Zeus, I honour not Pentheus. Give me the Lydian drums—why do ye delay, ye hours of festival ? I will come to the hills, where Mainads, where women

<sup>a</sup> Hardly more definite than “ divine,” all the Olympians being related in one way or another to Cronos.

ἤλικες ἀγρώσσοιτι συναγρώσσουσι Λυαίῳ. 20  
 ζῆλον ἔχω, Διόινυσε, λειτοφόοιο Κυρήνης·  
 φείδεό μοι Βρομίοιο, θεημάχε, φείδεο, Πειθεῦ·  
 εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχητος εἰλίσσομαι, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Εὐιον αἰδούσα χοροῖτυπον ἱχίος εἰλίξω·  
 οὐκέτι βοτρυόειτος αἰαίτομαι ὄργια Βάκχου, 25  
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στιγέω χορόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 δειμαίνω Διόινυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀφθιτος εὐνή,  
 ὃν Διὸς ὑψιμέδοιτος ἐχτυλώσαντο κεραυνοί.  
 ἔσσομαι ὠκυπέδιλος, ὁμήλυδος ἰοχειρῆς  
 δίκτυα κουφίζουσα, καὶ οὐ κλωστήρας Ἀθήνης." 30  
 Ὡς φασμένη πεπότητο νύκτ' σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλῶν,  
 ληναίης μεθέπουσα φιλεύιον ἄλμα χορείης,  
 Βάκχον ἀνευάζουσα καὶ αἰδούσα Θυώτην·  
 καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς κίκλησκε γυναῖκα,  
 καὶ σέλας εὐφάων γαμίων εἰλίγαινε κεραυνῶν. 35  
 Καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἦν παλὺς·  
 ἄμφι δὲ πέτραι  
 ἴαχον· ἐπταπύλου δὲ πέδον περιδίδρομε Θήβης  
 ἦχῃ ποικιλόμορφος· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀλαλητῶ  
 μελπομένων βαρύδουπος ἐπισμαράγησε Κιβαιρῶν·  
 καὶ δροσόεις κελάδησεν ἁλὸς κτύπος· ἦν δὲ ἰοῆσαι 40  
 δένδρεα κωμάζοντα καὶ αὐδόμεσαν ἐριπτην.  
 καὶ τις εὐὸ θαλάμοιο χοροῖτυπος ἔκθορε κούρη,  
 αὐλὸς ὅτε τρητοῖσι πόροις ἰάχῃσε κεράσσης·  
 καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβόητος ἀδειψήτοιο βοκίης  
 παρθενικὰς βάκχευσε, ἀπ' εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάβρων 45  
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἐρημάδας ἤλασε Βάκχας.  
 καὶ τις ἀνοιστρηθεῖσα θυελλήεντι πεδίῳ  
 κούρη λυσιέθειρα διέσσυτο παρθενεῶνος,  
 κερκίδα καλλιέψασα καὶ ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην·  
 καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην 50

of like years, join the hunt of hunting Lyaïos. O Dionysos, I am jealous of Cyrene lionslayer! Spare me Bromios, O thou rebel against heaven—spare him, O Pentheus! I will come at speed into the hills, that I too may sing Euïos and twirl a dancing foot. No longer I refuse the rites of grapegod Bacchos, no longer I hate the Bassarids' dance; but I too stand in awe of Dionysos, offspring of the bed incorruptible, bathed by thunderbolts from Zeus on high. Swift will my shoes go, as I carry nets beside the Archeress, no longer the skeins of Athena."

<sup>31</sup> So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimalon, practising the Euian leap of the winepress, calling Euoi to Bacchos and lauding Thyone—aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

<sup>36</sup> Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevingate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchantes in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair,

μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἄονις ἔπλετο Βάκχη.

Τειρεσίας δ' ἱέρευσεν ἀλεξικάκῳ Διονύσῳ  
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ἵνα Πειθέος ὕβριν ἐρύξῃ  
καὶ χόλον ἀπρήνυτον ἀποσκεδάσειε Λυαίου·  
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίον ἤλυθε Μοίρης. 63  
καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλίσσατο μᾶτις ἐχέφρων,  
ὄφρα μετασχίσωσι χυροστασίην Διονύσου.  
βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὠρχήσατο Κάδμος  
στέψας Ἄονίῳ χιοινώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῷ·  
Τειρεσίας δ' ὁμόφοιτος ἶόν πόδα ιωθρόν ἐλίσσων, 60  
Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακροίων Διονύσῳ,  
εἰς χορὸν αἴσσοιτι συνέμπορος ἦε Κάδμω  
γηραλέον νάρθηκι θεοιδεῖ πῆχυν ἐρείσας.  
ἀθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὁμήλυδας ὁμματι λαφῷ  
Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς· 65

“ Κάδμε, τί μαργαίνεις;

τίνι δαίμοσι κῶμον ἐγχείρεις;

Κάδμε, μαινομένης ἀποκάτθεο κισσὸν ἐθειρής,  
κάτθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοοπλαιῖος Διονύσου·  
Ὅγκαίης δ' ἀνάειρε σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.  
νῆπιε Τειρεσία, στεφαιτηφόρε, ῥῖψον αἷταις 70  
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φύλλα, νόθον στέφος·

αἰτὶ δὲ θύρσου

Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τετὴν Ἰσμηνίδα δάφνην.  
αἰδέομαι σέο γῆρας, ἀμετροβίων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν  
μάρτυρα σῶν ἐτέων πολιὴν πλοκαμίδα γεραίρω·  
εἰ μὴ γὰρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτυε καὶ σέο χαίτη, 75  
καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσιν ἐγὼ σέο χεῖρας ἐλίξας  
δέσμιον ἀχλυσέοντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.

mingled with Bassarids—and lo! Aionian<sup>a</sup> turned Bacchant!

<sup>52</sup> Teiresias built an altar to Protecting Dionysos and sacrificed there, that he might prevent the defiance of Pentheus and avert the wrath of Lyaïos yet unappeased; but his prayers were in vain, since the thread of Fate was there. The wise seer called Semele's father also, that they might share the dance of Dionysos. With heavy feet ancient Cadmos danced, crowning his snowy hair with Aonian ivy, and Teiresias his old comrade wheeled a sluggish foot, beating a Phrygian revelstep for Mygdonian Dionysos; so he joined the eager efforts of Cadmos hastening to the dance, and supported his old arm on a pious fennel stalk. Pentheus the hothead saw old Teiresias and Cadmos there together, and looking askance at them cried out—

<sup>66</sup> “Why this madness, Cadmos? What god do you honour with this revel? Tear the ivy from your hair, Cadmos, it defiles it! And drop that fennel of Dionysos, the deluder of men's wits! Take up the bronze<sup>b</sup> of Athena Oncaia, which makes men sane. Foolish Teiresias to wear that garland! Throw these leaves to the winds, that false chaplet on your hair. Take up rather the Ismenian laurel of your own Phoibos, instead of a thyrsus. I respect your old age, I honour the hoary locks that witness to the years of your life, as old as theirs. But if this old age and this your hair did not save you, I had twisted galling bonds about your hands and sealed you up in a gloomy cell.

<sup>b</sup> Possibly a spear, but it may be an instrument of some sort used in her cult; we know little or nothing of the ritual of Onca.

σὸς νόος οὐ με λέληθε· σὺ γὰρ Πειθῆι μεγάρων  
 μαντοσύναις δολίῃσι νόθον θεὸν αἰέρα τεύχεις,  
 δῶρα λαβὼν Λυδοῖο παρ' αἰέρος ἡπεροπῆος, 80  
 δῶρα πολυχρύσοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο.  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίκον εἶρην ὁπώρην·  
 οἶνος αἰὲ μεθύοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην,  
 εἰς φόνον ἀσταθείος νόον αἰέρος οἶνος ἐγείρει.  
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς γενετῆρος ἔχει δέμας ἢ χιτῶνας· 85  
 χρύσεια πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς  
 ἀστράπτει μακάρεσσι· καὶ αἰδράσι μάρναται Ἄρης  
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οὔποα θύρσον αἰείρων·  
 οὐ βοέοις κεράεσσι κερασφόρος ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων.  
 μὴ ποταμὸς Σιμέλην νυμφεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη 90  
 νῆα νόθον κερόειτα βοοκραίῳ παρακοίτῃ;  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ὡ γλαυκῶπις εἰς ἄρσενά δῆριν ἰκάνει  
 σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα

Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη· . . .

αἰγίδα καὶ σὺ τίταινε τεοῦ Κρονίδας τοκῆος·"  
 "Ὡς φαμένου Πειθῆος ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέφρων· 95  
 "Τί κλονέεις Διόιυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,  
 ὃν Κρονίδης ὠδῖνε πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,  
 παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θεητόκος ἔτρεφε Ῥεῖη.  
 ὃν πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ἔτι πικρῶτα τεκούσης  
 ἀφλεγέες σπινθῆρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ; 100  
 οὗτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτερι μοῦνος ἐρίζει  
 ἀντίτυπον σταχύεσσιν ἔχων εἴβοτρυν ὁπώρην.  
 ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίῳ φυλάσσει· δυσσεβίης δὲ  
 σοί, τέκος, ἦν ἐθέλης, Σικελόν τινα μῦθον ἐνίψω.  
 Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐναυτίλλοιτο θαλάσση, 105

\* i.e. the κέρας he carries is his bow (made partly of horn)



78 " I understand what is in your mind. You have a grudge against Pentheus, and you make a man into a bastard god by lying oracles—that Lydian impostor has bribed you by promising plenty of gold from the famous golden river. But you will say, Bacchos has invented the wine-fruit.—Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust ; what wine does is to excite an unstable man's mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father!—Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed ; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand ; Apollo is not horned with bull's horns.<sup>a</sup> Was it a River that wedded Semele ? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband ? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her. . . . Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides."

<sup>95</sup> When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied :

<sup>96</sup> " Why do you persecute Dionysos, begotten by Zeus the Lord on high, whom Cronides brought forth from a pregnant thigh, whom Rheia mother of the gods nursed with her cherishing milk, who half-complete, with a whiff of his mother still about him, was bathed by lightnings which burnt him not ? This is the only rival to Demeter mother of harvest, with his fruit of grapes against the corn ! Nay, beware of the wrath of Bromios. About impiety, I will tell you, if you wish, my son, a Sicilian story.

<sup>105</sup> " Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on

or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called " the horn ").

ξεινοφόνου, πλωτῆρες ἀλήμονες, ἄρπαγες ὄλβου,  
 πάντοθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πῶκα μῆλων·  
 καὶ πολὺς εἴθα καὶ εἴθα δορικτῆτων ἀπὸ νηῶν  
 εἰς μόρον ὑδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδετο καὶ τῆς  
 ἡμιθανῆς, ἕτερος δὲ προασπίζων ἴο ποιμήνης 110  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς πολιῇσι φόνῳ φοινίσσετο ποιμήν.  
 ἔμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἰ ποτε Φοῖνιξ  
 ὦντα Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης  
 εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβὼν Τυρσηνὸς ἀλήτης 115  
 ἀπροΐδης πεφόρητο ῥυτφειῶν ἐπὶ νηῶν·  
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ νήπουον ἀπείρονα φόρτον ὀλίσσας  
 εἰς Σικελὴν Ἀρίθουσαν ἀνὴρ πορθμεύετο Φοῖνιξ  
 δέσμιος, ἀρπαγείνοιο λιπόπτολις ἄμμορος ὄλβου.  
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόινυος ἐπὶ κλοπὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας  
 Τυρσηνοὺς ἀπάφησε· νόθη δ' ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν, 120  
 ἡμερόεις ἄτε κοῦρος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,  
 αὐχένι κόσμον ἔχων χρυσήλατον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃν  
 στέμματος ἀστράπτοιτος ἦν αὐτόσσυτος αἶγλη  
 λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἔγχλοα ῥῶτα μαράγδου,  
 καὶ λίθος Ἰνδῶν χαροπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης· 125  
 καὶ χροὶ δύσατο πέπλα φαάντερα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς  
 ἄρτι χαρασσομένης, Τυρίῃ πεπαλαγμένα κόχλῳ.  
 ἴστατο δ' αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὄφρεσιν, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ὀλκάδος ἡμείρων ἐπιβήμηναι. οἱ δὲ θορόντες  
 φαιδρὸν ἐληίσσαντο δολοπλόκον νῆα Θυώνης 130  
 καὶ κτεάνων γύμνωσαν· ὑποτροχώσασα δὲ σειρῇ  
 χερσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.  
 καὶ νέος ἐξαπίνης μέγας ἔπλετο θέσπιδι μορφή  
 ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεις ὑψούμενος ἄχρῃς Ὀλύμπου,  
 νύσσων ἡερίων νεφέων σκέπας· εὐκελάδῳ δὲ 135

the sea—wandering mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters ; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoinician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches ; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoinician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

<sup>120</sup> “ He put on a false appearance, like a lovely boy with smooth chin, wearing a gold necklace upon his neck ; about his temples was a chaplet shining with selfsped gleams of a light unquenchable, broad green emeralds and the Indian stone,<sup>a</sup> a scintillation of the bright sea. His body was clad in robes streaked with dye from the Tyrian shell more brilliant than the circling Dawn, when she has just been marked with lines.<sup>b</sup> He stood on the brow of the shore, as if he wished to embark in their ship. They leapt ashore and captured the radiant son of Thyone in his guile ; they stript him of his possessions, and tied Dionysos’s hands fast with ropes running behind his back. Suddenly the lad grew tall with wonderful beauty, as a man with horned head rising up to Olympos, touching the canopy of aerial clouds, and

<sup>a</sup> Pearl.

<sup>b</sup> The meaning of this curious phrase is doubtful.

ὥς στρατὸς εἰνεάχιλος ἐῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ.  
 μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλως ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὄλκοί,  
 ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες εἰς ἀγκύλα ἰῶτα δρακόντων·  
 καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ κεράστης  
 ὄλκαίαις ἐλίκεσιν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἱστοῦ· 140  
 καὶ χλοεροῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἤερι γείτων  
 ἱστὸς ἦν κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδμῃ  
 κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνῆκεν αἰθέρι γείτων,  
 σειρὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσω·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίοισιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης 145  
 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόετι κάμαξ ἔβαρύνετο καρπῷ·  
 πρύμνης δ' ἡδυπότοιο βαρυνομένης Διονύσου  
 οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγῇ.  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρῶρης ἀιόντες  
 θῆρες ἀεξήθησαν· ἐμυκήσαιο δὲ ταῦροι, 150  
 καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λίων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ.  
 Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν, ἔβακχεύοντο δὲ λύσση  
 εἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες· ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ πόντου  
 ἄνθεα κυματοέεντες ἀπέπτυν ἰῶτος ὄλκοί·  
 καὶ ρόδον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ὑφόθεν, ὥς ἐνὶ κήπῳ, 155  
 ἀφροτόκοι κενεῶνες ἐφοινίσσοιτο θαλάσσης,  
 καὶ κρίνον ἐν ροθίοις ἀμαρύσσετο.

δερκομένων δὲ  
 ψευδομένους λειμῶνας ἔβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαί,  
 καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδειδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὕλης  
 καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πῶα μηλοβοτήρων, 160  
 καὶ κτύπον ὠίσαιτο λιγυφλόγγοιο νομῆος  
 ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι μελιζομένοιο ἰοῆσαι,  
 καὶ λιγυρῶν αἰόντες ἐντρήτων μέλος αὐλῶν  
 μεσσατίου πλώοντες ἀτέρμονος ὑφόθι πόντου  
 γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν· ἀμερσινῶ δ' ὑπὸ λύσση 165  
 εἰς βυθὸν αἰσσοντες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνῃ,

with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men.<sup>a</sup> The long hawsers became trailing snakes, changed into live serpents twisting their bodies about, the stayropes hissed, up into the air a horned viper ran along the mast to the yard in trailing coils : near the sky, the mast was a tall cypress with a shade of green leaves ; ivy sprang up from the mastbox and ran into the sky wrapping its tendrils about the cypress of itself, the Bacchic stem popped out of the sea round the steering-oars all heavy with bunches of grapes ; over the laden poop poured a fountain of wine bubbling the sweet drink of Dionysos. All along the decks wild beasts were springing up over the prow : bulls were bellowing, a lion's throat let out a fearsome roar.

<sup>152</sup> " The Tyrsenians shrieked and rushed wildly about goaded with fear. Plants were sprouting in the sea : the rolling waves of the waters put out flowers ; the rose grew there, and reddened the rounded foaming swell upon it as if it were a garden, lilies gleamed in the surge. As they beheld these counterfeit meadows their eyes were bewitched. The place seemed to be a hill thick with trees, and a woodland pasturage, companies of countrymen and shepherds with their sheep ; they thought they saw a tuneful herdsman playing a tune on his shepherd's pipes ; they thought they heard the melody from the loud pipes' holes, and saw land while still sailing upon the boundless sea ; then deluded by their madness they leapt into the deep and danced in the quiet

<sup>a</sup> Compare Hom. *Il.* v. 859-861.

ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες· ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου  
 εἰς φύσιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος αἰδρῶν.  
 καὶ σύ, τέκος, δολόειντα χάλον πεφύλαξο Λυαίου.  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφίεπω δὲ 170  
 φρικτὸν ὄδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἷμα Γιγάντων.  
 δαιμονίην φύγε χεῖρα Γιγαιτοφόου Διονύσου,  
 ὃς ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπίδα Πελώρου  
 Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,  
 μαρνάμενον σκοπέλοισι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κολώναις· 175  
 μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ὑποπτήσων στίχα λαιμῶν  
 οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηνον ὄδοιπόρος ἴστιχε πέτρης·  
 εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσσω ἀβκίτῳ πεφόρητο κελεύθῳ  
 μαστίζων θρασὺν ἵππον, ὑπὲρ σκοπέλοιο νοήσας  
 χερσὶ πολυσπερίεσσι περίπλοκον υἱὸς Ἀρούρης 180  
 ἡνίοχον καὶ πῶλον ἐὼν τιμβεύσατο λαιμῷ.  
 πολλάκι δ' εἰδένδροιο δι' οὔρκος εἰς ἱομόν ἔλκων  
 μῆλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιτρεύετο ποιμήν.  
 οὐ τότε δ' αἰπολίοισι παρήκειος ἢ παρὰ μάνδραις  
 συμφερτοῖς δοιάκεσσι μελίζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν, 185  
 οὐ κτύπον ὑστερόφωτος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἠχώ·  
 ἀλλά, λάλον περ εὐῖσαν, ἐθήμενοι σύνθροον αὐλῷ  
 Πανὸς ἀσιγῆτοιου κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ,  
 ὅττι Γίγας τότε πᾶσιν ἐπέχραιν· οὐ τότε βούτης,  
 οὐ χορὸς ὑλοτόμων τις ὁμήλικας ἤκαχε Νύμφας 190  
 τέμνων ἰήια δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ὀλκάδα τέκτων  
 δουροπαγὲς γόμφωσεν ὄδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,  
 εἰσόκε κεῖνα κάρηνα παρέστιχε Βάκχος ὀδεύων,  
 σείων Εὐία θύρσα· παρερχομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 ὑψινεφῆς περίμετρος ἐπέχραιν υἱὸς Ἀρούρης, 195  
 ἀσπίδα πετρήεσαν ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀείρων·

\* No one else mentions Alpos, whose name, despite the fact that he is placed in Sicily, would seem to be connected with



water, now dolphins of the sea—for the shape of the men was changed into the shape of fish.

<sup>169</sup> “So you also, my son, should beware of the resourceful anger of Lyaïos. But you will say—I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos,<sup>a</sup> the son of Earth who fought against gods, battering with rocks and throwing hills. No wayfarer then climbed the height of that rock, for fear of the raging Giant and his row of mouths; and if one in ignorance travelled on that forbidden road whipping a bold horse, the son of Earth spied him, pulled him over the rock with a tangle of many hands, entombed man and colt in his gullet! Often some old shepherd leading his sheep to pasture along the wooded hillside at midday was gobbled up. In those days melodious Pan never sat beside herds of goats or sheepcotes playing his tune on the assembled reeds, no imitating Echo returned the sounds of his pipes; but prattler as she was, silence sealed those lips which were wont to sound with the pipe of Pan never silent, because the Giant then oppressed all. No cowherd then came, no band of woodmen cutting timbers for a ship troubled the Nymphs of the trees, their agemates, no clever shipwright clamped together a barge, the woodriveted car that travels the roads of the sea, until Bacchos on his travels passed by that peak, shaking his Euian thyrsus. As Lyaïos passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield

the Alps in some way; the syllable *alp-* is found in other place-names.



καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ  
 γείτονα δενδρήεσσαν ἔχων ἰψιδρομον αἰχμήν,  
 ἢ πῖτυν ἢ πλατάνιστον ἀκοιτίζων Διονύσῳ.  
 ὡς ῥόπαλον πῖτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὡς θοὸν δορ ἐλίσσων 200  
 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφισε θάμιον ἐλαίης.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέων ἐκείνωσε καλῶνας,  
 καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδειδρος ἐγυμνῶθη ῥάχισ ὕλης,  
 θυρσομανίης τότε Βάκχος εἶον βέλος ἡθάδι ροίζῳ  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόιτιζε, καὶ ἡλιβάτου τυχεν Ἄλπου 205  
 εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεῶνα, κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο δὲ μέσσου  
 ὄξυτενὴς χλοάουσα διέσσυτο Βακχιάς αἰχμή·  
 ἔνθα Γίγας ὀλίγῳ τετορημένος ὀξεί θύρσῳ  
 ἡμιθαίης κεκύλιστο καὶ ἔμπεισε γείτονι πόντῳ,  
 πλησάμειος βαθύκολπον ὅλον κεικῶνα θαλάσσης· 210  
 ὑψώσας δὲ ρέεθρα Τυφαιονίης διὰ πέτρης  
 θερμὰ κασιγνήτοιο κατέκλυσε ἰῶτα χαμεινῆς,  
 ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ἀλκῶ.  
 ἀλλά, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μὴ εἴκελα καὶ σὺ νοήσῃς,  
 Τυρσηνῶν ἄτε παῖδες,

ἄτε θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης." 215

Εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν· ἀταρβήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ  
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρητον ὁμόσσυτος ἦε Κᾶδμῳ,  
 ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσειε. σιδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς  
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κορυθαιόλος ἴαχε Πειθεὺς·

“ Δμῶες ἐμοί,

στείχοιτες ἐν ἄστεϊ καὶ μέσον ὕλης 220  
 ἄξατέ μοι βαρύνδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,  
 ὄφρα τυπεῖς Πειθῆος ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἱμάσθλαις  
 μηκέτι φαρμακόεντι ποτῶ θέλξειε γυναικας,  
 ἀλλὰ γόνυ κλίνειεν· ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν  
 μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκτον Ἀγαυήν 225  
 φοιτάδος ἀγρύπνοιο μεταστήσασθε χορείης,

upon his shoulders, a hilltop was his missile ; he leapt on Bacchos, with a tall tree which he found near for a pike, some pine or planetree to cast at Dionysos. A pine was his club, and he pulled up an olive spire from the roots to whirl for a quick sword. But when he had stript the whole mountain for his long shots, and the ridge was bare of all the thick shady trees, then Bacchos thyrsus-wild sped his own shot whizzing as usual to the mark, and hit this towering Alpos full in the wide throat—right through the gullet went the sharp point of the greeny spear. Then the Giant pierced with the sharp little thyrsus rolled over half dead and fell in the neighbouring sea, filling the whole deephollowed abyss of the bay. He lifted the waters and deluged Typhaon's rock,<sup>a</sup> flooding the hot surface of his brother's bed and cooling his scorched body with a torrent of water. Nay, my son, be careful, that you too may not see what the sons of Tyrsenia saw, what the bold son of Earth saw."

<sup>216</sup> He spoke, but could not convince ; and so with undaunted shoe he hurried to the high mountains with Cadmos, that he might share the dance. But Pentheus in flashing helm, shield on arm, cried to his armed warriors—

<sup>220</sup> " My servants, make haste through the city and the depth of the woods—bring me here in heavy chains that weakling vagabond, that flogged by the repeated lashes of Pentheus he may cease to bewitch women with his drugged potion, and bend the knee instead. Bring back also out of the hills my fond mother Agauë now gone mad, separate her from the sleepless

<sup>a</sup> The island under which he lies buried, Inarime in Virgil, *Aen.* ix. 716.

λυσσαλέης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμπυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης."

"Ὡς φαμένου Πειθῆος ὁπάοιες ὠκέι ταρσῶ  
ἔδραμον ὑψικόμοιο δυσέμβατον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης 230  
ἶχνια μαστεύοιτες ὀριπλανίος Διονύσου.

καὶ μόγισ ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης  
θυρσομανῇ Διόνυσον ἐπερρώσαιο μαχηταί·  
καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίοιο περίξ ἱσφιγξαν ἱμάντας,  
δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ· 235

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦεν ἄφαιτος, ἐφ' πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ  
αἶξας ἀκίχητος, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ  
δαιμονίῃ θεράποιτες ἰδουλωθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,  
μῆνιν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου 240  
ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμοίος ἀσπιδιώτῃ

ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κεραίης,  
ὥς θεράπων Πειθῆος ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ  
ψευδομένῳ κερόεντι, καὶ ὥς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ  
Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε μεμηνιότος, ἰζομένου δὲ 245  
λυσσαλέου βασιλῆος ἀγῆτορα κόμπον ἀθύρων

φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπὶ κλοπον ἴαχε φωνήν· 245  
"Οὗτος αἰτήρ, σκηπτοῦχε,

τεῖν οἷστρον σεν Ἀγαύην·  
οὗτος αἰτήρ ἐθέλει βασιληῖδα Πειθέος ἔδρην·

ἀλλὰ λαβὼν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλήτην  
δῆσον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι τειῶν μιηστῆρα θούκων,  
καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο βοοκραίρου Διονύσου, 250  
μή σε λαβὼν πλήξειε ταιγυγλώχινι κεραίῃ."

"Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο κατάσχετος ἔμφροني λύσση  
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα θεημάχος ἴαχε Πειθεύς·

"Δήσατε, δήσατε τοῦτον, ἐμῶν συλήτορα θούκων·  
οὗτος ἐμοῖς σκήπτροισι κορύσσεται, οὗτος ἵκanei 255  
Καδμείην ἐθέλων Σεμέλης πατρώιον ἔδρην.  
καλὸν ἐμοὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσε λάθριος εὐνή,

wandering dance—drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy ! ”

<sup>228</sup> At this command, Pentheus's men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hillranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock ; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios's hands, binding him fast—that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos ! But he disappeared—gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent—speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaïos unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words :

<sup>246</sup> “ This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agauë mad ! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus ! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks—bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne—and beware of the bull's horns of Dionysos's head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn ! ”

<sup>252</sup> When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios :

<sup>254</sup> “ Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne ! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father ! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos,

ἀνδροφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ἔχειν ξυνήοια τιμῆς,  
 βουκεράω νόθον εἶδος ἐπαυγάζοιτα μετώπῳ,  
 ὃν μετὰ Πασιφάνη Σεμέλη τάχα γένετο ταύρῳ, 260  
 βοσκομένῳ κερόειτι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ."

Ἐἶπε καὶ ἀγραύλοιο πόδας ταύροιο πίδζων  
 σφίγξεν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι· λαβὼν δέ μιν ἀντὶ Λυαίου  
 ἤγαγεν ἵππειῆς πεπεδημένον ἐγγυθὶ φάτιης,  
 ὥς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υἱά καὶ οὐ τινα ταῦρον ἐέργων 265  
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χειρῶν  
 δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεσφρίγγισσε μελάβρῳ,  
 εἰς γλαφυρόν τινα κοῦλον ἀτερπίος οἶκον αἰάγκης,  
 Κιμμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἵοῦς,  
 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίου θιασώδεας, ὧν ὑπὸ δεισμῷ 270  
 θλιβομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες,  
 χαλκείῃ δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐπεσφρηγίζετο σειρή.

Ἄλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος

ὅτε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείης,

Μαινάδες ὠρχήσαντο· θυελλήεσσα δὲ Βάκχη  
 ἄσφατα δινηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμοι παλμῷ 275  
 ἀρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλῖπυτον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων,  
 καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν ἐλεύθερον Εὐιον ἤχῳ  
 εὐρύθμοις πατάγοισιν· ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ταρσῶν  
 χαλκοβαρῆς σφριγώουσα ποδῶν ἐσχίζετο σειρή.  
 καὶ δόμον ἀχλυόειντα θεόσσυτος ἔστεφεν αἶγλη 280  
 Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάβρου·  
 καὶ σκοτίου πυλεῶνες ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερέθρου  
 αὐτόματοι· τρομερῷ δὲ τεθηπότες ἄλματι ταρσῶν  
 Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριον ἀφρόν ὀδοιτῶν  
 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι 285  
 νόστιμον ἔχθος ἔκαμψαν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο θύρῳ·  
 ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χεῖρας εἰς ἐμήνατο λύθρῳ

the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphaë, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow ! ”

<sup>262</sup> He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaïos he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the revels ; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

<sup>273</sup> But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchantes like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof ; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves ; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

<sup>285</sup> So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the

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<sup>1</sup> *θύρσω* Cunaëus, Warmington independently, for *ταύρων* written perhaps echoing *βοέην ἀγέλην*, cf. *ταυρείην* in l. 289.



ταυρείην ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσα καλύπτρην  
 τρηχαλέην, ἑτέρη δὲ δαφουήεντι κορύμβῳ  
 εἰροπόκων ἄρρηκτα διέτμαγε πῶκα μῆλων,  
 ἄλλη δ' αἶγας ἔπεφινεν· ἐφοινίσσοιτο δὲ λύθρου  
 αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ ποιίμης.  
 ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆος  
 ἄτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδίσμιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων  
 ἴστατο κουφίζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυέλλαις,  
 ἐζόμενον γελόωιτα καὶ οὐ πίπτοιντα κοινή·  
 καὶ γλάγος ἦτεε κοῦρος, ἦν ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην,  
 στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάσκεν· ἀνυμφεύτοιο δὲ κούρης  
 αὐτομάτην γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυνον ἱκμάδα μαζοί·  
 παιδί δὲ πειναλέῳ λασίους πετάσασα χιτῶνας  
 χεῖλεσι νηπιάχοισι νεόρρυτον ὤρεγε θηλήν,  
 παρθενικὴ δ' ἐκόρεσεν ἀθήει κοῦρον ἐέρση·  
 πολλαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετοχλισθέντα τεκούσης  
 τέκνα δασυστέριοιο τιθηιτήσαιντο λεαίνης.  
 ἄλλη δῖμοι· οὐδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὄξεί θυρώσῳ  
 ἄκρον ὄρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές· αὐτοτελῇ δὲ  
 οἶνον ἐρευγομέειη κρανικὴ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,  
 λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης  
 πίδακες αὐτοχύτοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο ρεῖθροις.  
 ἄλλη ρῖψε δράκοιντα κατὰ δρυός· ἀμφί δὲ δένδρῳ  
 σπεῖραν ὄφεις κύκλωσε, καὶ ἔπλετο κισσὸς ἀλήτης  
 πρέμνον ἐλισσομένῳ σκολιῷ μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,  
 ἀμφελελιζομένων μιμούμενος ἄμμα δρακόντων.  
 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κομίζων  
 τίγριν ἀπειλητῆρα καθήμενον ὑψόθι νώτου,  
 ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχοιντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα φορῆος·  
 καὶ σὺς ἄκρα γένεια γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρύσσας  
 κάρχαρον ἠκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κάπρον ἀθύρων·  
 ἄλλος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ



gore, tearing the rough bull's hide with her fingernails. Another cut to pieces a flock of sheep with bloody twigs, not tearing their soft wool; another killed goats, and all were dyed with bloody streams of gore from the slaughtered herd. Another snatched from the father a threeyear child, and set it upon her shoulder untrembling, unshaken, unbound, balancing the boy in the winds' charge—there he sat laughing, never falling in the dust. The boy asked the Bacchant for milk, thinking it was his mother, and pawed her breast—and milky drops ran of themselves to the breasts of the unwedded maiden, she opened her hairy wrap for the hungry boy, and offered a newly flowing teat to his childish lips; so a virgin stilled the boy with an unfamiliar drink. Many forced away newborn cubs from a shaggychested lioness and nursed them. Another struck the thirsty soil with the point of a thyrsus; the top of the hill split at once, and the hard rock poured out purple wine of itself, or with a tap on the rock fountains of milk ran out of themselves in white streams. Another threw a snake at an oak; the snake coiled round the tree, and turned into moving ivy running round girdling the trunk, just as snakes run their coils round and round. A Satyr rushed along carrying a snarling beast, a dangerous tiger which sat on his back, which for all its wild nature did not touch the bearer. One old Seilenos dragged a boar by the snout and threw the tusked swine up in the air for fun. Another with stormy leaps of his feet in a moment

εἰς λοφίην ἀκίχητος ἐπηώρητο καμήλου·  
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐποχήσατο ταύρω.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισι· λυροδμήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Θήβῃ  
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πᾶσι πολίταις·  
καὶ σφαλεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες . . . 325  
χεῖλεσιν ἀφροκόμοισιν· ὤλῃ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θήβῃ,  
καὶ φλογερούς σπιυθῆρας ἀπηκόντιζον ἀγνυαί·  
σείετο πάντα θέμεθλα, καὶ ὥς βοίων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
ἀκλινέες πυλεῶνες ἐμυκήσαιτο μελάβρων·  
καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομέσκε κυδοιμῷ 330  
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσσυτον ἡχώ.

Οὐδὲ χόλου Διόινσος ἐπαύσατο· δαιμονίην δὲ  
φθογγὴν ἡερόφοιτον ἐς ἐπταπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρον,  
λυσσῆεις ἅτε ταῦρος, εἰὼ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ·  
καὶ κλονέων Πειθῆα μεμνηότα μάρτυρι πυρσῷ 335  
μαρμαρυγῆς ἔπλησεν ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοίχους  
ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολισχιδῆς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ  
δαιομένῳ σπιυθῆρι κατάσσυτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις  
πορφυρέοις καὶ στέριον ἀλιχλαΐνου βασιλῆος  
πυρσὸς ἔλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἐφλέξε χιτῶνας· 340  
κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκτίσιν ἀποσπάδες ἄλματι θερμῷ  
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δι' ἰξύος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην  
Πενθέος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετήλυδες ἔτρεχον αὐγαί·  
πολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόροιο πυρὸς βητάρμοι παλμῷ  
Γηγενέος βασιλῆος ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λίκτρων 345  
ἀφλεγέας σπιυθῆρας ἀπέπτυνε θίσκελος αἶγλη.  
καὶ σέλας αὐτοέλικτον ἰδὼν βρυχήσατο Πειθεύς,  
κέκλετο δὲ δμῶεσσιν ἄγειν ἀλκτήριον ἰδῶρ,  
ὄφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυρσοῦ  
δῶμα περιρραίνοντες ἀλεξικάκοισι ρείθροις· 350  
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφαίτη γυμνούμειον ἰδῶρ,  
καί, μεγάλη περ ἐοῦσα, ῥοὸν τερσαίνεται πηγῇ

mounted upon a camel's neck ; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

<sup>323</sup> So much for the mountains ; but in music-built <sup>a</sup> Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet . . . with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets ; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull ; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

<sup>332</sup> Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks ; over the king's brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes : often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river

<sup>a</sup> Because the stones of its walls came of themselves at the sound of Amphion's lyre.

ἄγγεσι νηρίθμοισιν ἀφυσσομένου ποταμοῖο.  
 καὶ πόνος ἀχρήιστος ἔην καὶ ἐτώσιον ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ διεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ 358  
 θερμοτέrais ἀκτῖσι· καὶ ὥς πολέων ἀπὸ ταύρων  
 μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίῃ πέλεν ἡχώ,  
 βρονταῖς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Παιθέος αὐλή.

great as it was, dried up when those thousands of vessels were dipt in the water. Their trouble was useless, the water did no good, wet floods poured on the fire only made its flames grow hotter still ; there was a sound as of the echoing bellow of many bulls under that roof, and the palace of Pentheus resounded with internal thunders.

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## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἐκτον τεσσαρακοστόν ἶδε πλῆον, ἤχι νοήσεις  
Πειθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκτον Ἀγαύην.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν αἶναξ θρασύς, ὅττι λυθέντος  
αὐτομάτου δεσμοῖο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
Μαινάδες ἐσσεύοντο μετήλυδες εἰς ῥάχιν ὤλης,  
καὶ δόλον ἁλλοπρόσαλλον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,  
ἄστατος ὑβριστῇρι χόλῳ κυμαίνετο Πειθεύς· 5  
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν παρείοιτα παλίνδρομον ἡθάδι κισσῷ  
βόστρυχα μιτρωθείτα, καὶ ἄπλοκον ὑφόθεν ὤμων  
μηκεδαιῆς ὀρόων κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ἐθείρης,  
τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδει λαιμῷ·

“ Ἴδὺς ὁ Τειρεσίαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμέ πέμπων· 10  
οὐ δύναται σέο μάντις ἐμὸν νόον ἡπεροπεύειν·  
ἄλλοις ἔννεπε ταῦτα. θεὰ πόθεν νίει Ῥεῖη  
οὐ Διὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν νῖα Θυώνης;  
εἶρεο Δικταίης κορυθαῖολον αἵτρον ἐρίπης, 14  
εἶρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπη ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων 16  
μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων 17  
Ζεὺς μένος ἠέξησε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε Ῥεῖης. 15  
ἦθεα σῆς δολίης ἀπεμάζαο καὶ σὺ τεκούσης· 18  
ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἐφλέξε κεραυνῷ·  
ἄζεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σέ δαμάσση. 20

## BOOK XLVI

See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the  
head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.

As soon as Pentheus, that audacious king, understood that the fetters of iron had dropt of themselves from the prisoners' hands, and the Mainads were rushing abroad to the mountain forest, as soon as he knew the crafty plan of unseen Dionysos, restless at once he swelled with violent wrath. Then he saw him returned there, with wreaths of the usual ivy about his head, and the long locks of hair flowing in unkempt trails over his shoulders, and blustered out these wild words from his frenzied throat—

<sup>10</sup> “ I like you for sending that swindler Teiresias to me ! Your seer cannot deceive my mind. Tell all that to someone else. How could goddess Rheia refuse her breast to Zeus her own son, and yet nurse the son of Thyone ? Ask the cave in the rock of Dicte with its flashing helmets, ask the Corybants too, where little Zeus used to play, when he sucked the nourishing pap of goat Amaltheia and grew strong in spirit, but never drank Rheia's milk. You also have a touch of your deceitful mother. Semele was a liar, and Cronides burnt her with his thunders : take care that Cronides does not crush you like your mother. I



βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος· ἀρχέγονος δὲ  
 Ἴσμηνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὑγρὸς Ἰδάσπης·  
 Δηριάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόοργος ἀκούω.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυιάσι Βάκχαις  
 Δίρκης λείπε ρέεθρα, καί, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, σέο θύρῳ 25  
 κτεῖνε παρ' Ἀσσυρίοισι νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην.  
 οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον· ὄλλυμένης γὰρ  
 ἀστεροπαὶ βοόωσιν ὀνειδέα σείο τεκούσης,  
 καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοί.  
 οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς, 30  
 καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόκητον ἐμοῦ Κᾶδμοιο κομίζων  
 Εὐρώπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσση.  
 οἶδα μὲν, ὥς ἀλόχευτον ἔτι βρέφος αἰθερίῃ φλόξ  
 ὤλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελὴ δὲ  
 λῦσε νόθην ὠδῖνα μαραινομένου τοκετοῖο· 35  
 εἰ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσειν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων  
 κρυπταδῆς φιλότητος ἀναίτιός ἐσσι τεκούσης,  
 πείθομαι, ὥς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δέ σε παῖδα καλέσσω  
 Ζηνὸς ἐπουρανίοιο, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῷ.  
 καὶ σύ με τοῦτο διδάξον ἀληθεί μάρτυρι μύθῳ· 40  
 Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρκα γείνατο μηρῷ;  
 εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου  
 αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πειθεί πατριᾷ Θήβην.  
 ὦφελος ἄρμειον ἄλλον ἀμεμφία μῦθον ἐνίψαι  
 ψεύδει κερδαλέῳ κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθῷ, 45  
 ὅττι σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἡθάδι κόρη·  
 οὐ τάχα· τόσσον ἄπιστον ἦν ἔπος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν  
 Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρῆνῳ.  
 ἤθελον, εἰ γένος ἔσχες Ὀλύμπιον, αἶθε Κρονίων  
 ὑψιμέδων σε φύτευσειν, ὅπως Διὸς αἶμα διώκων 50

too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchants with you; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion: for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danaë after the bed; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken—he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed: if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness: when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympos and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind—that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring

νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίοιτος υἱὸς ἀκούων."

Ὡς φαμένου νεμέσιζε θεὸς καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ,  
κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς·

"Βάρβαρα θεσμὰ φέρουσαν

ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτῶν,

ἦχι νέων βρεφείων καθαρὴν ὠδὴν αἰκάζων 63

Ἰήνος ἀσημάτιοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο  
αἵματος ἀγνώστοιο νότον γένος οἶδιν ἐλέγχει.

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ἰήνιοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο  
χεύμασιν οὐτιδαιοῖσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ρείθρων 66  
πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάσι κεραυνοί·

κρείσσοινα μαρτυρίην στεροπῆς μὴ δίζεο, Πειθεῦ·  
ὑδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, σὺ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ.

οὐ χατέω Πειθῆος ἐπιχθοιόιο μελάβρου·

δῶμα Διωνύσοιο πέλει πατρώιος αἰθῆρ·

καὶ χθονὸς εἰ κρίσις ἦεν ἡ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου, 69

εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἐνέψης,

οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνιν ἢ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης;

οὐ χατέω Πειθῆος ἐπιχθοιόιο μελάβρου.

μοῦνον ἐμῆς κίδαινε μελισταγὲς αἶθος ὀπώρης·

μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτιμύσης Διονύσου. 70

Ἰνδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάριαο, θηλυτέρῃ δέ,

εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε μὴ ῥηξήνορι Βάκχῃ.

σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἔθειτο προμαίτιες οὔνομα Μοῖραι

ὑμετέρου θανάτοιο προῖγγεγον· αἰνοπαθῇ δέ

οὐ νέμεσις Πειθῆα πεδοτρεφείος γενετῆρος 73

Γηγενὲς αἷμα φέροιτα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγάντων,

οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχον Ὀλύμπιον αἷμα γενέθλης

Ζηνὸς ἔχειν μίμημα Γιγαντοφόνιοιο τοκῆος.

of Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion ! ”

<sup>52</sup> At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart :

<sup>54</sup> “ I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby : he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood.<sup>a</sup> But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus ; the home of Dionysos is his father’s heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevengate Thebes ? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus !

<sup>69</sup> “ Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant ! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well,<sup>b</sup> to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask

<sup>a</sup> See A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, Payot, 1938), p. 201, for modern discussions of this custom.

<sup>b</sup> Πενθείς—πένθος (mourning).

εἶρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίνι χῶσαι· εἶρεο Πυθῶ,  
 τίς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυε, τίς ἤροσε παῖδα Θυῶνῃς. 80  
 εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν ἐθέλεις χοροτερπίος ὄργια Βάκχου,  
 φάρεα καλλείψας βασιλῆα τέτλαθι, Πειθεῦ,  
 θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θῆλυς Ἀγαυή·  
 μὴ δέ σε θηρεύοντα παραῖξωσι γυναῖκες.  
 ἦν δὲ τεῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόια τοῖα ταινίσσης, 85  
 Κάδμος ἐπαινῇσει σε συναγρώσσοντα τεκούσῃ.  
 Βάκχῳ μῦνος ἔριξε, καί, εἰ θέμις, ἰοχεαίρῃ,  
 ὄφρα λεοντοφόρον σε μετ' Ἀκταίωνα καλίσσω.  
 κῆρυξ τεύχεα ταῦτα· σιδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς  
 χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἑμαὶ κτείνουσι γυναῖκες· 90  
 εἰ δέ σε νικῆσωσιν ἀτευχέϊ θήλει· χάρμῃ  
 ἔντεσι κοσμηθέντα, τίς αἰνῆσειε πολίτης  
 αἶδρα γυναικεῖη κεκαφητότα δημοτῇτι;  
 Βασσαρίς οὐ τρομέει πτερόεν βῆλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει·  
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφίῳ πυκάσας ἄγνωστον ὀπωπὴν 95  
 ὄψεαι ὄργια πάντα χοροπλεκείος Διονύσου."

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόον αἰδρὸς ἱμάσσων  
 φοιταλέης ἐδόνησε κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης . . .  
 καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ἐπέχραε Πειθεῖ Μῆνη  
 δαιμονίῃ μᾶστιγι· συνερχομένης δὲ Λυαίῳ 10  
 λυσσῆεις θρασὺς οἰστρος ἀμερσινόοιο Σελήνης  
 φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα μεμηνῶτι Πειθεῖ δείξας  
 φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μινουῆς,  
 καὶ σφαλερῇ Πειθήος ἐπισμαράγησεν ἀκοῇ,  
 δαιμονίης σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦπον ἀράσσω· 10  
 ἀνέρα δ' ἐποίησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἤλυθε Πειθεὺς  
 οἰστρομανῆς, ποθέων θιασώδεος ὄργια Βάκχου·  
 φωριαμοὺς δ' ὤϊξε θυώδεας, ἤχι γυναικῶν

• i.e. he became literally lunatic, moon-struck.

Teiresias who it is you are defying; ask Pytho who it is that slept with Semele, who it is begat Thyone's child.

<sup>81</sup> "And if you are willing to learn the mysteries of dancedelighting Bacchos, put off your royal robes, Pentheus, condescend to wear the garments of a woman and become the woman Agauë, and let not the women escape you when you hunt them. Or if your hand draws the bow to slay wild beasts, Cadmos will praise you when you join your mother in the hunt. Alone, rival Bacchos, and if it be lawful, the Archeress, that I may call you a new Actaion lionslayer. Put off these arms. My women slay steel-armed warriors with their bare hands; if they conquer with unarmed female onset you clad in armour, which of your people would praise a man outworn in a battle with women? The Bassarid fears no feathered shaft, she flees no spear. No—be crafty and secret, disguise your aspect that none may know, and you shall see all the mysteries of danceweaving Dionysos."

<sup>97</sup> Thus he persuaded Pentheus, since he lashed the man's mind, and shook him, in the clutches of throbbing madness and distraction. . . . Mene also helped Bromios, attacking Pentheus with her divine scourge; the frenzied reckless fury of distracting Selene joining in displayed many a phantom shape to maddened Pentheus,<sup>a</sup> and made the dread son of Echion forget his earlier intent, while she deafened his confused ears with the bray of her divine avenging trumpet, and she terrified the man.

<sup>106</sup> Pentheus entered the house goaded to madness with a desire to see the secrets of Bacchos's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay



κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης·  
καὶ χροῖ ποικιλόνωτον ἰδύσατο πέπλον Ἀγαύης· 110  
Λύτονόης δ' ἔσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισι καλύπτρην,  
στήθεα μιτρώσας βασιλῆα κυκλάδι τέχνη·  
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσε γυναικείοισι πεδύλοισ·  
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε· μετερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχας 115  
ποικίλος ἰχνευτῆρι χιτῶν ἐπισύρετο ταρσῶ.

Μιμηλοῖς δὲ πόδευσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Πειθεὺς  
ἡδυμαιῆς· λοξῶ δὲ πῆδον κροτάλιζε πιδάλῳ  
ἐκ ποδὸς αἰθύσσων ἕτερον πόδα· χεῖρα δὲ δισσήν  
θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἀμοιβάδα δίζυγι παλμῶ,  
οἶα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροῖτυπος· οἶα δὲ ρόπτρῳ 120  
δίκτυπον ἀρμονίην κροτέων ἑτερόζυγι χαλκῶ  
ἡερίαις μεθέηκεν ἀλήμοια βόστρυχον αὖραις,  
Λυδὸν ἀνακροῦν μέλος ἑῖπον· ἡ τάχα φαίης  
ἄγρια κωμάζουσιν ἰδεῖν λιπσώδεα βάκχην.  
καὶ διδύμους Ψαέθοιτας ἰδέρκετο καὶ δυο Θήβας· 125  
ἔλπετο δ' ἀκαμάτων ἐπικεῖμενον ἰφόθεν ὤμων  
Θήβης ἐπταπόροιο μετοχλίζειν πυλεῶνα.

Ἄμφι δὲ μιν στεφαιτηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο πολῖται,  
ὅς μὲν ἔχων τροχόεντα λόφον χθοιός,

ὅς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ  
ὕψιφανῆς, ὁ δὲ πῆχυν ἐπ' ἀνέρος ὤμον ἐρείσας 130  
ἶχνος αἰτηώρησεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δάκτυλα πῆξας·  
καὶ τις εὐγλώχῃνα μετήιεν ὄγκον ἀρούρης,  
ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐπάλξιος, ὅς δὲ δοκεῖν  
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων·  
ὅς δὲ μέσας στεφαιτηδὸν ἐπ' αἰτυγι χεῖρας ἐλίξας 135  
ἶχνεσιν ἀκροπόροισιν αἰτήιε κίονα βαίνων,  
Πειθεά παπταίνων δεδοημένον ἄλματι λύσσης,  
θύρσον ἀερτάζοντα καὶ αἰθύσσοιτα καλύπτρην.

Ἦδη δ' ἐπταπόροιο παρέδραμε τείχια Θήβης,



the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agauë, bound Autonoë's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes ; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchants a brodered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

<sup>116</sup> With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness ; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play ; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes ; he thought he could hold a gatehouse of sevengate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>128</sup> Round him the people assembled in a ring, climbing one on a round tump of earth, one conspicuous high on a rock, while a third rested an arm over the shoulder of a neighbour and raised his foot on tip-toe above the ground : here one made for some lump<sup>b</sup> sticking out of the earth, another was on a projecting bastion, another watched with slanting eye from the towering ramparts ; another hugging a round pillar swarmed up with the flat of his feet, and watched Pentheus waving his thyrsus and fluttering his veil and leaping in the throes of madness.

<sup>139</sup> Already he had gone round the walls of Thebes

<sup>a</sup> Eur. *Bacch.* 912 ff. ; these books are full of reminiscences of the play.

<sup>b</sup> L.'s conjecture, he now prefers *ὄγκον*.

αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλεώνων· 140  
 ἤδη δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἡέρα βόστρυχα σείων  
 ἄβρ' ἀδρακοντοβότοιο παρέστιχε ἰάματα Δίρκης·  
 καὶ ποδὶ λυσσῆεντι χοροῖτυπον ἵχτιος ἐλίσσων  
 δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορείην.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἱκαίεν, ὅθι δρύες, ἤχι χορφαί, 145  
 καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεις, ἤχι καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἦν κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη,  
 ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος εἰδοθὶ λόχμης  
 ἀρχαίην ἐλάτῃν ἰσομήκεια γείτονι πέτρῃ  
 δένδρον ἰδὼν περίμετρον ἐγήθεεν, ἧς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ 150  
 ἀγχινεφεῖς πετάλοισιν ἐπισκιάωντο καλῶναι·  
 ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδέει χειρὶ πνέζων  
 εἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον εἴλκε

κατὰ χροῖος ἑκταδὰ Πειθεὺς . . .  
 θαλλὸν ἀερσιπότητον, ἐπισφίγγων δὲ φορτῇ  
 ὕψι τιταινομένων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων, 155  
 καὶ πόδας εἴθα καὶ εἴθα παλινδύητος ἐλίσσων  
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστήρι τύπῳ κουφίζετο Πειθεὺς.

Καὶ τότε Βασσαρίδεςσι χορίτιδες ἤλυθον ὦραι·  
 ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνελζώννυτο δὲ πέπλοις,  
 νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλοιτο· καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος Ἀγαυή 160  
 ἀφροκόμοις στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·

Ἄντονόη, σπεύσωμεν, ὅπῃ χορός ἐστί Λυαίου  
 καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκοίεται ἡθάδος αὐλοῦ,  
 ὄφρα μέλος πλέξαιμι φιλεύιον, ὄφρα δαείω,  
 τίς φθαμένη στήσειε χοροστασίην Διονύσῳ, 165  
 τίς τίνα νικήσειε θυηπολέουσα Λυαίῳ.  
 δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμέας ἐφθασεν Ἰνώ·  
 οὐκέτι πόντον ἔχει μεταιάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

\* The dragon which Cadmos killed, cf. iv. 356 ff.

while the portals of the seven gates opened on self-moving pivots, already he had passed the soft waters of dragonfeeding <sup>a</sup> Dirce before the city, with his hair blowing on the wind ; and beating mad feet in the circling dance he followed his course behind the vinegod.

<sup>145</sup> But when he came to the place where the trees were, and the dances and rites of the congregation of Bromios, where also was the hunting of their prickets by the unshod Bassarids, then vinegod Bacchos was glad, and espied in the mountain forest an ancient fir-tree tall as the neighbouring rock, which cast a shade with its bushy leaves over the cloudhigh hills. With unflinching hand he seized the top of the tree and dragged it down, down to the ground. Pentheus lay along the ground [and Bacchos let go] the soaring spire, Pentheus clung to the tree that carried him on high, grasped the branches with his hands as they were borne aloft, and whirling his legs about this way and that way restlessly, moved lightly like a dancer.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>158</sup> Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawnskins. Hillranging Agauë shouted aloud with foam on her lips—

<sup>162</sup> “ Autonoë, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaïos, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euïos loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaïos ! You’re late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us ! She is no longer an exile in the sea,

<sup>b</sup> This passage, for the sense of which *cf.* Eur. *Bacch.* 1064 ff., is extremely disordered and corrupt.

ἐξ ἀλὸς ἦλθε θέουσα σὺν ὕγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ,  
 ἦλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένου Διονύσου, 170  
 μὴ Πειθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.

Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἰσμηνίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι,  
 καὶ τελετὰς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ  
 Λυδαῖς Βασσαρίδεσσιν ἐρίζομεν, ὅφρα τις εἴπῃ·  
 'Μυγδοιήν νίκησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαινὰς Ἀγαυή.' " 175

"Ὡς φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑφὸ θι δένδρου,  
 ἄγριον οἶα λέοντα, θεημάχον νύεα μήτηρ·  
 καὶ μιν ἀγειρομένῃς ἐπέδεικνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαις·  
 νύεα δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσατο λυσσάδι φωνῇ.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο γυναῖκες 180  
 ἐζόμενον πετάλοισι· καὶ εὐπαλάμῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ  
 δένδρον ἐπηχύναιτο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ῥίπτειν  
 ἔρνος ὁμοῦ Πειθῇ· περισφίγξασα δὲ θάμνῳ  
 ὀλκὸν ὁμοζυγέος παλάμης ἰνὸς ἰσχύοι παλμῷ  
 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαυή. 185  
 καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πίπτει· ἐγυμνώθη δὲ Κιθαιρῶν·  
 καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοέλικτος αἶναξ βητάρμοι παλμῷ  
 κύμβαχος ἡρόθεν κεκυλισμένος ἤριπε Πειθεὺς.  
 καὶ τότε μιν λίπε λύσσα ἰοσφαλέος Διονύσου,  
 καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἔσχε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ 190  
 γείτονα πότμον ἔχων κινυρὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·

" Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύφατε,

μὴ με δαμάσση  
 παιδοφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐμὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.  
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέος ἰσχεο λύσσης·  
 θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν νύεα; ποῖα κομίζω 195  
 στήθεα λαχινήεντα; τίνα βρυχηθμὸν ἰάλλω;  
 οὐκέτι γινώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις·  
 σὴν φρένα καὶ τεὸν ὄμμα τίς ἤρπασε;

χαῖρε, Κιθαιρῶν·

but here she too comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaïos. Mystics, to the mountains ! Ismenian Bacchants, here ! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say —Mainad Agauë has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon ! ”

<sup>176</sup> As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion—the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves ; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it—but Agauë threw her two arms about the trunk, and with earthshaking heave pulled the tree up from its base, roots and all. The tree fell to the ground, and Cithairon was bare. Pentheus the audacious king shot through the air of himself with a dancing leap, rolling and tumbling like a diver. At that moment the madness left him which Dionysos had sent to confuse his mind, and he recovered his senses again. He saw fate near him on the earth, and cried in lamentable tones :

<sup>192</sup> “ Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs ! Let not Agauë my loving mother destroy her son with her own hands ! O my mother, cruel mother, cease from this heartless frenzy ! How can you call me your son a wild beast ? Where is my shaggy chest ? Where is my roaring voice ? Do you not know me any longer whom you nursed, do not you see any longer ? Who has robbed you of sense and sight ? Farewell,

χαίρετε, δένδρεα ταῦτα καὶ οὔρεα· σῶζεο, Θήβη  
 σῶζεο καὶ σύ, φίλῃ παιδοκτόνε μήτηρ Ἀγαυή. 200  
 δέρκεο ταῦτα γένεια νεότριχα, δέρκεο μορφὴν  
 ἀνδρομένην· οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων· οὐ θῆρα δοκεῖνεις.  
 φεῖδεο σῆς ὠδίνος, ἀμείλιχε, φεῖδεο μαζῶν.  
 Πενθέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες. ἴσχειο, φωιτή,  
 μύθους σεῖο φύλαξον· αἰτήκοός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή. 205  
 εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με χαριζομένη Διόνυσω,  
 μούνη παῖδα δάμιασσον, ἀγάστονε, μηδὲ δαμήναι  
 Βασσαρίδων τεὸν νῆα νόθαις παλάμῃσιν ἑάσης."

"Ὡς φάμενος λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαυή.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν δασπλήτες ἐπερρώοντο γυναῖκες 210  
 χερσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι· κυλιδομένου δὲ κοίῃ  
 ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας εἵρυσεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα  
 δεξιτερὴν προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασεν, Λυτοινὴ δὲ  
 λαιὴν ἀντερύεσκε· παραπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ  
 στήθεϊ παιδὸς ἔπηξεν ἰὸν πόδα, κεκλιμένου δὲ 215  
 αὐχένα τολμήεντα διέθρυσεν ὀξεί θυρσῳ·  
 καὶ φοιῶν ταχύγουτος ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,  
 αἱματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερπεί δείκνυε Κάδμω·  
 ψευδομένου δὲ λέοιτος ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἄγρης  
 τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδει λαιμῷ. 220

"Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον·  
 ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ  
 χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀριστεύουσας Ἀγαυήν  
 Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης,  
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λειτοφόου σέο κούρης· 225  
 καὶ Δρυάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν πόιον· ἡμετέρης δὲ  
 Ἄρμονίης γενέτης κεκορυθμένος ἠθάδι λόγχῃ  
 παῖδα τετὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐθάμβεε χάλκεος Ἄρης  
 θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσας ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,  
 κυδιόων· σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, τεῶν ἐπιβήτορα θώκων



Cithairon, farewell these mountains and trees ! Be happy, Thebes, be happy you too, Agauë my dear mother and my murderer ! See this chin with its young beard, see the shape of a man—I am no lion ; no wild beast is what you see. Spare the fruit of your womb, pitiless one, spare your breasts. Pentheus is before you, your nursling. Silence, my voice, keep your tale to yourself, Agauë will not hear ! But if you kill me to please Dionysos, let no other destroy your son, unhappy one, let not your son be destroyed by the alien hands of Bassarids.”

<sup>209</sup> Such was his prayer, and Agauë heard him not ; but the terrible women attacked him with one accord ; as he rolled in the dust, one pulled on his legs, one seized his right arm and wrenched it out at the joint, Autonoë dragged opposite at the left ; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus—then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness :

<sup>221</sup> “ Blessed Cadmos, more blessed now I call you ! For in the mountains Artemis has seen Agauë triumphant with no weapon in her hands ; and even if she is queen of the hunt, she must hide her jealousy of your lionslaying daughter. The Dryads also wondered at my work. And the father of our Harmonia, armed with his familiar lance, brazen Ares, wondered full of pride at your child without a spear, casting a thyrsus and destroying lions. Pray call the king on your



Πειθέα δεῦρο κάλεσσον, ὅπως φθονεῖρῃσιν ὀπωπαῖς 230  
θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύσειε γυναιίου.<sup>1</sup>

δμῶες ἐμοί, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου  
πήξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.  
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἰνώ.  
Λύτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμψον Ἀγαυή· 235  
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λάχες εὐχος ὁμοῖον, ὑμέτερου δὲ  
μητρὸς Ἀρισταίοιο φατιζομένην ἔτι νίκην  
σῆς ἐκυρῆς ἥσχυια λειοντοφόνιο Κυρήνης."

"Εἵνεπε κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· εἰσαΐων δὲ  
Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἑτερόφρονα παιδὸς ἀπειλήν, 240  
μίσας δάκρυσι μῦθον ἀμείβετο πειθάδι φωνῇ·

"Οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαυή;  
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμέτερη τέκε γαστήρ;  
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμηνεν Ἐχίων;  
δέρκεο σεῖο λέοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυτθὸν αἰείρων 245  
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγοστῶ· 247  
δέρκεο σεῖο λέοντα, τὸν Ἀρμονίῃ σέο μήτηρ 246  
πολλάκις ἡέρταζε καὶ ὤρεγε μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν. 248  
μαστεύεις σέο παῖδα τεῶν θηήτορα μόχθων·  
πῶς καλέσω Πειθῆα, τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν αἰεῖρεις; 250  
ὃν κτάνες ἀγνώσσουσα, πόθεν σέο παῖδα καλέσσω; 252  
θῆρα τεὸν σκοπίαζε, καὶ νῖέα σεῖο νοήσεις. 251  
καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσσε, τεῶν θρεπτήρια Κάδμω· 253  
καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης νυμφεύματα δῶκε Κρονίων·  
Ἄρεος ἄξια ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης· 255  
Ἰνῶ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἔφλεξε Κρονίων,  
μύρεται Λύτονόη κερόεν τέκος, ἃ μέγα δειλὴ

<sup>1</sup> Ἀναίου MSS.; γυναιίου scripsi. Ludwich -σειεν ὑαίτης.

\* Cf. v. 292; Pindar, Pyth. ix. 26 ff.

throne, Cadmos, call Pentheus here, that with envious eyes he may see the beastslaying sweat of a weak woman !

<sup>232</sup> " This way, my men, hang up this head as a votive offering of my victory on the gatehouse of Cadmos. Sister Ino never killed a beast like this ! Look here Autonoë, and bow your neck to Agauë ! For you have never won glory like mine—the still famous victory of lionslaying Cyrene,<sup>a</sup> mother of your Aristaios and your own goodmother, has been put to shame by mine ! "

<sup>239</sup> While she spoke, she lifted her dear burden ; but Cadmos hearing the distracted boasts of his exulting daughter, answered in mourning voice and mingled his tears with his words :

<sup>242</sup> " Ah, what a beast you have brought down, Agauë my child, one with human reason ! What a beast you have brought down, one which your own womb brought forth ! What a beast you have brought down, one that Echion begat ! Look upon your lion, one that Cadmos lifted upon his nursing arm when he was still a little tot, held in his joyful arms. Look upon your lion, one that your mother Harmonia often caught up and held to your suckling breast. You search for your son to see your work : how can I call Pentheus, when you hold him in your hands ? How can I call your son, whom you have killed in ignorance ? Look at your beast, and you will recognize your son.

<sup>253</sup> " O Dionysos ! A fine return you bring to Cadmos who reared you ! Fine bridal gifts Cronion gave me with Harmonia ! They are worthy of Ares and heavenly Aphrodite. Ino is in the sea, Semele was burnt by Cronion, Autonoë mourns her horned

ἔκτανεν, ὃν τέκε μοῦνον, αἰῶριον υἱὸν Ἀγαυῆ,  
καὶ μογέει Πολύδωρος ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλήτης.  
μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην νέκυς ἔμπροσ· εἰς τίνα φεύγω, 260  
Πειθέος ὀλλυμένοιο καὶ οἰχομέιου Πολυδώρου;  
τίς πόλις ὀθνεῖή με δεδέξεται; ἔρρε, Κιβαιρῶν·  
γηροκόμους Κάδμοιο κατέκτανες, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ  
νεκρὸν ἔχεις Πειθῆα, καὶ Ἀκταίωνα καλύπτεις."

"Ὡς φαμένου Κάδμοιο γόνον κρουητῶδὸν ἰάλλων 265  
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισι γέρων ἔκλαινε Κιβαιρῶν·  
καὶ δρῦες ὠδύροιντο, καὶ ἔκλαγον αἰῶνα Νύμφαι  
Νηιάδες. πολὴν δὲ κόμην ἠδέσσαστο Κάδμου  
καὶ στοναχὴν Διόνυσος· ἀπειθήτου δὲ προσώπου  
μίσας δάκρυ γέλωτι ἴον μετέθηκεν Ἀγαυῆς, 270  
καὶ πάλιν ἔμφοινα θῆκεν, ὅπως Πειθῆα γοήσῃ.

"Ἢ δὲ μεταστρέψασα ἴον καὶ ἄπιστον ὀπωπὴν  
αὐτοπαγῆς ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χρόιον ἵστατο μήτηρ·  
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πειθῆος ὀπιπείουσα θαιόντος 275  
ῥιπεν αὐτοκύλιστος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ διελή  
βόστρυχον αἰσχύιουσα χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κοίῃ·  
καὶ λασίους ἔρριψεν ἀπὸ στέριοιο χιτῶνας  
καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώδεας, αἵματος ὀλκῷ  
στήθεα φοινίξασα καὶ ἀσκεπείων πτύχα μαζῶν·  
καὶ κύσεν υἱέος ὄμμα καὶ ἔγχλοα κύκλα προσώπου 280  
καὶ πλοκάμους χαρίεϊτας ἐρευθομένοιο καρῆνου·  
ὁξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

"Νηλεῖς Διόνυσε, τῆς ἀκόρητε γενέθλης,  
δὸς προτέρην ἔτι λύσσαι ἐμοὶ πάλιν· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄλλην  
χείρονα λύσσαι ἔχω πινυτόφρονα· δὸς μοι ἐκείνην 285  
ἄφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δεύτερον υἷα καλέσω.  
θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα· νεοτμήτοιο δὲ κόρης

\* Actaion in his stag-shape.

son,<sup>a</sup> and Agauë—what misery for Agauë ! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely ; and my Polydoros <sup>b</sup> wanders in sorrow, a banished man. Alone I am left, in a living death. Who will be my refuge, now Pentheus is dead and Polydoros gone ? What foreign city will receive me ? Curse you, Cithairon ! You have slain those two who should cherish Cadmos in old age : Pentheus is with you, dead, Actaion is buried in your soil.”

<sup>265</sup> When Cadmos had ended, ancient Cithairon groaned from his springs and poured forth tears in fountains ; the trees lamented, the Naiad Nymphs chanted dirges. Dionysos was abashed before the hoary head of Cadmos and his lamentations ; mingling a tear with a smile on that untroubled countenance, he gave reason back to Agauë and made her sane once more, that she might mourn for Pentheus.

<sup>271</sup> The mother, herself again with eyes that she could trust, stood awhile rigid and voiceless. Then seeing the head of Pentheus dead she threw herself down, and rolled in helpless misery on the ground smearing the dust on her hair. She tore the shaggy skins from her breast and threw down the goblets of Bromios's company, scoring her chest and the cleft between her bare breasts with red scratches. She kissed her son's eyes and his pallid cheeks, and the charming locks of his bloodstained hair ; then with bitter lamentation she spoke :

<sup>283</sup> “ Cruel Dionysos, insatiable persecutor of your family ! Give me back my former madness—for a worse madness possesses me now in my sanity. Give me back that delirium, that I may call my son a wild beast once more. I thought I had struck a beast—

<sup>b</sup> Cf. v. 206 ff.

ἀντὶ λεοντεΐης κεφαλὴν Πειθῆος ἀείρω.  
 ὀλβίῃ Αὐτονόῃ βαρυδάκρυος, ὅττι θανόντα  
 ἔστανεν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν νύξια μήτηρ· 290  
 μούνη ἐγὼ γενόμεν παιδοκτόνιος· οὐ Μελικέρτην  
 ἔκτανεν ἢ Λέαρχον ἐμὴ μεταϊάστιος Ἰνώ,  
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἤρσεν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,  
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν, ὅπως Πειθῆα γοήσω·  
 Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσον ἐὼ τεκνώσατο μηρῷ, 295  
 Καδμείην ἵνα πᾶσαν αἰστώσῃε γενέθλην.  
 ἰλήκοι Διόνυσος· ὅλον γένος ὤλισε Κάδμου.  
 ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμῖν μετὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης,  
 Ἀρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον,

ἐμοῦ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου  
 ἀρχαίην κιθάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων 300  
 θρήνον εἶνα πλήξειε καὶ Αὐτονόῃ καὶ Ἀγαίῃ,  
 ὠκύμορον Πειθῆα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λιγαίνων.  
 ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακόν ἐστιν αἰνῆς;  
 οὐ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν ἐκούφισα τυμφοκόμον πῦρ·  
 οὐ ζυγίων ἤκουσα τεῶν ὑμῖναιον Ἑρώτων· 305  
 ποῖον ἴδω σέο παῖδα παρήγορον; αἰθέ σε Βάκχῃ  
 ἄλλη ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολύμοχθος Ἀγαίῃ.  
 μητέρι μαινομένη μὴ μέμφεο, δυσμορε Πειθεῦ·  
 Βάκχῳ μέμφεο μᾶλλον· αἰναίτιός ἐστιν Ἀγαίῃ.  
 χεῖρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τῇν στάζουσιν ἐῖρσιν 310  
 αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος· ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρῆνου  
 αἷμα τεδὸν μητρῶον ὅλον φοίνιξε χιτῶνα.  
 ναί, λίτομαι, Βρομίου δότε μοι δέπας·

ἀντὶ γὰρ οἴνου  
 λύθρον ἐμοῦ Πειθῆος ἐπισπείδω Διονύσω.  
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρυς, ἄωριε, τύμβον ἐγείρω 315  
 χερσὶν ἐμαῖς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύψασα κοινή  
 σὸν δέμας· ὑμετέρῳ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τοῦτο χαράξω·

I hold a head newly cut from the neck, but no lion's head, it is Pentheus ! Autonoë is happy for all her heavy tears, for she mourned Actaion dead, and the mother slew not her son. I alone have become a childmurderer. Ino slew not Melicertes or Learchos, Ino my banished sister, but the father destroyed the son he had begotten. How unhappy I am ! Zeus slept with Semele only that I might mourn Pentheus ; Zeus the father childed Dionysos from his own thigh, only to destroy the whole family of Cadmos. May Dionysos forgive me, he has destroyed the whole race of Cadmos. Now may even Apollo strike his harp again as before, as at the marriage feast where the gods were guests, as by Harmonia's bed, as in the bridechamber of my father Cadmos, let him twangle one dirge for Autonoë and Agauë both, and chant loudly of Actaion and Pentheus so quickly to perish. What medicine is there for my sorrow, O my dearest boy ? I have never lifted the marriage torch at your wedding ; I have never heard the bridal hymn for your wedded love. What son of yours can I see to comfort me ? Would that some other, some Bacchant, had destroyed you, not all-wretched Agauë ! Blame not your frenzied mother, illfated Pentheus, blame Bacchos rather—Agauë is innocent ! My hands, dear lad, are dripping with the dew from your shorn neck, the blood from your head has incarnadined all the robe of the mother who shed it. Yes, I beseech you, give me the cup of Bromios ; for instead of wine I will pour the blood of my Pentheus as a libation to Dionysos. For you, untimely dead, I will build amid my tears a tomb with my own hands. I will lay in the earth your headless body ; and on your monument I will carve



‘ εἰμὶ νέκυς Πειθῆος, ὁδοιπόρε· ἰηδὺς Ἀγαύης  
 παιδοκόμος με λόχευσε

καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χεῖρ.’ ”

Ἔννεπε λυσσώουσα σοφῇ φρενὶ· μυρομένης δέ 320  
 Λῦτονόη γοόωσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωτὴν·

“ Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἔρωτα τῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαύη,  
 ὅττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πειθῆος ὀπωπὴν  
 καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὄμμα καὶ νείος ἄκρα κομάων.  
 γνωτὴ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες νεία μήτηρ· 325  
 ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἀκταίωνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς  
 νεβρὸν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ νείος ἀντὶ καρήνου  
 μηκεδαίνην ἐλάφοιο νόθην κτερίξαι κεραίην.

σῆς δ’ ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὅττι θανόντος  
 οὐκ ἴδες ἄλλοιον τύπον νείος, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ, 330  
 οὐ χηλὴν ἀνόητον ἐκούφισας ἤλ κεραίην·

μούνη δ’ ἔδρακον νῆα νόθον νέκυν, ἄλλοφυῇ δέ  
 καὶ στικτὴν καὶ αἰαυδὸν ἐκώκυν εἰκόνα μορφῆς,  
 καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούω.

ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη, 335  
 ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίῳ τοκτῆ  
 εἰς ἔλαφον μετάμειψον ἐμὴν βροτοκιδέα μορφήν·  
 δὸς χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι· μετ’ Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν  
 τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Λῦτονόην πόρε φορβὴν  
 ἢ κυσὶν ὑμετέροισιν· ἰσαθρήσῃ δὲ Κιθαιρῶν 340

μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παῖδα κυνοσπάδα· μηδέ με δειλὴν  
 σὼν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἴσην κεραελκέα μορφήν  
 ἄγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ζεύξεας ἀπήνῃ.

χαῖρε φυτὸν Πενθῆος, ἀμείλιχε χαῖρε Κιθαιρῶν·  
 χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκες ἀμερσινόου Διονύσου· 345

σώζεό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε· λάμπε κολώναις·  
 λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέροις, Λητωίδι καὶ Διονύσῳ·  
 εἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτῖσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἶσθα δαμάσσαι,



these words : ' Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus ; the cherishing womb of Agauë brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agauë slew her son.' "

<sup>320</sup> So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity—and while she lamented, Autonoë spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation :

<sup>322</sup> " I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agauë ; for you kiss the sweet face of Pentheus, his lips and his dear eyes and the hair of your son. Sister, I think you happy, even if you the mother slew your own son. But I had no Actaion to mourn ; his body was changed, and I wept over a fawn—instead of my son's head I buried the long antlers of a changeling stag. It is a small consolation to you in your pain, that you have seen your dead son in no alien shape, no fawn's fell, no unprofitable hoof, no horn you took up. I alone saw my son as a changeling corpse, I lamented an image of alien shape dappled and voiceless ; I am called mother of a stag and not a son. But I pray to thee, prudish daughter of Zeus, glorify thy Phoibos the begetter of Aristaios my husband, and change my mortal shape to a deer—do grace to Apollo ! Give unhappy Autonoë also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds ; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

<sup>344</sup> " Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon ; farewell also ye fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos ! Happy be thou, Phaëthon men's delight ! Shine on the hills ; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos ! And if thou knowest how

σῶ καθαρῶ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Λύτοινόην καὶ Ἀγαυήν·  
 ἔσσο δὲ Πασιφάης τιμήορος, ὅφρα γελάσσης 350  
 Ἀρμονίης γενέτειραν ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην."

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκτος ὀδύρετο μᾶλλον Ἀγαυή.  
 καὶ νέκυν, ὃν κατέπεφνε, φίλη τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ  
 πίδακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου·  
 καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἐτεκτῆναιτο πολῖται. 355

Ὡς αἱ μὲν στενάζοντο κατηφείς· εἰσορόων δὲ  
 Βάκχος αἶαξ ἐλέαιρε, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας  
 μυρομένας ἀνέκοψεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστη  
 λυσίπονον κεράσας μελιηδέϊ φάρμακον οἴκῳ  
 δῶκε ποτὸν ληθαῖον· ὀδυρομένιοιο δὲ Κάδμου 360  
 πένθιμον ἐπρήννε γόον παιήοι μύθῳ·  
 ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὐῆσε καὶ Λύτοινόην καὶ Ἀγαυήν,  
 ἐλπίδος ἔσσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.  
 Ἰλλυρίην δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἑσπερίου χθόνα πόντου  
 Ἀρμονίην λιπόπατριν ὁμόστολον ἤλκι Κάδμῳ 365  
 ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλήμοινας, οἷς χρόνος ἔρπων  
 ὥπασε πετρήεσσαν ἔχειν ὀφιδῶδεα μορφήν.

Καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνας ἔχων  
 καὶ λύγκας ἱμάσσων  
 ἄβρὸς ἀσιγήτοισιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναις.

\* He identifies Apollo with the Sun, and his arrows with its rays.

\* Since Pasiphaë's trouble arose from hideously mis-

to destroy men also with thy rays,<sup>a</sup> strike with thy pure fire Autonoë and Agauë. Be Pasiphaë's avenger,<sup>b</sup> to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

<sup>352</sup> She spoke ; and Agauë childmurderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

<sup>356</sup> So they mourned in dejection ; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoë and Agauë to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>368</sup> Then Bacchos with his Pans and Satyrs whipt up his lynxes, and went in gorgeous pomp to farfamed Athens.

directed love, let her father the Sun take vengeance on the love goddess's children.

<sup>c</sup> At the end of their lives, Zeus transformed Cadmos and Harmonia into stone serpents, and placed them in Elysium.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν εἰς ἔβδομον,  
ὀππόθι Περσεὺς  
 καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἄβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Ἦδη δ' εἶθα καὶ εἶθα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φῆμη  
 ἄγγελος αὐτοβόητος ἐρισταφύλου Διονύσου  
 Ἀτθίδι φοιτήσας· ἀκοιμήτου δὲ Λυαίου  
 εἰς χορὸν εὐώδινες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι.  
 καὶ πολὺς ἔβρεμε κῶμος· ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται 5  
 εἵμασι δαιδαλέοισιν ἀνεχλαίνωσαν ἀγνῆας  
 χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσιν· αἰξιφύτοιο δὲ Βάκχου  
 ἡμερίδων πετάλοισιν ἐμυτρώθησαν Ἀθῆναι  
 αὐτόματοι· φιάλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν  
 στήθεσι μυστιπόλοισιν ἀνελώντιτο γυναῖκες, 10  
 παρθενικαὶ δ' ἐχόρευον, ἐπεστέψαντο δὲ κόρης

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\* Perhaps the most corrupt passage in Nonnos. Any attempt to translate it continuously results in nonsense, for what could it mean to say that the women girt anything around their "mail-clad breasts" or that drinking-cups were hung like a girdle around anything? Attic women did not go about in corselets, and Nonnos knew they did not; the words must refer to Athena in person or to her statue. Drinking-cups are of course part of the Dionysiac apparatus,

## BOOK XLVII

Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and  
the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her  
rich robes.

ALREADY Rumour was flitting up and down the city, announcing of herself that Dionysos of the grapes had come to visit Attica; and prolific Athens broke out into wild dancing for unresting Lyaïos. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wreathed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies<sup>a</sup>:] the maidens danced and crowned their brows with flowers

but no one and nothing had a string of them slung about him or it. The only possible explanation seems to be that something, probably two or three lines, has dropped out and the remainder been patched together by a copyist into the present verse 9. Perhaps the archetype of our mss. was damaged and illegible here. The general sense may have been: "*Drinking-cups* the men now held instead of weapons (or tools); even *through the mail-clad breasts* of Athena there shot a shaft of Bacchic extasy; and the women girt their *bosoms, used to (Demeter's ?) mysteries* with (some Dionysiac emblem, such as vine-leaves)." Marcellus conjectures *φάλλους* here and ix. 125, xlvi. 278, where it makes sense although there is no evidence in support.

ἄνθει κισσῆεντι περίπλοκον Ἀτθίδα χαίτην.  
 Ἴλισσὸς δ' ἐλέλιξε περὶ πτόλιν ἔμπροσθεν ἰδῶρ  
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον· ὁμοζήλω δὲ χορείῃ  
 Εὐιον ἐκρούοντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὄχθαι. 15  
 φυταλιῇ δ' ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κόλπου  
 αὐτοφυῆς γλυκεροῖο πεπαιυμένου τοκετοῖο  
 βότρυς ἐλαιήεντος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος,  
 καὶ δρῦες ἐψιθύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετῆλων  
 δίσχρον ἠρεύγοντο ῥόδον λειμωνίδες ὦραι, 20  
 καὶ κρίνον αὐτοτέλειστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι.  
 καὶ Φρυγίοις αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης,  
 καὶ δίδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλίγαιεν Ἀχαρνέως  
 θλιβόμενος παλάμησιν· ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 Μυγδονίῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄζυγι κούρῃ 25  
 δίσθρον ἀρμονίην ἐπιδήμιος ἴαχε Βάκχῃ  
 πῆχυν ἐπικλείουσα νύη Πακτωλίδι νύμφῃ,  
 καὶ φλόγα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκῃ  
 ἀρχεγόνῳ Ζαγρῇ καὶ ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 μνησαμένη δ' Ἰτύλοιο καὶ ἰστοπόου Φιλομήλης 30  
 σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀτθίς ἀηδῶν,  
 καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίην χεῖρ μολπῆν,  
 μνήστιν ὅλην Τηρῆος ἀπορρίψασα θυέλλαις.  
 Οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος αἰνὰ πτόλιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων  
 Βάκχος ἐς Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἤλυθεν, ὃς πέλεν ἄλλων 35  
 φέρτερος ἀγρονόμων ἐτερότροπα δένδρα φυτεύειν.  
 ἀγραύλοισι δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἄλκιος  
 ἀβρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπήλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ  
 κοῖραν ἡμερίδων ὀλίγῃ ξείνισσε τραπέζῃ·  
 Ἥριγόντῃ δ' ἐκέρασσεν ἀφυσσαμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν 40

\* This line has attached to it an amusing bit of literary history. Bentley quoted it in his *Dissertation on Phalaris*, p. 25 of the edition of 1699, to show that the correct form of

of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos ; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Euian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus<sup>a</sup> born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom ; and the chattering bird of Zephyros<sup>b</sup> twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

<sup>34</sup> No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icaros, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone<sup>c</sup> went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but

the god's name was Zagreus and not Zagraios. Two modern editors gravely inform the public that there is no such verse and that Bentley quoted from memory (which he probably did, and knew his Greek authors better than either his contemporary or his later critics). See the Bohn edition of the *Dissertation* (London, 1883), p. 91.

<sup>b</sup> Imitated from Leonidas in the *Greek Anthology* x. 1.

<sup>c</sup> Icaros's daughter.



ἀλλὰ ἑ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ γεραιῷ  
 ὥπασε λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἀσκούς,  
 δεξιτερῇ δ' εὐοδμον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οὔρου  
 ὥρεγεν Ἰκαρίῳ· φιλίῳ δ' ἡσπάζετο μύθῳ·

“ Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,

ὃ μὴ διδάσιν Ἀθῆναι. 43

ὦ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε· σὲ γὰρ μέλψουσι πολῖται  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωιντες, ὅτι κλέος εὔρεν ἐλέγξαι  
 Ἰκάριος Κελεοῖο καὶ Ἡριγόντῃ Μετακίρῃς.  
 ζῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ  
 ἄλλῳ γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὀμπιον ὥπασε Δηῷ. 50  
 Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὔρε,

σὺ δ' οἶνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης·

Ἰλαος οὐρανίῳ Γαινυμήδεϊ μοῦνος ἐρίζεις,  
 Τριπτολέμου προτέροιο μακάρτερε· θυμοβόρους γὰρ  
 οὐ στάχυνες λύνουσι μεληδόιας, οἰνοτόκοι δὲ  
 βότρυες ἀνδρομέης παιῖνόνες εἰσιν ἀνίης.” 53

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, φιλοφείνῳ δὲ γεραιῷ  
 ἄβρὸν ἐγερσινόοιο δέπας πόρεν ἐμπλεον οἴνου·  
 καὶ πῖεν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλκιύς,  
 οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον εὐρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης·  
 κούρη δ' αἰτὶ γάλακτος ἀφυσσαμένη χύσιν οὔρου 60  
 ὥρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἕως ἐμίθυσσε τοκῆα.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὔρε κυπελλοδόκοιο τραπέζης,  
 δόχμιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἐρισφαλὲς ἵχτις ἐλίσσων  
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρτησεν ἀλκιύς,  
 Ζαγρέος Εὐιον ὕμνον ἀνακροῦντων Διοτύσῃ. 63  
 ἀγροινόμῳ δὲ γέροιτι φυτηκόμος ὥπασε δαίμων  
 κλήματα βοτρυόεντα, φιλεύια δῶρα τραπέζης·

\* The king of Eleusis whom Demeter visited; Metaneira was his queen, Triptolemos either his son or one of his nobles.

Bacchos checked her, and handed to the kindly old man skins full of curetrouble liquor. He took in his right hand and offered Icarios a cup of sweet fragrant wine, as he greeted him in friendly words :

<sup>45</sup> " Accept this gift, Sir, which Athens knows not. Sir, I deem you happy, for your fellow-citizens will celebrate you, proclaiming aloud that Icarios has found fame to obscure Celeos,<sup>a</sup> and Erigone to outdo Metaneira. I rival Demeter of the olden days, because Deo too brought a gift, the harvest-corn, to another husbandman. Triptolemos discovered corn, you the winecheeked grape of my vintage. You alone <sup>b</sup> rival Ganymedes in heaven, you more blessed than Triptolemos was before ; for corn does not dissolve the sorrows that eat the heart, but the wine-bearing grape is the healer of human pain."

<sup>56</sup> Such were the words he spoke, as he offered a handsome cup full of mindawakening wine to the hospitable old man. The old hardworking gardener drank, and drank again, with desire insatiable for the dewy trickling drops. His girl poured no more milk, but reached him cup after cup of wine until her father was drunken ; and when at last he had taken enough of that table spread with cups, the gardener skipt about with changing step, staggering and rolling sideways, and struck up the Euian chant of Zagreus for Dionysos. Then the plantloving god presented to the old countryman Euian shoots of vine in return for his hospitable table, and the Lord taught

<sup>b</sup> The word *ἴλαος* is very doubtful. It means "gracious," "benign," and is correctly used of the feeling of a kindly deity or other superior being towards his inferiors, but seems very much out of place of good old Icarios. It seems likely that some such epithet as *γαῖος* should be read, "you on earth rival Ganymede in heaven."

καί μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀξιφύτῳ τινὶ τέχῃ  
κλάσσαι βοθριάσαι τε βαλεῖν τ' ἐνὶ κλήματα γύροις.

"Αλλοις δ' ἀγρονόμοισι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλκιυς 70  
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην  
οἰνοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διοιύσου.

καὶ νομίῳ κρητῆρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἶνον  
δαινυμένους ἡϋφραίνειν ἐπασσυτέροισι κυπέλλοις, 75  
οἰνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἀσκῶν.

καί τις ἐγερσινόοιο πιών ῥόον ἡδέος οἶνου  
Ἵριγόντης γενετῆρα φίλῳ μελίζατο μύθῳ.

"Εἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εὖρες

ἐπὶ χθονὶ ἱέκταρ Ὀλύμπου;

οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,  
οὐκ ἀπὸ Νηιάδων μελιηδέα δῶρα κομίζεις· 80

οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεύματα πηγαί,  
οὐ ῥόος Ἴλισσοῖο χυτῶ φοινίσσεται ὀλκῷ.

οὐ ποτὸν ἔπλετο τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης,  
ὀξύτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον· ἄλλοφύς δέ  
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ· 85

πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθίς ἐλαίῃ·  
λαρότερον δέ γάλακτος ἔχεις ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ  
συμφερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος.

εἰ δέ ποτὸν μερόπεσσιν ἀξιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων  
ἐκ καλύκων δεδάασιν ἄγειν ῥοδοπήχεις ὦραι, 90

καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέεσκον Ἀδώνιδος ἢ Κυθερείης  
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὐοδμον ἐέρσην.

λυσίπονον καὶ ξεῖνον ἄγεις ποτόν· ἡερίοις γὰρ  
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερίμνας.

μή σοι δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄμβροτος Ἴβη; 95  
μή σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τετὴ πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη;

οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἥρπασεν, εἴθεν ἀφύσσει

him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>70</sup> So the industrious old gardener passed on to other countrymen the gifts of Bromios with their vintage of grapes, and taught them how to plant and care for the viny growth of Dionysos ; he poured into his rustic mixer streams of wine inexhaustible, and cheered the hearts of banqueters with cup after cup, releasing the fragrant liquid from his wineskins. Many a one would compliment Erigone's father with grateful words as he drank the sweet liquor of mind-awakening wine :

<sup>78</sup> " Tell us, gaffer, how you found on earth the nectar of Olympus ? This golden water never came from Cephisos, this honeysweet treasure was not brought from the Naiads ! For our fountains do not bubble up honey-streams like this, the river Ilissos does not run in such a purple flood. This is no drink from the plantloving bee, which quickest of all brings satiety to mortal man. This is another kind of water, sweeter than sweet honey ; this is no national draught born from the Athenian olive. You have a drink richer than milk which ever keeps its taste, mingled with drops of honey-posset. If the rosyarm Seasons have learnt to distil a drink for mortals from all the flowercups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses ! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble ! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

<sup>95</sup> " Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven ? Can it be that Athena your cityholder has provided this ? Who has stolen the

<sup>a</sup> Compare note on xvii. 83.

Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀθανάτοισι δέπας κερύσας Γαιυμήδης;  
 ξεινοδόκου Κελεοῖο μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἴλαον οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνισσας Ὀλύμπου;  
 πείθομαι, ὥς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σείο μελάρω,  
 καὶ φιλῆς πόμα τοῦτο τεῆς διὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης  
 Ἄτθίδι δῶρον ἔδωκεν, ἅτε στάχυν ὥπασε Δηῶ."

"Ἐννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτόν·

ἐκ στομάτων δέ

ἡδυμανὴς ἀλάλαζε χέων ἄγραυλον αἰοιδήν.

Ἄγροινόμοι δ' ἀρύοιτες ἐπασσυντέροισι κυπέλλοις  
 πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερσιώφῃ φρένας οἴῳ·  
 ὄμματα δ' ἐπλάζοντο, φιλακρήτοις δέ κυπέλλοις  
 ἄργυφα πορφύροιντο παρήμα, γεισπόνων δέ  
 στηθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῶ δ' ἐβαρύνετο κόρση,  
 καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντο ἐκυμαίνοντο καρῆνου·  
 τοῖσι δέ δερκομένοισιν ἐσεΐετο κάλπος ἀρούρης  
 καὶ δρύες ὠρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι·  
 καὶ σφαλεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀήθεος ἔμπλειος οἴνου  
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνὴρ.

Καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίῳ δεδονημένος οἴστρω  
 τλήμονος Ἰκαρίοιο κατέτρεχε θυιάδι λύσση,  
 οἷά τε φαρμακόειντα κερασσασμένου δόλον οἴνου,  
 ὃς μὲν ἔχων βουπλῆγα σιδήρειον, ὃς δέ μακέλλη  
 θωρήξας ἔο χειρας, ὁ δέ σταχυητόμον ἄρπην  
 κουφίζων, ἕτερος δέ λίθον περίμετρον αἶρων,  
 ἄλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίνων,  
 γηραλέον πλήσσοιτες· ἐλὼν δέ τις ἐγγὺς ἱμάσθλην  
 Ἰκαρίου τέτρηνε δέμας ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ.

Καὶ μογέων χθοὶ πῖπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλκιυς  
 τυπτόμενος ροπάλοισιν, ἐπισκαίρων δέ τραπέζῃ

mixing-bowl from the sky,<sup>a</sup> from which Ganymedes mixes the liquor and ladles out a cup for Zeus and the immortals? O more blessed than hospitable Celeos, can it be you also have yourself entertained some gracious Olympian who dwells in the heavens? I believe some other god came in mirth to visit your roof, and gave this drink to our country in friendship for your hospitable table, as Deo gave us corn!"

<sup>104</sup> Thus he spoke, admiring the delicious drink; and from his lips rang out a stream of rustic song in sweet madness.

<sup>106</sup> So the countrymen quaffed cup after cup, and made a wild revel over the wine which dazed their wits. Their eyes rolled, their pale cheeks grew red—for they drank their liquor neat, their peasant-breasts grew hot, their heads grew heavy with the drink, the veins were swollen upon their foreheads. The bosom of the earth shook before their eyes, the trees danced and the mountains skipt. Men fell on their backs rolling helplessly over the ground, full of the unfamiliar wine with its slippery drops.

<sup>116</sup> Then the company of countrymen driven by murderous infatuation charged upon poor Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug—one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand—all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

<sup>125</sup> The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping

<sup>a</sup> The constellation Crater.



τύψε μέθης κρητῆρα, καὶ αἰθοπος εἰς χύσιν οἴνου  
 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρῆνου  
 ἀγρονόμων πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσι τυπέντος  
 αἵμαλέη φοίνιξεν ὁμόχροον οἶνον ἐέρση.

130

καὶ μόγισ ἐκ στομάτων ἔπος ἴαχεν Ἰλιδι γείτων·

“Οἶνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἀμπαυμα μερίμνης,  
 ὁ γλυκὺς εἰς ἐμέ μοῦνον ἀμείλιχος· εὐφροσύνην γὰρ  
 ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὅπασσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον·  
 ὁ γλυκὺς Ἡριγόνη πολεμήσιος· ἡμετέρην γὰρ  
 ιηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἐθήκατο πενθάδα κούρην.”

135

Οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγε· μόρος δὲ οἱ ἔφθασε φῶνῃν.  
 καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κείμε, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι κούρης,  
 ὄμμασι πεπταμένοισιν· ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμεινῇ  
 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἱαυον ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φονῆς  
 οἶνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν εἰκότες· ἐγρόμεινοι δέ,  
 ὄν κτάνον ἀγνώσσοιτες, ἀνέστενον· ὑψόθι δ' ὤμων  
 νεκρὸν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης  
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐδρῳ δὲ ῥείθρῳ  
 ὠτειλὰς ἐκάθησαν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ·  
 καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδαίικτον, ὃν ἔκτανον ἄφρονι λύσσει,  
 ἀνδροφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆς.

140

145

Ψυχὴ δ' Ἰκαρίοιο πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ  
 εἰς δόμον Ἡριγόνης· βροτέῃ δ' ἰσάζετο μορφῇ  
 κοῦφον ὄνειρείης σκιερῆς εἰδῶλον ὀπωπῆς,  
 ἀνδρὶ νεουτήτῳ πανομοίος, εἶχε δὲ δειλὴ  
 στικτὸν ἀσημάντοιο φόινου κήρυκα χιτῶνα,  
 αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶνonta κονίῃ,  
 ῥωγαλέον πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου.  
 καὶ παλάμας ὥρεξε· νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεῦειν  
 ὠτειλὰς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κούρῃ.

150

155



upon the table upset the mixing-bowl and rolled half-dead in the flood of ruddy wine : his head sank under the shower of blows from the countrymen, and drops of his red blood mingled with the red wine. Now next-door to death he stammered out these words :

<sup>132</sup> " The wine of my Bromios, the comfort of human care, that sweet one is pitiless against me alone ! It has given a merry heart to all men, and it has brought fate to Icarios. The sweet one is no friend to Erigone, for Dionysos who mourns not has made my girl to mourn."

<sup>137</sup> Before he could finish his words, fate came first and stayed his voice : there he lay dead with eyes wide open, far from his modest daughter. His murderers heavy with wine slumbered careless on the bare ground like dead men. When they awoke, they mourned aloud for him they had unwittingly slain, and in their right mind now they carried his body on their shoulders up to a woody ridge, and washed his wounds in the abundant waters of a mountain brook. So they who had slain buried him they had slain in their senseless fury, the same murderous hands buried the body which they had lately torn.

<sup>148</sup> The soul of Icarios floated like smoke to the room of Erigone. It was a light phantom in mortal shape, the shadowy vision of a dream, like a man newly slain ; the wretched ghost wore a tunic with marks that betrayed the unexplained murder, red with blood and dirty with dust, torn to rags by blows on blows of beating steel. The phantom stretched out its hands and came close to the girl, and pointed out the wounds on the newly mangled

παρθενικὴ δ' ὀλόλυξε φιλοθρήνοις ἐν ὀνείροις,  
 ὥς ἶδεν ἔλκεα τόσσα καρήατος, ὥς ἶδε δειλὴν  
 λύθρον ἐρευθομένιοιο νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος·  
 καὶ σκιοίεις γενέτης ἔπος ἔινεπε πενθάδι κούρῃ· 100  
 " Ἐγρεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίζεο σεῖο τοκτῆ·  
 ἔγρεο, καὶ μεθύοιτας ἐμούς μάστευε φονῆας·  
 εἰμὶ τεὸς γενέτης βαρυώδυνος, ὃν χάριν οἶνου  
 ἀγρονόμοι δασπλήτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρῳ.  
 ὦ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ κταμένιοιο τοκτῆς 105  
 οὐ καναχὴν ἤκουσας ἀρασσομένιοιο καρήνου,  
 οὐ πολὴν ἐνόησας ἐρευθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρῳ,  
 οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδαίικτον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ,  
 πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακες· ἀλλὰ σε δαίμων  
 ἔκτοθι πατρὸς ἔρυκε, τετὴν δ' ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπὴν, 170  
 μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσειε δαῖζομένου γενετῆρος.  
 αἵματι πορφύροντας ἐμούς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας·  
 χθιζὰ γὰρ οἰνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις  
 ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀήθεος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου  
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο· δαῖζόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ 175  
 μηλονόμους ἐκάλεσσα, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἰωὴν·  
 μούνη δ' ὑστερόφωτος ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἰχὼ  
 θρήνοις ἀντιτύποισι τεὸν στενάχουσα τοκτῆ.  
 οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαύροπα μεσσόθεν ὕλης  
 εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεϊτα καὶ εἰς λειμῶνας ἱκάνεις, 190  
 σὴν ἀγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλῳ<sup>1</sup> παρακοίτῃ·  
 οὐκέτι δεινδροκόμοιο τετῆς ψαύουσα μακέλλης  
 κῆπον ἐς εὐώδινα φέρεις ἀμαρῆιον ὕδωρ·  
 ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπώρης  
 κλαῖε τεὸν γενέτην με δεδουπότα· καὶ σε νοήσω 195  
 ὀρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων."

<sup>1</sup> So MSS.: Ludwich ἀγραύλου.

limbs for her to see. The maiden shrieked in this melancholy dream, when she saw so many wounds on that head, when the poor thing saw the blood which had lately poured from that red throat. And the shade of her father spoke these words to his sorrowing child :

<sup>161</sup> “ Wake, poor creature, go and seek your father ! Wake, and search for my drunken murderers ! I am your much-afflicted father, whom the savage country folk have destroyed because of wine with cold steel. I call you happy, my child ; your father was killed, but you heard not the smashing of my beaten head, you saw not the hoary hair stained with gore, the body new-mangled panting on the ground, you saw not the clubs that killed your father. No: Providence kept you far away from your father, and guarded your eyes that they might not see the death of a murdered sire. Look at my clothes, red with blood ! For yesterday country people drunken with cup after cup of wine and dribbling the unfamiliar juice of Bacchos, thronged about me. As the steel tore me, I called on the shepherds, and they heard not my voice : only Echo heard the noise of me and followed with answering tones, and mourned your father with a copy of my lamentable words. Never now will you lift your crook in the midst of the woodlands and go to the meadows and flowery pasture along with a rustic husband, feeding your flock ; never will you handle your hoe to work about the trees and bring water along the channels to make the garden grow. Yet be not too greedy with my honeydripping fruit, but weep for me your father low fallen in death. I shall see you living as an orphan and knowing nothing of marriage.”

Ὡς φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὄψις ὀνείρου.  
 κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη ῥοδέας ἤμυξε παρειάς,  
 πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἀκημπέας ἔξεσε μαζούς,  
 καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασε βότρυν ἐθείρης· 190  
 καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἔτι πέτρῃ  
 παρθένος ἀχνυμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·

Ἦ νέκυς Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγξασθε κολῶναι·  
 πότμον ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ἐθήμονες εἶπατε ταῦροι·  
 πατρὸς ἐμοῦ κταμένοιο τίνας γεγάασι φονῆς; 195  
 πῇ μοι ἐμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἴχεται;

ἦ ῥα διδάσκων  
 γείτονα καλλιφύτοιο νέους ὄρηκας ὀπώρης  
 πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἥ τιτι βούτῃ  
 δεινδροκόμῳ παρέμιμνε συνέστιος εὐλαπινάζων;  
 εἶπατε μυρομέτῃ, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ. 200  
 εἰ μὲν ἔτι ζῶει γενέτης ἐμός, ἔρνεα κήπου  
 ἀρδεύσω παλίνορσος ἅμα ζῶουσα τοκτῇ·  
 εἰ δὲ πατὴρ τέθνηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει,  
 ἀθρήσω μόρον ἴσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετῆρι."

Ὡς φαμένη

ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης, 205  
 ἰχνια μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετῆρος.  
 οὐ δέ οἱ εἰρομένη θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις  
 παρθένον οἰκτεῖρων ἀγεληκόμος ἔννεπε βούτῃς  
 ἰχνιον ἀσθήρικτον ἀκηρύκτοιο τοκτῆς,  
 οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἐπεδείκνυε ποιμήν· 210  
 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο· μόγις δέ μιν εὗρεν ἄλωεύς  
 καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἴαχε φωνήν,  
 καὶ τάφον ἐγγὺς ἔδειξε νεοδμήτοιο τοκτῆς.

Παρθενικῇ δ' αἰούσα σαόφρονι μαίνεται λύσση·  
 καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάτθετο τύμβῳ 215  
 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος, αὐτοχύτοις δέ

<sup>187</sup> So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots ; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation :

<sup>193</sup> " Where is the body of Icaros ? Tell me, beloved hills ! Tell me my father's fate, ye bulls that knew him well ! Who were the murderers of my father slain ? Where has my darling father gone ? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast ? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden : but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body."

<sup>205</sup> So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icaros, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

<sup>214</sup> When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness : she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed

δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισι λελουμένον εἶχε χιτῶνα.  
 χεῖλεσι δ' ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σιγὴν  
 εἰς χρόνον· Ἡριγόνῃ δὲ κύων ὁμόφοιτος ἐχέφρων  
 κνυζηθμῷ γοοῶντι συνέστιχε πειθάδι κούρῃ, 220  
 καὶ οἱ ὄδυρομίῃ σνιοδύρετο. μαιομένη δὲ  
 εἰς φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ἀνέδραμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ  
 ἀγχονίῳ σφίγξασα περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ  
 αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιος ὤλετο κούρῃ, 224  
 ἀμφοτέρους δοιέουσα πόδας βητάρμονι παλμῷ· 226  
 καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἶχεν ἐκούσιον·

ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃν 225  
 πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἴαχε πείθιμον ἤχῳ 227  
 ὄμμασι θηρείοισι νοήμονα δάκρυα λείβων.

Οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρῃν,  
 ἀλλὰ φυτῷ παρέμιμεν ἐπήλυδα θήρα διώκων, 230  
 πόρδαλιν ἢ λέοντα· παρερχομένοισι δ' ὀδίταις  
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἐπεδείκνυν αἴζυγα κούρῃν  
 δεσμοῖς ἀγχονίοισι περίπλοκον ὑφὸθι δένδρου.  
 οἱ δὲ μιν οἰκτείροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης  
 ἵχνεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν, ἀπ' εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων 235  
 παρθενικὴν ἀδμήτα κατήγαγον· ἀγχιφανῇ δὲ  
 γαῖαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις.  
 τοῖς ἅμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πιτυτόφρονι θυμῷ,  
 πενθαλέῳ δ' ἐβάθυνε πέδον τεχινήμονι ταρσῷ,  
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χυτῆς χθονὸς ἄκρα χαράσσων. 240  
 καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδαίικτον ἐπεκτερέϊξαν ὀδίται·  
 καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀνίης  
 εἰς ἓν ἔργον ἕκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὅξεί ταρσῷ·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνος ἔμιμνε κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ  
 Ἡριγόνῃς ὑπ' ἔρωτι, θελήμονι δ' ὤλολε πότμῳ. 245

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἐλέαιρεν· ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ  
 Ἡριγόνῃν στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρὰ νώτῳ·

showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence ; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree : she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate ; her dog ran round and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

<sup>229</sup> The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down the chaste maiden from the leafy branches ; then hollowed a grave close by with earthdigging shovels. The sorrowing dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

<sup>246</sup> Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back.



παρθενικὴ δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχυν· οὐ γὰρ αἰεὶ ρεῖν  
ἤθελεν οἶνοπα βότρυν ἐοῦ γενέταο φοιτῆα.

Ἰκάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλυδα γείτοσι κούρη  
εἰς πόλον ἀστερόφοιτον ἄγων οἰόμηνε Βοώτην  
φαιδρόν, Ἀμαξαίης ἐπαφώμενον Ἀρκάδος Ἀρκτου·  
καὶ Κύνᾱ μαρμαίροντα καταΐσσοντα Λαγωῦ

ἔμπυρον ἄστρον ἔθηκεν, ὅπῃ περὶ κύκλον Ὀλύμπου  
ποντίας ἀστερόεντι τύπῳ γαυτῖλλεται Ἀργῶ.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἔπλασε μῦθος Ἀχαικὸς ἠθάδα πειθῶ  
ψεύδει συγκεράσας· τὸ δ' ἐτήτυμον, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς  
ψυχὴν Ἰριγόιης σταχυώδεος ἀστέρι Κούρης  
οὐρανίης ἐπένειμεν ὁμόζυγον, αἰθερίου δὲ  
ἄγχι Κυτὸς κύνα θῆκεν ὁμοῖον εἶδει μορφῆς,  
Σείριον, ὃν καλέουσιν ὀπωρινόν, Ἰκαρίου δὲ  
ψυχὴν ἠερόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βοώτη.

καὶ τὰ μὲν οἶνοφύτῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀτθίδι γαίῃ,  
ἐν γέρας ἐντύνων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.

Ἴλισσοῦ δὲ ρέεθρα μελίρρυτα Βάκχος ἐάσας  
ἄβρὸς ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐκώμασεν ἄντυγα Νάξου·  
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν πτερὰ πάλλεν Ἔρως θρασύς,

ἐρχομένου δὲ  
μελλογάμου Κυθέρεια προηγεμόνευε Λυαίου.

ἄρτι γὰρ ὑπνώουσιν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐάσας  
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε Θησεύς,  
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὑπναλέην δὲ  
ἀθρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην Ἀριάδην

\* He turned into Canis Minor, not Sirius.

\* That the souls of the dead can turn into stars is a doctrine as old at least as Aristophanes (*Peace* 832), and Nonnos uses it to reconcile two divergent sets of star-myths.

\* Theseus, son of Aigeus king of Athens, had gone to

The rustic maid holds an ear of corn ; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father's death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Boötes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation<sup>a</sup> chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of seafaring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympos.

<sup>256</sup> Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood : but the truth is : Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Boötes in the heavens.<sup>b</sup> These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

<sup>265</sup> Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaïos the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds.<sup>c</sup> When Dionysos beheld deserted Ariadne sleeping, he mingled love

Crete as one of the human victims for the Minotaur. With the help of Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Cnossos, he overcame it and then sailed away, taking Ariadne with him. Here the story in all surviving accounts is defective, but parallel stories from elsewhere in Europe make it clear that he did something magically wrong and so fell into a supernatural forgetfulness of her (*cf.* Theocritus ii. 37-41). Therefore he left her asleep on Naxos.

# NONNOS

θαύματι μίξεν ἔρωτα· χοροπλεκέεσσι δὲ Βάκχαις  
γλώσση θαμβалέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἔννεπε μῦθον·

“ Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε,

μὴ κτύπος ἔστω 275

ἢ ποδὸς ἢ σύριγγος· εἰάσατε Κύπριν ἰαύειν·

ἀλλ’ οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενεΐης.

πείθομαι, ὥς δολόεντι Χάρις νυμφεύεται Ὑπνῷ·

ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ ὀρθρος ἔλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς,

Πασιθέην εὐδουσαν ἐγείρατε· τίς παρὰ Νάξῳ, 280

τίς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμοινα; μὴ πλεν Ἥβη;

ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίνι κάλλιπε; μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ

κέκλιται αἰγλήεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνῃ;

καὶ πόθεν Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτὸς ἰαύει;

μὴ Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῖσι δοκεύω; 285

ἀλλ’ οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ῥοδόεν δέμας· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

Ναξιάς ἰοχέαιρα πόινων ἀμπαύεται ἀγρης,

θηροφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσση·

τίκτει γὰρ γλυκὺν ὕπνον αἰεὶ πόινος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ λόχμῃ

Ἄρτεμιν ἐλκεχίτωνα τίς ἔδρακε; μίμνετε, Βάκχαι 290

στῆθι, Μάρων· μὴ δεῦρο χορεύσατε· λῆγε λιγαίνων,

Πὰν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσειας ἐώιον ὕπνον Ἀθήνης·

καὶ τίνι Παλλὰς ἔλειπεν ἐὼν δόρυ; καὶ τίς αἰεῖρει

χαλκείην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενεΐης; ”

Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλὴ 295

ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἔγρετο κούρη,

καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσιν ἠπεροπῆα·

ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔστενε νύμφῃ

ἡϊόνας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδιον Ἐρώτων·

ἡΐθεον δ’ ὀνόμηνεν· ἐμαίνετο δ’ ἐγγύθι πόντου 300

ὀλκάδα διζομένη· φθονερῶ δ’ ἐπεμήνιεν ὕπνῳ,

with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchantes :

<sup>275</sup> " Bassarids, shake not your tambours, let there be no sound of pipes or feet. Let Cypris rest !—But she has not the cestus which marks the Cyprian. I believe it is the Grace that wedded Hypnos, cunning creature !<sup>a</sup> But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who ? Is it Hebe ? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed ? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore ? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion ? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand ? No, it is not naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes ? Stay, Bacchantes—stand still, Maron—dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No—with whom did Pallas leave her spear ? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia ? "

<sup>295</sup> So cried Bacchos—Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband—the deceiver ! But the Cydonian<sup>b</sup> maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man's name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the

<sup>a</sup> See Hom. *Il.* xiv. 270-276.

<sup>b</sup> Cretan.

καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση·  
καὶ Βορέην ἰκέτευε, καὶ ὄρκιον εἶπεν αἴτην,  
ὄρκιον Ὠρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χθόνα Νάξου  
κούρον ἄγοι,

γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσση· 308  
Λιόλον ἦτεε μᾶλλον ἀθελγεία· λισσομένη δὲ  
πείθετο καὶ κατένευσε, καὶ ἀντικέλευθον αἴτην  
πέμψεν, ἵνα πνεύσειε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ κούρης  
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ 310  
παρθενικῇ κοτέοντο τάχα ζηλήμονες αὖραι,  
αἱ τότε νῆα κόμισσαν εἰς Ἀτθίδα· παρθενικὴν δὲ  
αὐτὸς Ἔρως θάμβησεν, ἀπενθήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Νάξῳ  
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένην Ἀφροδίτην·  
ἦν δὲ φαινοτέρη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καὶ μιν ἀνίη 315  
ἀχθυμένην κόσμησε· κυνρομένη δ' Ἀριάδην  
εἶκαθεν εἰς κρίσιν ἦκα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ  
ἡμερόεν γελόωσα, καὶ εἶκαθεν ὄμματα Πειθοῦς  
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κούρης.  
ὁπὲ δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Ὑπνος ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἦλθεν,  
ἕως γλυκὺς ὥχετο Θησεύς· 320  
αἶθε με τερπομένην<sup>1</sup> ἔτι κάλλιπεν· ὑπναλή δὲ  
Κεκροπίην ἐνόησα, καὶ εἶδοθι Θησεός αὐλῆς  
ἄβρὸς ἦν ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης Ἀριάδνης  
καὶ χορὸς, ἡμετέρη δ' ἐπεκόσμεε τερπομένη χεῖρ  
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισι τεθηλότα βωμόν Ἐρώτων· 325  
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον· ἦν δέ μοι ἐγγύθι Θησεὺς  
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισι θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ.  
ὦμοι, ποῖον ὄνειρον ἶδον γλυκύν· ἀλλὰ με φεύγων  
ὥχετο καλλείφας ἔτι παρθέιον· Ἰαθι, Πειθῶ·  
ταῦτά μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοστόλος ὥπασεν ὀρφνή, 330

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: Ludwich μετερχομένην.

envious sleep, reproached even more the Paphian's mother, the sea ; she prayed to Boreas and adjured the wind, adjured Oreithyia to bring back the boy to the land of Naxos and to let her see that sweet ship again. She besought hardhearted Aiolos yet more ; he heard her prayer and obeyed, sending a contrary wind to blow, but Boreas lovelorn himself cared nothing for the maid stricken with desire—yes, even the breezes themselves must have had a spite against the maiden when they carried the ship to the Athenian land. Eros himself admired the maiden, and thought he saw Aphrodite lamenting in Naxos where all is joy. She was even more resplendent in her grief, and pain was a grace to the sorrower. Compare the two, and Aphrodite gently smiling and laughing with love must give place to Ariadne in sorrow, the delectable eyes of Peitho or the Graces or Love himself must yield to the maiden's tears. At last in her tears she found voice to speak thus :

<sup>320</sup> " Sweet sleep came to me, when sweet Theseus left me. Would that I had been still happy when he left me ! But in my sleep I saw the land of Cecrops ; in the palace of Theseus was a splendid wedding and dance with songs for Ariadne, and my happy hand was adorning the Loves' blooming altar with luxuriant spring flowers. And I wore a bridal wreath ; Theseus was beside me in wedding garments, sacrificing to Aphrodite. Alas, what a sweet dream I saw ! But now it is gone, and I am left here yet virgin.<sup>a</sup> Forgive me, Peitho ! All this bridal pomp the misty

<sup>a</sup> A bit of orthodoxy on Nonnos's part ; a god's bride must be virgin. The local legend was that Ariadne died in childhood, Plutarch, *Thes.* 20.



καὶ φθονερὴ τὰδε πάντα φεισφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἥώς·  
 ἐγρομένη δ' οὐχ εὔρον ἐμὸν πόθον· ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐταὶ  
 εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ζηλημονές εἰσιν Ἑρώτων,  
 ὅττι τελεσσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὄφιν ὀνείρων  
 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἱμερόεις φύγε Θησεύς; 333  
 εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ἵππος ἀνάρσιος· εἶπατε, πέτραι,  
 εἶπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι· τίς ἤρπασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;  
 εἰ Βορέης πνεύσειεν, ἐς Ὠρεΐθυιαν ἰκάνω·  
 ἀλλὰ μοι Ὠρεΐθυια χολώεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ  
 αἷμα φέρει Μαραθῶνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἐπλετο Θησεύς. 340  
 εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονέει, Ζεφυρηϊδί δείξατε νύμφη  
 Ἴριδι μητρὶ Πόθοιο βιαζομένην Ἀριάδην·  
 εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος, ἐς ἠριγένειαν ἰκάνω  
 μεμφομένη ῥοθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ.  
 δὸς κενεὴν πάλιν, Ἵππε, φίλην χάριν, ἴσον ἐκείνῃ 345  
 πέμπων ἄλλον ὄνειρον ἐπήρατον, ὅφρα νοήσω  
 Κύπριδος ὑπναλέης γλυκερὴν ἀπατήλιον εὐνὴν·  
 μῦνον ἐμοῖς δῆθυιον ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, ὅφρα νοήσω  
 ἄπνοον ὀίστρον Ἑρωτος ὀνειρῶν ὑμεναίων.  
 εἰ μὲν ἐς Ἀτθίδα γαῖαν, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ, 350  
 σὸν πλόον ἐκ Νάξοιο μετήγαγον ἄρπαγες αὖραι,  
 εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Λιόλον αὐτίκα βαίνω  
 μεμφομένη φθονεροῖσι καὶ οὐχ ὁσίοισιν ἀήταις·  
 εἰ δέ με τὴν λιπόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθετο Νάξω,  
 καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσσοιτος ἀμειλιχος ἐπλεε ναύτης, 355  
 ἤλιτεν εἰς Θησῆα καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδην·  
 μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὗτος ἴδοι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἀήτην,  
 μηδέ μιν ἀσταθέεσσι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις  
 ἴλαος ἀθρήσειε γαληναῖος Μελικέρτης·

\* The allusion is to the altars of Eros and Anteros, for  
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darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious dawn of day has torn from me—and awaking I found not my heart's desire! Are the very images of Love and Love Returned jealous of me? <sup>a</sup> for I saw a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

<sup>336</sup> "To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye rocks, tell the unhappy lover—who stole the man of Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds,<sup>b</sup> lovelorn herself.

<sup>345</sup> "Give me again, Sleep, your empty boon, so pleasant; send me another delectable dream like that, so that I may know the sweet bed of love in a deceptive dream! Only linger upon my eyes, that I may know the unreal passion of married love in a dream! O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom, if the marauding winds have carried your course from Naxos to the Athenian land, tell me now I ask, and I will resort to Aiolos at once reproaching the jealous and wicked winds. But if some cruel seaman without your knowledge left me outlawed in desert Naxos, and sailed away, he sinned against Theseus and against Themis, against Ariadne. May that sailor never see a favourable wind; if he rides the raging storm, may Melicertes never look on him graciously

which see Rose, *Handbook of Mythology*, p. 123. That these altars are both of comparatively late origin does not trouble Nonnos.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. Hesiod, *Theog.* 378.

ἀλλὰ Νότος πνεύσειεν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορῆος· 360  
 Εὐρον ἴδοι Ζεφύρου κεκρημένος· εἰαρινοὶ δὲ  
 ποιτοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνέουσιν ἀῆται,  
 χειμερὶν τότε μῦνος ὁμιλήσειε θαλάσση.  
 ἤλιτε ναυτίλος οὗτος ἀθέσμιος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 365  
 ἀσάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.  
 αἰθέ μιν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ  
 ὀππόσον ἡμερόεις, τόσον ἄγριος ἔπλετο Θησεύς·  
 οὐ τὰδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσέτι πᾶλλων·  
 οὐ τὰδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίθῳ.  
 αἰθέ μιν ἔκτανε ταῦρος ἀμείλιχος· ἰσχεο, φωιή, 370  
 ἀφροσύνης, μὴ κτεῖνε νέον γλυκύν· ὦμοι Ἑρώτων·  
 Θησεὺς ἔπλεε μῦνος ἐς εὐώδινας Ἀθήνας.  
 οἶδα, πόθεν με λέλοιπε· μῆς τάχα παρθενικάων  
 σύμπλοον ἔσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶνι χορεύει 375  
 εἰς ἐτέρης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὁδεύω.  
 παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ·  
 ὦλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον· ὦμοι Ἑρώτων·  
 οὐχ ὁρώ Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεύω·  
 Κνωσσὸν ἐμὴν προλέλοιπα,  
 τεὰς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ἀθήνας·  
 πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ πατριδος· ἃ μέγα δειλὴ, 380  
 ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἁλός· εἰς τίνα φεύγω;  
 τίς θεὸς ἀρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσσει·  
 Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῇ δικαζομένην Ἀριάδην;  
 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσσει δι' οἴδατος; αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ 385  
 ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλον ἴδω πομπῆα κελεύθου·  
 τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὥς κεν ἀλύξω  
 Αἰγαίης ἁλὸς οἶδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περήσω,  
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀριάδην,  
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε τὸν ὄρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.

or bring him a calm sea ; but may Notos blow when he wants Boreas, may he see Euros when he needs Zephyros ; when the winds of springtime blow upon all mariners, may he alone meet with a wintry sea.

<sup>364</sup> " That lawless sailor sinned : but I myself was blinded when I desired the countryman of chaste Athena. Would that I had not desired him, love-lorn ! For Theseus is as savage as he is charming in love. This is not what he said to me while yet he handled my thread, this is not what he said at our labyrinth ! <sup>a</sup> O that the cruel bull had killed him ! Hush, my voice, no more folly, do not kill the delightful boy. Alas, my love ! Theseus has sailed alone to Athens his happy mother. I know why he left me—in love no doubt with one of the maidens who sailed with him, and now he holds wedding dance for the other at Marathon while I still walk in Naxos. My bridal bower was Naxos, O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom ! I have lost both father and bridegroom : alas my love ! I see not Minos, I behold not Theseus ; I have left my own Cnossos, but I have not seen your Athens ; both father and fatherland are lost. O unhappy me ! Your gift for my love is the water of the brine. Who can be my refuge ? What god will catch me up and convey to Marathon Ariadne, that she may claim her rights before Cypris and Theseus ? Who will take me and carry me over the flood ? If only I could myself see another thread, to guide my way too ! Such a thread I want for myself, to escape from the Aigaian flood and cross to Marathon, that I may embrace you even if you hate Ariadne, that I may embrace you my perjured husband. Take me for

<sup>a</sup> The clue of thread she gave him to find his way out of the maze where the Minotaur lived.

δέξό με σῶν λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἣν ἐβελήσῃς· 39  
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα . . .

μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδην,  
οἶά τε ληισθεῖσα· καὶ ὀλβίστη σέο νύμφῃ  
τλήσομαι, ὥς θεράπαινα, πολύκροτον ἰστόν ὑφαίνειν  
καὶ φθονεροῖς ὤμοισιν ἀήθεα κάλπιν αἰείρειν,  
καὶ γλυκερῷ Θησῇ φέρειν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ· 39  
μοῦνον ἴδω Θησῆα· καὶ ἡμετέρῃ ποτὲ μήτηρ  
ἄγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῇ,  
βοσκομένῳ δ' ὀάριζεν ἀφωνήτῳ τινὶ ταῦρῳ,  
καὶ βοῖ ταῦρον ἔτικτε· μελιζομένου δὲ βοτῆρος  
πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἔσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν. 40  
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ψαύσαιμι καλαῦροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάτιγ  
στήσομαι· ἡμετέρῃς δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης  
φθεγγομένῳ Θησῇ, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω·  
καὶ τεὸν ἡμερόεντα γάμων ὑμέναιον αἰίσω  
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης. 40  
στήσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ' ἧόσι ποντοπορεύων,  
στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο νῆα· τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σὺ χαλέπτεις;  
ὥς ἄρα καὶ σὺ πέλεις Μαραθώνιος· εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις  
εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαῖαν, ὅπῃ δόμος ἐστὶν Ἑρώτων,  
δέξό με δειλαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἄστῃ νοήσω· 41  
εἰ δέ με καλλεύσεις καί, ἀμεΐλιχε, ποντοπορεύεις,  
εἰπέ τεῷ Θησῇ κινυρομένην Ἀριάδην,  
μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ὄρκον Ἑρώτων.  
οἶδα, πόθεν Θησῆος ὑπόσχεσιν ἡπεροπῆος  
θῆκεν Ἑρῳ βαρύμηνις ἀνήνυτον· ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἥρης, 41  
ἣν Ζυγίην καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμοιο θεαίνης  
ὤμοσεν ἀχράντοιο γαμήλιον ὄρκον Ἀθήνης·  
Παλλάδος ὄρκον ὅμοσσε·

τί Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ;

Τοῖα κινυρομένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·

your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride ; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus—only let me see Theseus ! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer,<sup>a</sup> and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall ; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

<sup>406</sup> “ Stay your voyage by the sands of Naxos, sailor, stay your ship for me ! What—are you angry too ? So you too come from Marathon ? If you are bound for your lovely land, where is the home of love, take this unhappy girl on board that I may behold the city of Cecrops. If you must leave me, pitiless, and go on your voyage, tell your Theseus of mourning Ariadne, how she reproaches the treacherous oath of love unfulfilled. I know why angry Eros has left unfulfilled Theseus the deceiver’s promise. He swore his marriage-oath not by Hera, whom they call the Nuptial goddess, but by the immaculate Athena, the goddess who knows nothing of marriage. He swore by Pallas—and what has Pallas to do with Cythereia ? ”

<sup>419</sup> Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament.

<sup>a</sup> When she was disguised as a cow.

Κεκροπίνην δ' ἐνόησε καὶ οὔνομα Θησέος ἔγνω 420  
καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον· ἄγχι δὲ κούρης  
ἐνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο· παρθενικὴν δὲ  
φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάστιε κέντορι κεστῷ  
θοῦρος Ἴρωσ περίφοιτος, ὅπως Μινωίδα κούρην 425  
πειθομένην ζεύξειε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.  
καὶ κινυρὴν δυσέρωτα παρηγορίων Ἀριάδην  
τοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἐῖη φρενοθελγεί φωιτῇ·  
" Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις

ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;  
μνήστιν ἔα Θησῆος· ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην,  
ἀντὶ μινυιθαδίου πόσιν ἄφθιτον· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει 430  
ἡλικος ἡθέου βρότειον δέμας, οὐ ποτε Θησεὺς  
εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.  
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ἵναετῆρα πεδοσκαφέος λαβυρίθου  
δισσοφυτῇ φοῖνιξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταύρῳ·  
οἶδας ἀοσσητῆρα τεὸν μίτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγῶνα 435  
εὖρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,  
εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἄμυνε ῥοδόχρους· οὐ σε διδάξω  
καὶ Παφίην καὶ Ἴρωτα καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀριάδης.  
αἰθέρος οὐκ ἐρέεις ὅτι μείζονές εἰσιν Ἀθηναί·  
οὐ Διὶ παμμεδέοιτι πανεῖκελος ἔπλετο Μίνως, 440  
σὸς γενέτης· οὐ Κνωσσὸς ὁμοίός ἐστιν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὗτος ἐμῆς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου,  
ἀλλὰ Πόθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειοτέροις ὑμεναίοις·  
ὀλβίη, ὅττι λιποῦσα χερεῖονα Θησέος εὐνὴν  
δέμνιον ἡμερόεντος ἐσαθρήσεις Διονύσου. 445  
τί πλέον ἤθελες εὐχος ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ  
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, ἐκυρὸς δέ σοί ἐστι Κρονίων.  
οὐ σοι Κασσιόπεια δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν  
παιδὸς ἐῆς διὰ κόσμον Ὀλύμπιον· αἰθερίους γὰρ



He noticed Cecropia, and knew the name of Theseus and the deceitful voyage from Crete. Before the girl he appeared in his radiant godhead ; Eros moved swiftly about, and with stinging cestus he whipt the maiden into a nobler love, that he might lead Minos's daughter to join willingly with his brother Dionysos. Then Bacchos comforted Ariadne, lovelorn and lamenting, with these words in his mindcharming voice :

428 " Maiden, why do you sorrow for the deceitful man of Athens ? Let pass the memory of Theseus ; you have Dionysos for your lover, a husband incorruptible for the husband of a day ! If you are pleased with the mortal body of a youthful yearsmate, Theseus can never challenge Dionysos in manhood or comeliness. But you will say, ' He shed the blood of the halfbull man whose den was the earthdug labyrinth ! ' But you know your thread was his saviour : for the man of Athens with his club<sup>a</sup> would never have found victory in that contest without a rosy-red girl to help him. I need not tell you of Eros and the Paphian and Ariadne's distaff. You will not say that Athens is greater than heaven. Minos your father was not the equal of Zeus Almighty, Cnossos is not like Olympos. Not for nothing did that fleet sail from my Naxos, but Desire preserved you for a nobler bridal. Happy girl, that you leave the poor bed of Theseus to look on the couch of Dionysos the desirable ! What could you pray for higher than that ? You have both heaven for your home and Cronion for your goodfather. Cassiepeia will not be equal to you because of her daughter's Olympian glory ; for

<sup>a</sup> In this as in many other details Theseus is an echo of Heracles.



δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδῃ καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν

ῥῶπασε Περσεύς· 450

ἀλλὰ σοι ἄστερόεν τέλειω στέφος, ὥς κεν ἀκούσῃς  
εὐνέτις αἰγλήεσσα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου."

Εἶπε παρηγορέων· καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρη  
μνήστιν ὅλην Ὀθησῆος ἀπορρίψασα θαλάσση,

οὐρανίου μνηστῆρος ὑποσχεσίην ὑμεναίων 455

δεξαμένη. καὶ παστὸν Ἔρως ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχῳ·

καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ

ἄνθεα πάντα τέθηλε· καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι πετήλοισι

Νάξον ἐκυκλώσαιτο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο·

καὶ θαλάμους ἐλίγαιεν Ἀμαδρυάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς 460

Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβalos ἦνεσε Νύμφη

δαίμονι βοτρυνόειτι συναπτομένην Ἀριάδην·

Ὀρτυγίῃ δ' ὀλόλυξε, πολισσούχοιο δὲ Φοίβου

γνωτῷ νυμφίον ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ

εἰς χορὸν ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφέλικτος εἰούσα. 465

πορφυρέοις δὲ ρόδοισι περίτροχον αἶθος ἐρέπτων

μάντις Ἔρως πυρόεις στέφος ἔπλεκε,

σύγχροον ἄστρον,

οὐρανίου Στεφάνοιο προάγγελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης

Ναξιάδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἔσμος Ἑρώτων.

Καὶ ζυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις 470

Χρυσοπάτῳρ πολὺπαιδα γοιτὴν ἐσπείρειν ἀκοίτης.

καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων

μητέρος εὐώδινος ἑῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης·

καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσας ἀμεμφέα Νάξον ἐάσας

Ἑλλάδος ἄστυα πάντα μετήιεν· ἵπποβότου δὲ 475

Ἄργεος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἰναχον Ἥρη.

οἱ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναῖκας

καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκον, ἀπηρνήσαντο δὲ θύρσους,

μή ποτε δηλήσαιο Πελασγικὸν ἔδρανον Ἥρη

Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown,<sup>a</sup> that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos."

<sup>453</sup> So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos<sup>b</sup> surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia<sup>c</sup> cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaïos the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

<sup>470</sup> The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if

<sup>a</sup> The constellation Corona.

<sup>b</sup> The Graces.

<sup>c</sup> Delos, or its nymph.

ζηλήμων, βαρύμηνης ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ· 480  
 Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροιτας ἐρήτυον. ἀχνύμενος δὲ  
 Ἴναχίδας Διόνυσος ὅλας οἷστροσε γυναῖκας·  
 μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιῖδες· αἰτομένοις δὲ  
 ἔχραον ἐν τριόδοισιν· ἐπὶ σφετέροισι δὲ δειλαὶ 485  
 ἀρτιτόκοις βρεφέεσσιν ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας,  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἴλεκε καὶ ἔκτανεν υἷα μήτηρ,  
 ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπηλοίησε γενέθλην,  
 καὶ τις ἀνηκόιτιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην  
 εἰσέτι μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὄλλυμένων δὲ 490  
 Ἴναχος ἀρτιτόκων βρεφῶν ἐπεμαίνετο πότμῳ·  
 μήτηρ δ' ἔκτανεν υἷα, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἔπλετο μαζῶν  
 παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνηστὶς ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο·  
 Ἀστερίων δ', ὅθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἤβης  
 ἠιθέων κείροντο λιπότριχος αἰθεα κόρσης,  
 αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἔδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης. 495  
 Καὶ τις ἰδὼν τινα λάτρην ἐπερχομένοιο Λυαίου  
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀρούρης·  
 " Οὗτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχω, διφυὲς γένος· ἄξιον Ἴρης  
 Ἀργος ἔχει Περσῆα καὶ οὐ χατέει Διονύσου·  
 ἄλλον ἔχω Διὸς υἷα καὶ οὐ Βάκχοιο χατίζω. 500  
 ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθοισι πατεῖ Διόνυσος ὁπώρην·  
 ἴχνεσιν ὑψιπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἡέρα τέμνει.  
 μὴ κισσῷ δρεπάνην ἰσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων  
 Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπαιηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς·  
 εἰ στρατὸν Ἰνδὸν ἔπεφνεν, ἀέθλιον Ἴσον ἐνύψω 505  
 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇ καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 εἰ δὲ πολυκλύστοιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα πόντου  
 ὀλκάδα λαϊνέην Τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσση,

\* A river of the Argolid. Young people, on reaching  
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her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaïos ; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed ; they attacked those they met at the threeways ; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies—one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her threeyearold child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes ; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion,<sup>a</sup> where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

<sup>496</sup> As Lyaïos came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god :

<sup>498</sup> " You there with the grapes, you hybrid ! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet ; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps.<sup>b</sup> Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy ; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it puberty, commonly cut their hair and offered it to a local deity, often a river.

<sup>b</sup> For the story of Perseus, see Rose, *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, pp. 272 ff.

κῆτος ὅλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.  
 εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πόιτῳ 510  
 ὑπναλέην ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἡϊόνων Ἀριάδην,  
 δεσμούς· Ἀνδρομέδης πτερόεις ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,  
 ἄξιον ἔδινον ἔχων πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·  
 οὐ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν,

οὐ ποτε Περσεύς

Θησέος ἰμείρουσαν ἐὴν ἐρρύσατο νύμφην· 515  
 ἀλλὰ σοοφρονέοντα γάμον λάχεν. ὥς Σεμέλην δέ,  
 οὐ Δανάην πυρόειτες ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί·  
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ Περσῆος Ὀλύμπιος ὄμβρος Ἐρώτων  
 χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἦλθε,

καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.

οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον· ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ 520  
 ποῖον ἔχει δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀρήιον; ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ·  
 Γοργοφόνῳ δρεπάιῃ μὴ μάρναο θήλει κισσῷ·  
 μὴ σέο χεῖρα μίαινε γυναικείοισι κοθόροις·  
 μὴ κυνέην Ἀῖδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοισι τινάξης  
 στέμματος ἀμπελόεντος ἐναντίον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσης, 525  
 Ἀνδρομέδην θώρηξον ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 χάζεό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἑάσας  
 Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχευε γυναῖκας·  
 κτεῖνε νέον Πενθῆα· τί Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσῳ;  
 Ἴναχον ὠκυρέεθρον ἀναίνεο· καί σε δεχέσθω 530  
 Θήβης Ἀοιῆς ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὐ σε διδάξω  
 Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον ἔτι ζεῖοντα κεραυνῷ."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελόων Διονύσῳ.  
 Ἀργεῖν δὲ φάλαγγα Πελασγιάς ὤπλισεν Ἴρη·  
 μαντιπόλῳ δ' ἦικτο Μελάμποδι· χωομένη δέ 535  
 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῇ μαχήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαῖόλε Περσεῦ,  
 σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμῳ τινὶ θύρσω  
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in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian's sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride ; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danaë to ashes, like Semele ; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming bed-fellow.

<sup>520</sup> " I do not admire this hero at all. For what lusty spear of war does he hold ? Stay, Perseus, do not fight the woman's ivy with your Gorgonslayer sickle, do not defile your hand with a woman's buskins, do not shake the cap of Hades <sup>a</sup> upon your brow against a wreath of vineleaves—but if you wish, arm Andromeda against unarmed Dionysos. Begone, Dionysos, I tell you ; leave Argos and its horses and madden once more the women of sevengeate Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill—what has Perseus to do with Dionysos ? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt." <sup>b</sup>

<sup>533</sup> So the man spoke, deriding Dionysos. Meanwhile Pelasgian Hera equipped her Argive army ; she took the shape of the seer Melampus, and angrily called to Perseus Gorgonslayer in martial words :

<sup>537</sup> " Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race ! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women

<sup>a</sup> The Cap of Darkness (*Tarnkappe*) by which he was made invisible in his adventures.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. xxiii. 232.



ἀδρανέες τεὸν Ἄργος αἰστώσῃσι γυναῖκες  
 μὴ τρομέοις ἓνα μῦνον ὄφιν ζωστήρα κομάων, 510  
 ὅττι δαφοινήσῃσα τετὴ θηροκτόνος ἄρπη  
 λήια τοσσατίων ὀφίων ἤμησε Μεδούσης·  
 Βασσαριῶν δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσειο· χαλκορόφου δὲ  
 μνώεο παρθινεῶνος, ὅπῃ Δανάης διὰ κόλπου 515  
 χρύσειον ὄμβρον ἔχευε γαμοκλόπον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,  
 μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσεύς ὑμεναῖος  
 οὐτιδανῷ γόνυ δούλον ὑπογνάμψειε Λυαίῳ·  
 δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίῳτος ἐτήτυμον αἶμα κομίζεις,  
 δεῖξον, ὅτι χρύσειον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίου δὲ 520  
 λέκτρα τεοῦ κήρυξον ἐχεκτεάνου νηφetoῖο·  
 καὶ Σατύροισι πολέμιζε· κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 φοίνιον ὄμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,  
 καὶ μετὰ πικρὸν ἄνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σερῖφου  
 λαῖνεον νέον ἄλλον ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.  
 σὺν σοὶ παιδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται Ἄργολις Ἥρη 525  
 μητρυνὴ Βρομίοιο· προασπίζων δὲ Μυκλήνης  
 σὴν δρεπαίην κούφισε σαόπτολιν, ὄφρα νοήσω  
 ἐσπομέην Περσῇ δορικτήτην Ἀριάδην·  
 κτεῖνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα· Βασσαριῶν δὲ 530  
 ὄμματι Γοργεῖῳ βροτέην μετάμειψον ὀπωπὴν  
 εἰς βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ὁμοῖον· αἰτιτύπῳ δὲ  
 κάλλει πετρήεντι τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγνιάς,  
 Ἰναχίαις ἀγορῇσιν ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.  
 τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν οὐ Διὸς ἤρσαν εὐναί;  
 εἰπέ, τί σοι ῥέξεις; μετάρσιον ἡεροφοίτην 535  
 πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτερόεντα κιχήσει;''

Ἔννεπε θαρσύνουσα· καὶ

εἰς μόθον ἔπτατο Περσεύς.

καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,  
 ὧν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητῆρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμὴν,



lay waste your Argos with an unwarlike thyrsus. Tremble not before only one snake wreathed in the hair, when your monsterslaying sickle reaped such a harvest as the vipers of Medusa ! Attack the army of Bassarids ; remember the brazen vault which was Danaë's chamber, where Rainy Zeus poured in her bosom a shower of bridestealing gold—let not Danaë after that bed, after the wedding of gold, bend a slavish knee to that nobody Dionysos. Show that you have in you the true blood of Cronion, show that you have the golden breed, proclaim the bed that received that snowstorm of heavenly riches. Make war on the Satyrs too : turn towards battling Lyaïos the deadly eye of snakehair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wavewashed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, allvanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bull-horned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon's eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade ; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus ? Tell me, what could he do to you ? When shall a foot-farer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air ? ”

<sup>567</sup> So she encouraged him, and Perseus flew into the fray. The Pelasgian trumpet blared calling the people. They came, one lifting the spear of spearman

ὅς δὲ παλαιότεροιο Φορωνέος, ὅς δὲ Πελασγοῦ, 570  
 ἄλλος ἀνιέρταζεν Ἀβαντίδα χειρὶ βοείην  
 καὶ μελίην Προίτοιο, καὶ Ἀκρισίοιο φαρέτρην  
 ἄλλος αἰὴρ κούφισεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς εἰς μόθον ἔσθῃ  
 ἄορ ἔχων Δαιναοῖο, τὸ πέρ ποτε γυμνὸν αἰείρων  
 θυγατέρας θώρηξεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὑμεναίους, 575  
 ἄλλος ἔην κρατέων πέλεκυν μέγαν, ὃν παρὰ βωμῶ  
 Ἴναχος ἀστυόχοιο θυηπόλος εἵθεος Ἥρης  
 ἴστατο κουφίζων βοείων τμητῆρα μετώπων.  
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεκίδοιμος ἀερσιπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων  
 ἔδραμε μαριναμείου μετὰ Περσέος· ὅς δὲ παρέσθη 580  
 τρηχαλέοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμὸν ἰάλλων,  
 πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, καὶ τόξα συνήρμωσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ,  
 καὶ γλαφυρὴν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο φαρέτρην·  
 καὶ πρόμος Ἀργείων

δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς,  
 καὶ πόδας ἡερίοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε πεδίλοις, 585  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν κούφισεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης.

Λυσικόμοις δ' Ἴόβακχος εἰς ἐκόρουσε γυναῖκας  
 καὶ Σατύρους κερόεντας· ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῶ  
 ἡερίην πτερόεντος ἰδὼν προμάχοιο πορείην·  
 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον αἶειρεν, εἰοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου 590  
 κουφίζων ἀδάμαντα, Διὸς πετρούμενον ὄμβρω  
 λᾶαν, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθογλήνοιο Μεδούσης,  
 ὄφρα φύγῃ σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθηήτοιο προσώπου.

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἰδὼν  
 καὶ θύσθλα Λυαίου,  
 φρικαλέον γελῶν κορυθαιόλος ἔννεπε Περσεύς· 595

\* The only reason why they are armed with these old weapons is to let Nonnos show his knowledge of the legendary kings of Argos. Danaos apparently signalled with his sword to his daughters to set upon their husbands. For the story,

Lynceus, one the spear of Phoroneus more ancient still, one that of Pelasgos, one carried on his arm the oxhide of Abas, and the ashplant of Proitos, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls' foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder.<sup>a</sup> The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

<sup>587</sup> But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>594</sup> And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaaios, laughed terribly and cried—

see Rose, *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, p. 272. For a like list, see Statius, *Theb.* iv. 589 ff.

<sup>b</sup> Probably Dionysos protects himself with a diamond because this stone *venena vincit atque inrita facit et lymphationes abigit metusque vanos expellit a mente*, Pliny *N.H.* xxxvii. 61.

“ Ἴδὺς ὁ θύρσον ἔχων, χλοερὸν βέλος,  
 εἰς ἐμέ βαίνων

οὔτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι κορίσσειαι, Ἄρεα παίζων·  
 εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, τήν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην·  
 εἰ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ,  
 χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεὺς· 600  
 ἦν ἴδε φοινίσσοντα θεμεῖλια παρθενῶνος,  
 λείψανα κεῖνα φέροντα ῥυτφειῶς νιφετοῖο.  
 ἀλλὰ φύγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήιος Ἥρη  
 ἔλλαχεν ἔδρανα ταῦτα τῆς ὀλέτειρα τεκούσης,  
 μή σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελίσσῃ, 605  
 μή σε πάλιν μαρίῃ τεθωμένον ὀψὲ νοήσω.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχизεν· αἰεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας  
 Ἄρεα θωρήξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης  
 Ἥρη παιδαμάτειρα· καταιθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχου  
 ἀστεροπῆς μίμημα, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, 610  
 ῥίψε κατὰ Βρομίοιο σελασφόρον αἶθοπα λόγχην.  
 καὶ γελῶν Διόινσος ἀμείβετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·

“ Οὐτόσον ἀστράπτουσιν ἔχεις ἀσιδῆρον ἀκωκὴν·  
 οὐ δύνασαι κλονέειν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἔμπυρον αἰχμήν·  
 οὐδέ με πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός· ἡμιτελῇ γὰρ 615  
 ἰήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοὶ  
 ἀφλεγὲς ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλῆτῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπαιτηφόρε παῦεο Περσεῦ·  
 Γοργόνος οὐ μόθος οὗτος ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νύμφη  
 Ἀνδρομέδη βαρυδέσμος ἀέθλιον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ 620  
 δῆριν ἄγεις, ὃς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ὃ ποτε μούνῳ  
 Ῥεῖῃ μαζὸν ὄρεξε φερέσβιον, ὃν ποτε πυρσῷ  
 ἀστεροπῆς γαμῆς μαιώσατο μελιχὴ φλόξ,  
 ὃν δύσις, ὃν θάμβησεν Ἐωσφόρος, ὃ στίχες Ἰνδῶν  
 εἵκαθον, ὃν τρομέων καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης 625

<sup>596</sup> "It's nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father—my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother's chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother's destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last."

<sup>607</sup> He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchants with Medusa's reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice—

<sup>613</sup> "Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaïos is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage-lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and

ἡλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων ἵδαλμα Γιγάντων  
 ἤριπεν, ὧ θρασὺς Ἄλπος ὑπώκλασεν, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,  
 ἀγχινεφές περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ὧ γόνυ κάμπτει  
 λαὸς Ἄραψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι ταύτης  
 Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἶδος ἀλίδρομον, ὧν ποτε μορφήν 630  
 ἀνδρομέην ἤμειψα μετάρτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν  
 ἰχθύες ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι θαλάσση.  
 Θήβης δ' ἐπταπύλου γόον ἔκλυες· οὐ σε διδάξω  
 αἰνομαιῇ Πειθῆα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν·  
 φήμης δ' οὐ χατέεις ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅττι Λυαίου 635  
 πειρήθη τεὸν Ἄργος, Ἀχαιῆδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ  
 σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔτι στενάχουσι γυναικες.  
 ἀλλὰ, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις  
 αἰνήσεις τάχα Βάκχον, ὅτι πτερὰ σείο πεδίλων  
 ὄψεαι ἀρραγέεσσιν ἑμοῖς εἰκοντα κοθόρνοις· 640  
 οὐ ποτε Βασσαριδῶν σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω  
 πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἕως τεὸν Ἀργεῖ δείξω  
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα  
 καὶ δρέπαιον πετάλοισι νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει  
 Ζεὺς ἑμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπις ὁμόγνιος, οὐ σέθεν Ἥρη, 645  
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 ἀλλὰ κατακτείνω σε, καὶ αὐχήμεσσα Μυκήνη  
 ὄψεται ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης·  
 ἢ σε περισφίγξας ἐνὶ λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῷ  
 πλωτὸν ἀκοντίζω σε τὸ δεύτερον ἡθάδι πόντῳ· 650  
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὀψὲ Σερίφου.  
 ἦν δὲ τεῇ χρυσῇ μεγαλίζειαι ἀμφὶ γενέθλῃ,  
 οὐτιδανὴν συνάεθλον ἔχε χρυσὴν Ἀφροδίτην."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,  
 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίου δὲ καρῆνου 655  
 αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα μετάρσιος ἵπτατο Περσεύς·  
 ὑψώσας δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐὼν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων



Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell ; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds ; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

<sup>633</sup> “ You have heard the groaning of sevengeate Thebes ; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agauë who slew her child ; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaïos, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos : but I will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well ; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you.”

<sup>654</sup> When he had ended, he went on fighting : the Bacchants fell to, the Satyrs joined the battle. Over the head of Bromios Perseus flew in the air, flapping his light wings ; but Iobacchos lifted his body and



ἄπτερος ὑψικέλευθος αἶρετο μείζονι ταρσῷ  
 ἵπταμένου Περσῆος ὑπέρτερος, ἔπταπόρῳ δὲ  
 αἰθέρι χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 καὶ νεφέλας ἔθλυψε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Περσεὺς  
 δεξιτερὴν ἀκίχητον ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου  
 ἡελίου ψαύουσας, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.

Ἄλλὰ λιπὼν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυιάσι Βάκχαις·  
 καὶ παλάμη δονέων θανατηφόρον ὄμμα Μεδούσης  
 λαϊνέην ποιήσε κορυσσομένην Ἀριάδην.  
 καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἰδὼν πετρώδεα νύμφην·  
 καὶ νύ κεν Ἄργος ἔπερσε καὶ ἐπρήνιξε Μυκῆνας  
 καὶ Δαναῶν ἤμησεν ὅλην στίχα, καὶ νύ κεν αὐτὴν  
 μαρναμένην ἀγνωστον αἰνύτατον οὐτασεν Ἥρην  
 μάντιος ἀντιτύποιο νόθη βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ,  
 καὶ νύ κεν ὠκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεὺς.  
 εἰ μὴ μιν κατόπισθε φανείς πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ  
 χρυσεῖης πλοκαμίδος ἑλὼν ἀνεσείρασεν Ἑρμῆς,  
 καὶ μιν ἀλεξικάκῳ φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ.

Ἦ Ζηνὸς γνήσιον αἷμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἥρης,  
 οἶσθα μὲν, ὥς σε σάωσα διυπετέων ἀπὸ πυρσῶν,  
 καὶ σε Λάμου ποταμοῖο θυγατράσιν

ὦπασα Νύμφαις  
 εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, πάλιν δέ σε χερσὶν αἰείρων  
 εἰς δόμον ὑμετέρης κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἰοῦς·  
 καὶ σὺ τεῷ ρυτῇρι φέρων χάριν υἱεὶ Μαίης,  
 γνωτέ, μάχην εὖνησον ὁμόγνιον· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ  
 Περσεὺς καὶ Διόνυσος ἐνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος·  
 μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσέος ἄρπην·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς Ἄρην κορύσσεται· ἀλλὰ μιν Ἥρη  
 ὦπλισε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἶδεϊ μορφῆς  
 μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάζεο δῆριν ἐάσας,

rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds : Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

<sup>664</sup> So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchantes. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaäns, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate,—but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin :

<sup>676</sup> “ Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera ! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos,<sup>a</sup> when still a little child ; how again I carried you in my arms to the house of Ino your fostering nurse. Then show gratitude, my brother, to your saviour the son of Maia, and still this feud of brothers—for both Perseus and Dionysos are offspring of one sire. Do not reproach the people of Argos, nor the sickle of Perseus, for he arms not willingly for this war. But Hera has armed him, and she is fighting openly in the shape of the seer Melampus. Retire and leave the strife, or Hera irre-

<sup>a</sup> Cf. ix. 28. Only Nonnos mentions this obscure river-god (of Helicon, cf. Paus. ix. 31. 7) as father of Dionysos's nurses.

μή σοι ἐπιβρίσειε πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἥρη.  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις ἀλόχοιο τῆς μόρον· εὐκλεί πότμω .  
 μαριναμένη τέθηκε, σὺ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδην 690  
 ὠφελος ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὔρε φοιτῆα  
 οὐρανίης γεγαῶτα καὶ οὐ βροτέης ἀπὸ φύτλης,  
 κήτεος ἀμητῆρα καὶ ἵπποτόκοιο Μεδούσης·  
 οὐ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· οὐρανίου γὰρ  
 κάτθανεν Ἥλέκτρη Διὸς εὐνέτις, ὥχετο δ' αὐτῇ 700  
 τῷ Διὶ νυμφευθεῖσα κασιγιγῆτη σέο Κάδμου  
 Εὐρώπῃ μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρῃ δὲ  
 εἰσέτι γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεὸν τόκον ὤλετο μήτηρ·  
 οὐ Σεμέλῃ πρό μόροιο πύλας ἐπέρησεν Ὀλύμπου,  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε πότμον ἔδεκτο. καὶ ὀλλυμένη σέο νύμφῃ 705  
 ἴζεται ἀστερόφοιτον εἰς οὐρανόν, ἡμετέρης δὲ  
 Πλειάδος ἐπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαίης.  
 τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον ἢ χθονὶ λάμπειν  
 αἰθέρα ναιετάουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδην;  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ κάτθεο θύρσον, ἔα δ' ἀνέμοισιν Ἐνυώ, 710  
 καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,  
 οὐρανίης στήριξον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἵσταται Ἥρης.  
 μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπῃ σέθεν αἶμα τοκῆων,  
 ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκραίρου πέδον Ἰοῦς  
 εὐνήσας σέο θύρσον· Ἀχαιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας 715  
 αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἥρης  
 βωμὸν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σέο νύμφης."  
 Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἔασας  
 εἰς πόλον αὐτὶς ἵκανε, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι κεράσας  
 θεσμὸν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσεί καὶ Διονύσω. 715  
 οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη·  
 ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφήν

\* Because Pegasus sprang from her headless trunk.

concilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding <sup>a</sup> Medusa. The Fates' threads obey not persuasion. For Electra died, the bedfellow of heavenly Zeus; Europa herself disappeared after the Olympian bed, the sister of your Cadmos, she who was wedded to Zeus; your mother perished too, while she still carried you in her womb; Semele entered not the gates of Olympos before death, but after she had received her fate. And your bride even in death shall enter the starspangled sky, and she will be seen near Maia my mother among the seven travelling Pleiads. What could Ariadne wish more welcome than to live in the heavens and give light to the earth, after Crete? Come now, lay down your thyrsus, let the winds blow battle away, and fix the selfmade image of mortal Ariadne where the image of heavenly Hera stands. Do not sack the city where the stock of your parents remains, but still your thyrsus, and respect the country of cowhorn Io. You will praise the women of Achaia by and by, when they shall build an altar to bullface <sup>b</sup> Hera and your charming bride."

<sup>713</sup> So he spoke, and leaving Argos the land of horses returned to the sky, after he had mingled a league of friendship between Perseus and Dionysos. Nor did Argive Hera remain long in that place; but putting off her pretended mortal body she took her

<sup>b</sup> The Homeric *βοῶπις*, which, though Nonnos cannot have known that, probably did originally mean "cow-faced."

θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
 Ἰναχίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους  
 Λυγκέος ἀρχεγόνοιο θεουδέος αἷμα Πελασγοῦ·

732

“ Μαντιπόλῳ πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ  
 σείσατε χάλκεα ρόπτρα καὶ Εὖια τύμπανα Ῥεΐης,  
 Ἰναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν αἰστώσειε γενέθλην,  
 μὴ μετὰ ἰήπια τέκνα καὶ ἥβητῆρας ὀλέσση,  
 μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε γυναῖκας·  
 ἀλλὰ θυηπολίην θεοτερπέα ρέξατε Βάκχῳ  
 καὶ Διί, καὶ Περσῇ χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ.”

728

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ  
 Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες αἰοδὴν,  
 καὶ τελετὰς στήσαντο· θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορείῃ  
 ρόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοί,  
 καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον· ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται  
 μυστιπόλῳ χρίοιτο παρήια λευκάδι γύψῳ·  
 τύμπανα δ' ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ  
 δίκτυπος ἔβρεμε δοῦπος· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ  
 σφαζομένων στοιχηδὸν ἐπασσυντέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,  
 κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα μῆλα· καὶ ἄνδρες αἶθοπι βωμῷ  
 Βάκχον ἐμειλίζαντο καὶ ἱλάσκοντο γυναῖκες·  
 καὶ μέλος ἡερόφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰωῇ  
 κῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζωάγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ  
 Μαινάδες ἐρρίψαντο λαθίφρονα λύσσαν ἀήταις.

730

735

740

divine form and returned to Olympos. Then old Melampus addressed the Icarian host, he the offspring of divine Pelasgian Lynceus founder of the race :—

<sup>721</sup> “ Obey your seer, and shake your tambours in honour of wineface Bacchos, shake your bronze tambours and the Euian cymbals of Rheia, that he may not wipe out the whole Inachian race, that he may not destroy the young men after the little children, that he may not kill the wives after their offspring. Come, do sacrifice to Bacchos and Zeus, and please the god’s heart, and dance before Perseus and Dionysos.”

<sup>727</sup> They did as he bade them. The people gathered together, and struck up a song with nightly dances for Bacchos and performed the holy rites : in the pious dance the tambours rattled, the feet beat the ground, the torches blazed. All the people in company smeared their cheeks with white mystic chalk.<sup>a</sup> Kettledrums rattled, the double tap sounded as the bronze was beaten. Altars were red with bulls slaughtered in rows one after another, a multitude of sheep were killed. At the burning altar men made their peace with Bacchos, women won his grace. Women’s voices resounded in the air echoing in turn the song of salvation ; Inachian women and Mainad women cast their deluding fury to the winds.

<sup>a</sup> Heard of now and again in such connexions, see *e.g.* Aristophanes, *Clouds* 261, and the scholiast there. It was a means of purification, presumably because of its colour.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστόν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,  
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Λύρης.

Λυτὰρ ὁ πορδαλίῳ ἐποχημένος ἄντυγι δίφρου  
Θρηκίῃ περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀρούρη,  
ἵππιον ἀρχεγόνοιω Φορωνέος οὔδας ἰάσας.  
οὐδὲ χόλον πρήυνε παλίγκοτον Ἴναχιν Ἥρη  
Ἄργεος οἰστρηθείτος, Ἀχαιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν 5  
λύσσης μνήστιν ἔχουσα πάλιν θωρήσσετο Βάκχῳ.  
καὶ δολίᾳς ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ,  
ἔργα Διὸς βοόωσα καὶ ἡιορέην Διονύσου  
Γηγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἰνδῶν  
καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παῖδα φερέσβιος ἔκλυε μήτηρ 10  
Ἰνδῶν ταχύποτμον αἰστώσαντα γενέθλην,  
μνησαμένη τεκέων πλέον ἔστενε ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ  
αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων,  
ὑψιλόφους ἔο παῖδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῷ.

“ Παῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ 15  
ἡλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ' ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης  
Ἰνδοφόνον Διὸς υἱά κιχήσατε· μηδὲ νοήσω  
σὺν Διὶ κοιρανέοντα νόθον σκηπτουῖχον Ὀλύμπου.



## BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and  
look out for Pallene and the son of  
sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient Phoroneus,<sup>a</sup> and mounted in his round car behind the team of panthers passed in revelry over the Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she remembered the frenzy of the Achaian women and prepared again to attack Bacchos. She addressed her deceitful prayers to Allmother Earth, crying out upon the doings of Zeus and the valour of Dionysos, who had destroyed that cloud of numberless earthborn Indians; and when the lifebringing mother heard that the son of Semele had wiped out the Indian nation with speedy fate, she groaned still more thinking of her children. Then she armed all round Bacchos the mountainranging tribes of giants, earth's own brood, and goaded her huge sons to battle:

<sup>15</sup> “ My sons, make your attack with hightowering rocks against clustergarlanded Dionysos—catch this Indianslayer, this destroyer of my family, this son of Zeus, and let me not see him ruling with Zeus a

<sup>a</sup> Argos, of which Phoroneus, son of Inachos, was the (mythical) first king.

δήσατε, δήσατε Βάκχον, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἶη,  
 ὅπποτε Πορφυρίωνι χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἴβην 20  
 καὶ Χθονίῳ Κυθέρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκῶπιν αἰείσω  
 εὐνέτιν Ἐγκελάδοιο καὶ Ἀρτεμιν Ἀλκυονῆος·  
 ἄξατέ μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίῳνα χαλέψω  
 δουλοσύνην ὀρώωιτα δορικτήτοιο Λυαίου·  
 ἡέ μιν οὐτάζοιτες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ 25  
 κτείνατέ μοι Ζαγρῆι πανίκελον, ὅφρα τις εἶπη  
 ἡ θεὸς ἡ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίδας γενέθλη  
 Γαῖα χολωομένη διδύμους θώρηξε φοιῆτας,  
 πρεσβυτέρους Τιτήνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,  
 ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γίγαιτας ἐπ' ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ." 30  
 Ὡς φασμένη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγάντων.  
 Γηγενέων δὲ φύλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.  
 ὃς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὃς δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 ὑψιμεφῇ κενεῶνα χαραδρήεντα κολάψας,  
 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ· 35  
 ὃς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλικρηπίδος ἀρούρης,  
 ἄλλος ἀλιζώνιοιο διαρρήξας ράχιν ἰσθμοῦ  
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἔσπενδεν. ἀμετρήτοισι δ' ἀγοστοῖς  
 Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον ἀνηκόιτιζε Πελωρεὺς  
 γυμνώσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρὸν δόμον· ἀρπαμένου δὲ 40  
 ἀσκεπέος σκοπέλοιο γέρων ἐλελίζετο Χείρων,  
 ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ἵππῳ.  
 ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὀλετῆρα Γιγάντων  
 Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφοιο κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκυονῆος,  
 οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἔχων, οὐ φοῖνιον ἄορ αἰείρων, 45  
 ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδάϊξε Γιγάντων,  
 αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσσι· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετῆλῳ  
 φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαΐζετο φύλα δρακόντων·

• The masculine names belong to Giants.

bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyryon as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus.<sup>a</sup> Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaïos a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides—the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born.”

<sup>31</sup> With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloudhigh precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with hightowering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra<sup>b</sup> bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giantsbane vine, and ran at Alcyoneus with the mountain upraised in his hands: he wielded no furious lance, no deadly sword, but he struck with his bunch of tendrils and shore off the multitudinous hands of the Giants; the terrible swarms of groundbred serpents were shorn off by

<sup>b</sup> Wife of Cheiron the wise centaur.

τυπτομένων δὲ Γίγαιτος ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν  
 αὐχένες ἀμνηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κοινή. 50  
 κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα φύλα· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων  
 αἵματος ἀενάου ποταμοὶ ῥέον, ἀρτιχύτοις δὲ  
 πορφυρέυεις ῥοθίοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χαράδραι.  
 Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων  
 βόστρυχα δειμαίνοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου. 55

Καὶ πυρὶ μάρνατο Βάκχος, ἐς ἡέρα δαλὸν ἰάλλων  
 ἀντιβίων ὀλετήρα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου  
 Βακχιάς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἄλλομένη φλόξ,  
 γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι καταΐσσουσα Γιγάντων· 60  
 καὶ τις ἀπειλητῆρι φέρων σέλας αἰθερεῶνι  
 ἡμιδαῆς σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπέι λαιμῷ,  
 καπνὸν ἀποπτύων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.

Καὶ κλόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρῆνων  
 Βάκχος αἰτηώρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν αείρων,  
 καὶ χθονίῳ πρηστῆρι δέμας θέρμαινε Γιγάντων 65  
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ·  
 καὶ δαΐδες σελάγιζον· ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδου δὲ καρῆνῳ  
 ἡέρα θερμαίνων ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὐκ ἑδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ  
 Ἐγκελάδος γόνυ κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῷ. 70  
 Ἄλκυονεὺς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ  
 Θρηκίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ  
 ὑψινεφῇ κούφιζε ράχιν δυσχείμονος Λῆμου  
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον, αἰουτήτου Διονύσου·  
 καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρριπεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίου 75  
 νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτοιο διεσχίζοντο κολῶναι·  
 Ἡμαθίης δὲ κάρηνα νέος γύμνωσε Τυφωεὺς  
 ὑψιφανῆς, προτέρῳ παιτομοίος, ὃς ποτε πολλοὺς  
 ῥωγαλέους κενεῶνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,

those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed ; from the slain Giants ran everflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

<sup>56</sup> Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries : through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs ; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

<sup>63</sup> There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed : fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him—Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcioneus leapt upon Lyaïos armed with his Thracian crags ; he lifted over Bacchos a cloudhigh peak of wintry Haimos—useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaïos, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip

πετραίοις βελέεσσι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου.  
 καί τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς δορ ἐρύσσας  
 Βάκχος ἄναξ κεκόρυστο Γίγαιτείοισι καρήνιοις,  
 ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων·  
 καὶ στρατὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαΐζων  
 μάρνατο λυσσῆεις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δείδρων  
 κισσὸν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοιτιστῆρα Γιγάντων.

Καὶ νύ κε πάντας ἐπεφνεν ἐῷ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,  
 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης,  
 δυσμενέας ζῶοντας ἐῷ γενετῆρι φυλάσσων.

Καὶ νύ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἔδραμεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ,  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλος ἄεθλος ἐρήτηεν, ὅφρα θανόντων  
 τοσσατίων εἷα φῶτα κατακτείνειε φοιτῆα  
 Παλλήνης γενέτην θανατηφόρον, ὃς ποτε κούρης  
 οἶστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀμαρτιγάμων ὑμεναίων  
 συζυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαΐζων  
 μελλογάμους μνηστῆρας ἀπέθρισεν, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ  
 κτεινομένων καιναχρδὸν ἐφοινίσσοιτο παλαίστραι,  
 εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἱκανε Δίκης πρόμιος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ  
 Παλλήνης δυσέρωτι παριστάμενος γενετῆρι  
 ῥιγεδανῆς ὑμέναιον ἀτάσθαλον ᾗτε κούρης,  
 ποικίλα δ' ὤρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυαίῳ  
 φρικτὸς ἀνὴρ κήρυξε παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων·  
 καὶ μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοξείνοιο παλαίστρης,  
 ὅπποθι τολμῆεσσα δορυσσόος ἵστατο κούρη  
 νυμφιδίην ὤμοισιν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοεΐην.

Καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἦν ἐναγώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω  
 γυμνὸς Ἔρως καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὤρεγε Βάκχῳ,

\* Sithon king of the Odomantes in Thrace. There are two forms of the story, (a) that all wooers must fight Sithon, till at last one pair were set to fight each other, and one of them, Cleitos, whom Pallene loved, was secretly helped by her, won

of his mother earth), and cast the rocky missiles at Dionysos. Lord Bacchos pulled away the sword of one that was gasping on the ground and attacked the Giants' heads, cutting the snaky crop of poison-spitting hair; even without weapon he destroyed the selfmarshalled host, fighting furiously, and using the treeclimbing longleaf ivy to strike the Giants.

<sup>87</sup> Indeed he would have slain all with his man-breaking thyrsus, if he had not retired of his own will out of the fray and left enemies alive for his Father.

<sup>90</sup> Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father.<sup>a</sup> He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaïos, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridal shield on her shoulders.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>106</sup> Then Cypris presided over the ring. In the midst was Eros naked, holding out to Bacchos the and finally married her, (b) the version given here. Both stories seem to be rather late.

<sup>b</sup> This seems a remnant of some other version, in which the contest was a duel, not a wrestling-match.



ἦν δὲ παλαισμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφῶ δὲ  
 ἄβρον ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἰὸν δέμας εἵματι Πειθῶ  
 νίκην μελλογάμοιο προθισπίζουσα Λυαίου. 110  
 καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδύσατο φάρκα κούρη,  
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιον, ἄβροτέρη δὲ  
 Σιθονίς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβalos ἴστατο κούρη,  
 θηλυφαιῆς, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευθιόωιτι δὲ δεσμῶ  
 ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν. 115  
 καὶ δέμας ἀσκεπὲς ἦεν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομᾶων  
 ἀπλεκέες πλοκαμῖδες ἐπέρρειον αὐχένι κούρης,  
 καὶ κινήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν  
 γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς  
 ἤρμοσε λευκὸν ὕφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἰδοῦς. 120  
 καὶ χροᾶ πιαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον εἶχεν ἐλαίῳ  
 καὶ παλάμιας πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅπως αὐτύτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 ὑγρὸν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χροᾶ κούρη.

Καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαίῳ  
 νυμφοκόμῳ μιηστήρι παρίστατο, διχθάδιον δὲ 125  
 αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ·  
 ἀλλὰ παλινδύητον εἶν ἀνελύσατο δειρὴν  
 Βάκχος ἀπορρήψας ἀπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης,  
 δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων·  
 καὶ διδύμας στεφαιτηδὸν ἐπ' ἱζύι χεῖρας ἐλίξας 130  
 Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι παλμῶ·  
 καὶ ῥοδέης παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπριδίην δὲ  
 εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων·  
 οὐδὲ τόσον μενέαιεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παῖδα κυλίνδειν,  
 ὅσσον ἐπιψαύειν ἀπαλοῦ χροός, ἡδέϊ μόχθῳ 135  
 τερπόμενος· καὶ ἔκαμνε δολοπλόκον ἄσθμα τιταίνων  
 ὡς βροτός, ἀμβολίῃ δὲ θελήμονι κάλλιπε νίκην.  
 Παλλήνη δ' ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμονι παλμῶ  
 θηλυτέραις παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου·

bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride : Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaïos's wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs ; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

<sup>124</sup> She came up to Lyaïos her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck ; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snowwhite hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task ; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaïos, but her woman's

οὐδέ μιν ἤέρταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμουῖσα 140  
 ἄρσενά γυνῖα λέλοιπεν ἀκιήτου Διονύσου.  
 καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν  
 παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἰλῶν, ἅτε θυρσον αἰρων,  
 δόχμιον ἀμφιέλικτον ἐκούφισεν ὑφόθεν ὤμου· 145  
 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη βριαρὴν ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην,  
 Παλλήνην δ' ἀτίνακτον ὄλην ἐτανύσσατο γαίῃ·  
 καὶ δολίοις βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν ἐλίλιζεν ὀπωπὴν,  
 κούρης ἄβροκόμου κεκοιμένα γυνῖα δοκεῖων  
 καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπόωντας ἀκηδέστοιο καρῆνου.  
 ἀλλὰ παλινδύητος ἀναῖξασα κοινῆς 150  
 ὄρθιος ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἶχνα κούρῃ·  
 καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδέι γούνατος ὀρμῇ  
 γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἑτεραλκεί παλμῷ  
 παρθενικὴν μενέαιεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κυλίνδειν,  
 καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίξας 155  
 αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρσιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νῶτῳ  
 μεσσητῷ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,  
 ἢ σφυρὸν ἢ κινήμην δεδοκμημένος ἢ γόινυ μάρψειν.  
 καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ  
 οὐτιδαιτῇ παλάμῃ νικώμενος· ἡμερόεν δέ 160  
 φάρμακον ἔσχεν ἔρωτος, ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ δὲ κοινῇ  
 κουφίζων ἐρόεις ἐπὶ νηδυί φόρτον Ἑρώτων  
 ὕπτιος αὐτὸς ἔμιμνε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην,  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσφήκωσε πόθου φρενοθελγεί δεσμῷ.  
 ἢ δὲ ταχυστροφάλιγγι ποδῶν νωμήτορι παλμῷ 165  
 ἶχνιον ἠώρησεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου  
 ἄρσενά λύσατο χεῖρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονι ῥιπῇ  
 γυνῖα μεταστρέψας ῥοδέην ἐτανύσσατο κούρην  
 ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρῃ  
 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τιταινομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ 170  
 εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.

arms were not equal to raise that great weight ; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immovable. Then the god took a like hold of the lovely girl, and joining his two arms about his adversary lifted her as if she were his own wand, and threw her aslant round and over his shoulder ; then with gentle hand swung off the sturdy girl and laid her at full length quiet on the ground. He let his eyes furtively wander, scanning the limbs of the girl covered with her glorious hair in the dust, the luxurious tresses of the untidy head dabbled in dirt.

<sup>150</sup> But the girl jumped up again from the dust and stood up steady on her feet once more. Then Dionysos with an agile movement mercilessly set his knee against Pallene's belly, and holding her tried to roll her over on the ground with a sideways heave, changed his arms to a grasp round her waist, bent his head to one side and shifted his fingers behind to the middle of her back, and tried to hook ankle or shin, or to catch the knee. At last the god fell back of himself rolling on the ground and let a feeble hand conquer him : a charming physic it was for his love, when he lay beautiful in that happy dust on his back, bearing upon his own belly that lovely burden—he lay still, and did not throw off the girl, but held her fast with soulconsoling bonds of desire. She pulled herself from the manly hands of lovmad Dionysos, and lifted herself to her feet with a twist of her legs in a quick supple movement ; but the god with a slight effort simply rolled over and laid the rosy girl flat on the ground. So there lay the girl on the ground stretching her arms abroad, and as she lay along the ground he joined his arms neatly in a clasp about her neck.

᾽Ωκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι πατὴρ κατὰ μέσσον ὁρούσας  
 ἀθλεύειν ἐθέλουσαν ἐὴν ἀνείσειρασε κούρην,  
 καὶ γαμῖν ἀνέκοψεν ἀεθλοσύνην ὑμεναίων  
 νίκην ἡμερόεσσαν ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσῳ,  
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ἔχων ἀστεμφεί δεισμῷ.  
 καὶ Διὸς αἰνήσαιτος ἀεθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην  
 γνωτὸν Ἔρως ἔσπευε γάμῳ πομπῇ κορύμβῳ  
 ἡμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων.  
 καὶ πέλε τοῖος αἰθλος ὁμοίος, ὥς ὅτε κούρην  
 χρυσοφαῇ προπάροιθε γαμήλια δῶρα κυλίδων  
 Ἴππομένης νίκησεν ἐπειγομένην Ἀταλάντην.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμοιο πάλης ἐτέλεσεν ἀγῶνα  
 Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζων γαμίους ἰδρῶτας αἰθλων  
 Σιθόνα μὲν πρήνιξε τετυμμένον ὀξεί θύρῳ,  
 μνηστήρων ὀλετῆρα, κυλιδομένου δὲ κοινῇ  
 κούρῃ θύρσον ἔδωκε μαιφόριον ἔδιον Ἐρώτων.

\* Presumably it was to be the best two out of three bouts. So far Dionysos had scored one fall, the second bout was undecided and did not count, since both had come down (by Greek rules only clean throws counted), and so Pallene might be equal yet.

† It is a not unhappy comparison which brings together Pallene, Atalante and (212) Oinomaos. Atalante, daughter of Schoineus of Boiotia (or Arcadia) was loved by Hippomenes (in the commonest version of the story), but she would marry no one who could not beat her in a foot-race, and those who lost the race were killed. Hippomenes, by the favour of Aphrodite, had three of the golden apples of the Hesperides, and every time he got ahead of Atalante in the race, he threw one down before her, so that she delayed to pick up it and thus lost despite her great speed of foot. Oinomaos gave any suitor permission to take his daughter Hippodameia and drive off with her in a chariot, reserving

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<sup>172</sup> Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again,<sup>a</sup> but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a bride by yielding love's victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>183</sup> But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was

however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (*cf.* note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalanta also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (*Fab.* 185. 2, see Rose *ad loc.*), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, *Quaest. Graec.* 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough.



καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύυμνος· ἀσιγήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ παστῶ  
 Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,  
 καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἑρώτων 190  
 συζυγίην μέλποιντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὑμεναίων.  
 Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθμοῦ  
 νυμφιδίῃ Διόινυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,  
 καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο, παρὰ Θρήικι δὲ πόντῳ  
 ξεινοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὠρχήσατο Νηρεὺς, 195  
 καὶ γαμίῃ Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση  
 Παλλήνῃν ἐλίγαινε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,  
 καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων,  
 καὶ γαμίνην ἔστεψεν ἀλιζώνου ῥάχιν ἰσθμοῦ  
 Παλλήνης ὑμεναίον ἀνευάζων Μελικέρτης· 200  
 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτονι Λήμνῳ  
 νυμφιδίῃν Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἤφατο πεύκην.  
 καὶ φιλίοις ὄαροισι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην  
 μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεύιος εἶπεν ἀκοίτης·  
 " Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆ· 205  
 παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης·  
 τίς γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κούρην;  
 σὸν κειεὸν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοιο τοκῆς,  
 Σιθόιος ὑμετέροιο, Δίκη γελώσασα χορεύει,  
 χερσὶ δὲ παρθενίῃσι γαμήλιον ἀψαμένη πῦρ, 210  
 ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσοις, τεὸν γάμον εἰσέτι μέλπει,  
 Οἰνόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντα·  
 Οἰνόμαος μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆς  
 τέρπεται Ἴπποδάμεια σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ.  
 καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταο πόθους ῥύψασα θυέλλαις 215  
 τέρπεο βοτρυόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ,

\* The Isthmus of Pallene, westernmost of the three promontories of Chalcidice.



a wedding of many songs: the bridechamber was never silent, Seilenoi chanted, Bacchants danced, drunken Satyrs wove a hymn of love and sang the alliance which came of this victorious match. Companies of Nereïds under the foothills of the neighbouring isthmus <sup>a</sup> encircled Dionysos with wedding dances and warbled their lay; beside the Thracian sea danced old Nereus, who once had Bromios for a guest; Galateia tript over the wedding-sea and carolled Pallene joined with Dionysos; Thetis capered although she knew nothing of love <sup>b</sup>; Melicertes crowned the seagirt wedding-reef of the isthmus chanting Euoi for Pallene's bridal; many a Hamadryad of Athos kindled a Thracian torch for the bridal in fiery Lemnos <sup>c</sup> close by. And while the bride mourned her father, the Euian bridegroom comforted her with lover's tender talk:—

205 “Maiden, lament not for your father so wicked in his love! Maiden, lament not for one that wooed your maidenhood! What father ever begat and then married his own daughter? Leave your empty mourning, because now that Sithon your father is slain Justice dances and laughs, and kindles a wedding-torch with her virgin hands; she who knows not marriage still is singing your marriage, as she beholds a new Oinomaos dead. Oinomaos died indeed, but although her father had perished, Hippodameia took her joy with her husband newly-wedded.<sup>d</sup> Then you too must throw to the winds your regret for your father, and take your joy united with your vinegod

<sup>b</sup> Because it was not till later that she married Peleus.

<sup>c</sup> A tradition of volcanic activities in Lemnos (Λήμνιον πῦρ) lingered into classical times.

<sup>d</sup> There is a real resemblance between the legends, see note on 182.

μῶμον ἀλευομένη πατρώιον· οὐ σε διδάξω  
 Σιθόιος ἐχθρὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὑμεναίων,  
 ὃς φονίῃ παλάμη γαμβροκτόνον ἔγχος αἰέρων  
 220 γηραλέην σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,  
 συζυγίην δ' ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σείο λέκτρων.  
 μνηστήρων σκοπίαζε σεσηπότα λείψαινα νεκρῶν,  
 οὓς Παφίῃ κόσμησε καὶ ἔκτανε θοῦρις Ἑρινύς·  
 ἡνίδε κεῖνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σείο μελάβρων,  
 225 λύθρον ἔτι στάζοντα κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων.  
 Σιθόιος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος· οὐράνιος δὲ  
 πείθομαι ὥς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρηίκιος Ἄρης,  
 πείθομαι, ὥς Κυθέρεια τετὴν ὠδινε γενέθλην·  
 καὶ σὺ τεῶν διδύμων ἀπεμάξασθαι τοκίων,  
 Ἄρεος ἦθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαίην Ἀφροδίτης·  
 230 πείθομαι, ὥς σε φύτευσεν αἶαξ ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς  
 ἄβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς,  
 καὶ σε παλαιοδοσίην ἐδιδάξατο πομπὸν Ἑρώτων."

Εἶπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήοι μύθῳ,  
 μυρομένης δ' εὐνησεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης.  
 235 καὶ γαμῆς δῆθινεν ἐπὶ χρόιον ἐγγύθι νύμφης  
 τερπόμενος φιλότῃ νεοζυγίων ὑμεναίων.

Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπῶν καὶ Θρηῖκα Βορῆα  
 Ῥεῖης εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίῃ παρὰ πέλῃ  
 240 δαίμονος εὐώδινος ἔσαν Κυβελίδες αὐλαί.  
 ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνδυμα πέτρης  
 Ῥυνδακίς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀέξετο παρθένος Αὐρῆς,  
 εἰσέτι νῆις Ἑρωτος, ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρης,  
 ἀπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικάων,  
 245 Ἄρτεμις ὀπλοτέρη Ληλαιτίας, ἣν ποτε Τιτὴν  
 νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὠκεανοῖο

lover, now that you have escaped a father's disgrace. I need not tell you of Sithon's hateful love and your marriage delayed ; how he took in hand a murderous blade to kill your wooers, and let you grow old without a taste of Aphrodite, scattered your hopes of a husband and left your bed solitary. Look at the rotting relics of your pretenders' bodies, whom the Paphian adorned and the furious Avenger slew ! See those heads hung before your doors like first-fruits of harvest, still dripping with the gore of those inhospitable bridal feasts ! You are no mortal daughter of Sithon. I believe a heavenly being begat you, your own Thracian Ares. I believe Cythereia brought you to birth ; and you have marks of both parents imprinted, the temper of Ares and the radiance of Aphrodite. Or I believe your father was Lord Hermes of the ring, when he entered the delicate bed of Peitho who brings marriage to pass, and he taught you the wrestling which leads the way to love."

<sup>234</sup> So he consoled her with words that healed her sorrow, and stilled the lovely tears of the mourning maiden. And he lingered for some time beside his wedded bride, taking his joy in the love of this new marriage.

<sup>238</sup> Then he left the halls of Pallene and Thracian Boreas, and went on to Rheia's house, where the divine court of the prolific Cybele stood on Phrygian soil. There grew Aura the mountain maiden of Rhyndacos, and hunted over the foothills of rocky Dindymon. She was yet unacquainted with love, a comrade of the Archeress. She kept aloof from the notions of unwarlike maids, like a younger Artemis, this daughter of Lelantos ; for the father of this

πρεσβυγενῆς Λήλαιτος ἀελλόπον ἤροσε κούρην,  
 κούρην ἀντιάνειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης.  
 ἡ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἡβης,  
 ἱμερτὴ ῥοδόπηχυς, αἰὶ χαίρουσα καλῶναις. 250  
 πολλάκι δ' ἀγρώσσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,  
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε καταιχμάζουσα λεαίνης,  
 οὐ κεμάδας κτείνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγμούς·  
 ἀλλὰ δαφοινήσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φάρετρην  
 ὠμοβόρων τόξευεν ὀριδρομα φῦλα λεόντων 255  
 θηροφόνοις βελέεσσιν· ἐπωινυμῆ δὲ καὶ ἔργῳ  
 ὀξύτατον δρόμον εἶχεν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὔραις.

Καί ποτε διψαλόιο πυραυγεί καύματος ὥρη  
 παρθένος ὑπινύουσα πόων ἀμπαύετο θήρης·  
 καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑφόθι ποίης 260  
 κρᾶτα παρακλίνας σαόφρονος ἔρικι δάφνης  
 εὔδε μεσημβρίζουσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων  
 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησε προμαίτιος ὄφιν ὀνείρου,  
 ὅττι θεὸς πυρόεις ταινύσας βέλος αἶθοπι νευρῇ  
 θοῦρος Ἔρως τόξευε λαγωβόλος εἶδοθι λόχμης, 265  
 οὐτιδανοῖς βελέεσσιν οἰστεύων στίχα θηρῶν·  
 παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύοιτι συνέμπορος υἱεὶ Μύρρης  
 Κύπρις ἦν γελόωσα· καὶ ἴστατο παρθένος Λῦρη,  
 Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἀήθεος ὑφόθεν ὤμου  
 ἀγρευτῆρος Ἐρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φάρετρην· 270  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θήρας ἔπεφνεν, ἕως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς  
 βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα

καὶ γένυν ἄρκτου,  
 ζωγρήσας δὲ λείαναν ἐῷ παιθελγεί κεστῷ  
 θῆρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμονι δείξε τεκούσῃ·  
 παρθενικὴ δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν 275

stormfoot girl was ancient Lelantos the Titan, who wedded Periboia, a daughter of Oceanos ; a manlike maid she was, who knew nothing of Aphrodite. She grew up taller than her yearsmates, a lovely rosy-armed thing, ever a friend of the hills. Often in hunting she ran down the wild bear, and sent her swift lance shooting against the lioness, but she slew no prickets and shot no hares. No, she carried her tawny quiver to shoot down hillranging tribes of ravening lions, with her shafts that were death to wild beasts. Her name was like her doings : Aura the Windmaid could run most swiftly, keeping pace with the highland winds.

<sup>258</sup> One day in the scorching season of thirsty heat the maiden was asleep, resting from her labours of hunting. Stretching her body on Cybele's grass, and leaning her head on a bush of chaste<sup>a</sup> laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come—how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts ; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha<sup>b</sup> as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a panther or the snout of a bear ; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness

<sup>a</sup> Because the laurel is Daphne, who would have none of Apollo's advances.

<sup>b</sup> The son of Myrrha is Adonis.

πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσαν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ  
 μάργος Ἔρως ἐρέθιζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτῃ  
 ληιδίης γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπερφιαλοιο Λεαίνης,  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· " στεφανηφόρε μήτερ Ἐρώτων,  
 αὐχένα σοι κλίνουσαν ἄγω φιλοπάρθενον Λύρην· 290  
 ἀλλά, ποθοβλίττοιο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,  
 στέψατε κεστὸν ἱμάτια γαμοστολόν, ὅττι μενουιὴν  
 τοσσατίην νίκησεν ἀνικῆττοιο Λεαίνης."

τοῖον ἔπος μαιτῶν ὀρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Λύρη·  
 οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἑρωτας ἦν ὄναρ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ 293  
 εἰς λίνον αἶδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσσουσι γυναῖκα.

Κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη πινυτόφρονι μαίνεται δάφνῃ,  
 καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Ἑρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ἵπνω  
 χώσατο τολμήεντι, καὶ ἠπειλήσεν Ὀνειρῷ,  
 καὶ πετάλοις νεμέσιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνῇ· 296

" Δάφνι, τί κλονέεις με;

τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δείδρῳ; 292  
 ἀασάμην εὐδουσα τεοὺς ὑπὸ γείτονας ὄξους  
 σὸν φυτὸν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ  
 φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος· ὥς ἄρα, Δάφνι, 295  
 σὸν δέμας ἀλλάξασα τεὸν νόον εὗρες ἀμεῦσαι;  
 μὴ γαμῖη μετὰ πότμον ὑποδρήσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ;  
 οὐ πινυτῆς τόδε δείδρον, ἀπ' ἀρτιγάμοιο δὲ νύμφης; 298  
 οὐ νέμεσις παρὰ μύρτον ὀνειράτα ταῦτα νοῆσαι, 291  
 μαχλάδος οὗτος ὄνειρος ἐπάξιος· ἧ ρά σε Πειθῷ, 299  
 ἧ ρά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων;" 300

Εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσα φυτῷ καὶ Ἑρωτι καὶ Ἵπνω.  
 καί ποτε θηρεύουσα κατ' οὖρεα δεσπότης ἄγρης

\* In her dream Aura is at once the familiar companion of the powers of love and a wild creature just caught and given to them.

† The Charites, as attendants of Aphrodite.



how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck.<sup>a</sup> Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos,<sup>b</sup> crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

<sup>287</sup> The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian—but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

<sup>292</sup> "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cypris? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

<sup>301</sup> She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

<sup>302</sup> And once it happened that Artemis queen of



καύματος αἰθαλόεντος ἱμασσομένη χρῶα πυρσῷ  
 Ἀρτεμις ἔντυε δῖφρον, ὅπως ἅμα Νηϊσί Νύμφαις 305  
 θερμὸν ὀρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας ψύξειε λοετροῖς,  
 ἥνικα μέσσον ἦν φλογερὸν θέρος, ἥνικα πάλλων  
 καρχαλέης πυρόεντα μεσημβρινὸν ἦχον ἱμάσθλης  
 Ἥελιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ ἰωτῶν.  
 καὶ κεμάδας ζυγίοισι συνεκλήτισε λεπάδιαις  
 Ἀρτεμις οὐρεσίφοιτος· ἐπεμβαίνουσα δὲ δῖφρου 310  
 λάζετο καὶ μάστιγα καὶ ἥνιά παρθένος Λῦρη,  
 καὶ κερατὴν ἤλαυνε θυελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην.  
 ἀενάου δὲ θυγατρὲς ἀνάμπυκες Ὀκκατοῖο  
 δμῳίδες ἐρῳῶντο συνήλυδες ἰοχαίρη,  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ταχύγουτος ἦν προκέλευθος ἀνάσσης, 315  
 ἄλλη δ' ἰσοκέλευθος ἀναστεύλασα χιτῶνα  
 ἐγγὺς ἦν, ἐτέρη δὲ ταινικήμιδος ἀπήνης  
 ἀπτομένη πείριυθος ὁμόδρομον εἶχε πορείην.  
 καὶ σέλας ἰοχέαιρα διαυγάζουσα προσώπου  
 ἀμφιπόλων ἥστραψεν ὑπέρτερος, ὥς ὅτε δῖφρῳ 320  
 αἰθερίῳ πέμπουσα φιλαγρύπνων φλόγα πυρσῶν  
 ἀινεφέλους ἀκτίνας ὀστεύουσα Σελήνῃ  
 πλησιφαῆς ἀνέτειλε<sup>1</sup> πυριτρεφίων μέσον ἄστρον,  
 οὐρανὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνουσα προσώπῳ·  
 τῇ σέλας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέτρεχεν Ἀρτεμις ὕλην, 325  
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπη κελάδοντι ρέεθρῳ  
 Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο Διπετὲς ἔλκεται ὕδωρ.  
 Αὖρῃ δ' ἀμφιέλισσαν ἦν ἀνέκοψεν ἱμάσθλην,  
 καὶ κεμάδας χρυσεόισιν ἀνακρούουσα χαλινοῖς  
 ἀμφὶ ροὰς ἔστησε φεραυγέα δῖφρον ἀνάσσης· 330  
 καὶ θεὸς ἐκ δῖφροιο κατέδραμεν· ἐκ δέ οἱ ὤμων

<sup>1</sup> ἀνέτελλε mss. : ἀνίτελε scripsi.

• The constellation Leo, which the sun enters July 27.

the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion's <sup>a</sup> back with the fire of his rough whistling whip ; so she got ready her car to cool her hot frame along with the Naiad Nymphs in a bath in some hill burn. Then Artemis hillranger fastened her prickets under the yokestraps. Maiden Aura mounted the car, took reins and whip and drove the horned <sup>b</sup> team like a tempest. The unveiled daughters of everflowing Oceanos her servants made haste to accompany the Archeress : one moved her swift knees as her queen's forerunner, another tucked up her tunic and ran level not far off, a third laid a hand on the basket of the swiftmoving car and ran alongside. Archeress diffusing radiance from her face stood shining above her attendants, as when Selene in her heavenly chariot sends forth the flame of her ever-wakeful fires in a shower of cloudless beams, and rises in full refulgence among the firefed stars, obscuring the whole heavenly host with her countenance <sup>c</sup> : radiant like her, Archeress traversed the forest, until she reached the place where the heavenfallen waters of Sangarios river are drawn in a murmuring stream.

<sup>328</sup> Then Aura checked her swinging whip, and holding up the prickets with the golden bridles, brought the radiant car of her mistress to a standstill beside the stream. The goddess leapt out of the car ; Upis <sup>d</sup>

<sup>b</sup> They were of the same mythical breed as the one caught by Heracles in his fourth labour, *cf.* Callimachos, *Hymn* iii. 105 ff. Hence the horns, though they were female.

<sup>c</sup> Since to Nonnos Artemis is the moon, the simile is natural.

<sup>d</sup> Upis, Hecaërge and Loxo the Hyperborean virgins of Delos, *cf.* Call. *Hymn* iv. 292.

τόξα μὲν Οὐπίς ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἰοδόκην Ἑκαίργη,  
 Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θυγάτρεις εὐπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης·  
 καὶ κύνας . . .

ἰνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξώ.  
 ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς 331  
 ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ῥοάων  
 ἔχινεσι φειδομένοισι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου 332  
 ἀκροβαφῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα,  
 ἀμφιπερισφίγγουσα πόδας διδυμάονι μηρῷ 333  
 κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκλυσε κούρη.  
 λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δι' ὕδατος εὐσκοπος Λῦρη  
 τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτοιο προσώπου  
 ἀγνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δέμας διεμέτρει κούρης,  
 θέσκελον εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης·  
 καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιταιομένων παλαμῶν 334  
 δαίμονι ἰηχομείῃ συνενήχετο παρθένος Λῦρη.  
 ἡμιφανὴς δ' ἀτέλειστος ἔσω ποταμηίδος ὄχθης  
 ἱκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομάων . . .  
 Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη· σχεδόνθεν δέ οἱ ἀγρότις Λῦρη  
 μαζοὺς ἀμφαφώσασα θεημάχον ἴαχε φωνήν· 335

“ Ἄρτεμι, μῦνον ἔχεις

φιλοπάρθενον οὔνομα κούρης, 336  
 ὅττι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένον ἄντυγα θηλῆς 337  
 θῆλυν ἔχεις Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζὸν Ἀθήνης, 338  
 καὶ ῥοδέους σπινθῆρας οἰστεύουσι παρειαί· 339  
 ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο θεαίνης 340  
 καὶ σὺ γάμων βασιλεὺς σὺν ἄβροκόμῳ Κυθερείῃ,  
 δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσῃς,  
 Ἑρμείῃ παρίαυε καὶ Ἄρεϊ, λεῖψον Ἀθήνην·

took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecaërge the quiver; the daughters of Oceanos took off the well-strung hunting-nets, and [another took charge of] the dogs; Loxo loosed the boots from her feet. She in the midday heat still guarded her maiden modesty in the river, moving through the water with cautious step, and lifting her tunic little by little from foot to head with the edge touching the surface, keeping the two feet and thighs close together and hiding her body as she bathed the whole by degrees.<sup>a</sup> Aura looked sideways through the water with the daring gaze of her sharp eyes unashamed, and scanned the holy frame of the virgin who may not be seen, examining the divine beauty of her chaste mistress; virgin Aura stretched out her arms and feet at full length and swam by the side of the swimming divinity. Now Artemis lady of the hunt [stood] half visible on the river bank, and wrung out the dripping water from her hair; Aura the maid of the hunt stood by her side, and stroked her breasts and uttered these impious words:

<sup>351</sup> "Artemis, you only have the name of a virgin maid, because your rounded breasts are full and soft, a woman's breasts like the Paphian, not a man's like Athena, and your cheeks shed a rosy radiance!<sup>b</sup> Well, since you have a body like that desirous goddess, why not be queen of marriage as well as Cythereia with her wealth of fine hair, and receive a bridegroom into your chamber? If it please you, leave Athena and sleep with Hermes and Ares. If it

<sup>a</sup> Much as if she had been a woman of the fellahin fording a river. This prudery is of course quite alien to the classical Artemis.

<sup>b</sup> *i.e.* you, being feminine and desirable, are really virgin; Athena is merely sexless.

ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἀνάειρε βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἑρώτων,  
 εἰ μεθέπεις θρασὺν οἰστρον οἰστοκόμοιο φαρίτρης. 360  
 ἰλήκοι τεὸν εἶδος· ἐγὼ σέο μᾶλλον ἀρείων·  
 δέρκεο, πῶς μεθέπω βριαρὸν δέμας· ἦνίδε μορφὴν  
 ἄρσενα καὶ Ζεφύροιο θωώτερον ἰχτιον Λῦρης·  
 δέρκεο, πῶς σφριγόωσι βραχίονες· ἦνίδε μαζοὺς  
 ὄμφακας οἰδαίνοιτας ἀθήλεας· ἦ τάχα φαίης, 365  
 ὅττι τεοὶ γλαγόευσαν ἀναβλύζουσιν ἑέρσην·  
 πῶς παλάμην μεθέπεις ἀπαλόχροα; πῶς σέο μαζοὶ  
 οὐ τινα κύκλον ἔχουσι περίτροχον, οἷά περ Λῦρης,  
 αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀσυλήτοιο κορείης; "

Ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα· κατηφιόωσα δὲ σιγῇ 370  
 σύνητος οἰδαίνοιτι χόλῳ κυμαίνετο δαίμων,  
 καὶ φονίους σπινθήρας αἰηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·  
 ἐκ προχοῆς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, πάλιν δ' ἔνδυσε χιτῶνα,  
 καὶ καθαραῖς λαγόνεσσι τὸ δεύτερον ἤρμοσε μίτρην  
 ἀχινυμένη. Νέμεσιν δὲ μετήκεν· εὖρε δὲ κούρην 375  
 ὑψινεφῇ παρὰ Ταῦρον, ὅπη παρὰ γείτοιν Κυδνῷ  
 παῦσε Τυφασονίης ὑψαύχενα κόμπων ἀπειλῆς·  
 καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἦν παρὰ ποσσὶν ἀνάσσης  
 σημαίνων, ὅτι πάντα ἀγήνορας εἰς πέδον ἔλκει  
 ὑψόθεν εἰλυφόωσα δίκης ποινήτορι κύκλῳ, 380  
 δαίμων παιδαμάτειρα, βίου στρωφῶσα πορείην·

\* Cf. ii. 553 ff., where however Nemesis does not appear.

† The attributes of Nemesis here show what a long way she had travelled from the local goddess of Rhamnus in Attica, who had nothing abstract about her to begin with but was a minor deity loved on occasion by Zeus, and even from the Hellenistic Nemesis, whose closer association with the idea of divine vengeance overtaking the too prosperous and overconfident is shown by the characteristic attitude of her statues, which are represented as spitting into the breast-fold of her garment (cf. Theocr. vi. 39), to avert envy. Long before the days of Nonnos, she had become a personification of the

please you, take up the bow and arrows of the loves, if your passion is so strong for a quiver full of arrows. I ask pardon of your beauty, but I am much better than you. See what a vigorous body I have! Look at Aura's body like a boy's, and her step swifter than Zephyros! See the muscles upon my arms, look at my breasts, round and unripe, not like a woman. You might almost say that yours are swelling with drops of milk! Why are your arms so tender, why are your breasts not round like Aura's, to tell the world themselves of unviolated maidenhood? "

<sup>370</sup> So she spoke in raillery; the goddess listened downcast in boding silence. Waves of anger swelled in her breast, her flashing eyes had death in their look. She leapt up from the stream and put on her tunic again, and once more fitted the girdle upon her pure loins, offended. She betook herself to Nemesis, and found her on the heights of Tauros in the clouds, where beside neighbour Cydnos she had ended the proudnecked boasting of Typhon's threats.<sup>a</sup> A wheel turned itself round before the queen's feet, signifying that she rolls all the proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the allvanquishing deity who turns the path of life.<sup>b</sup> Round her throne flew

power which lays the froward low and redresses the balance of life. To express this, the ingenuity of Imperial times heaped upon her a multitude of emblems, of no significance in cult but purely allegorical. Her wheel is borrowed from Tyche; it may be that a line or two has fallen out before 385 which said she carried a whip; certainly she scourges men like a whip in 387, and this attribute belongs in the last instance to the Erinyes. The griffin is shown at her feet in some late representations of her in art. It would seem that there existed written directions how to paint or carve her: *cf.*



ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πεπότῃτο παρὰ θρόνον ὄρνις ἀλάστῳρ,  
 γρῦψ πτερόεις, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ  
 δαίμονος ἵπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ  
 τέτραχα μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ἔδραια κόσμου· 385  
 ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφίγγουσα χαλινῷ,  
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα, καὶ ὡς κακότητος ἰμάσθλη,  
 ὡς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγῆτορα φῶτα κυλίνδει.  
 ἔγνω δ' ὡς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοάονται προσώπῳ  
 "Ἀρτεμιν ἀχινυμένην φονίης πλήθουσιν ἀπειλῆς, 390  
 καὶ μιν ἀνειρομένη φιλίῳ μελίζατο μύθῳ·  
 " Σὸν χόλον, ἰσχάαιρα, τεαὶ βοῶσιν ὀπωπαί·  
 "Ἀρτεμι, τίς κλονεῖ σε θεημάχος υἱὸς Ἀρούρης;  
 τίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Τυφωεύς;  
 μὴ Τιτυὸς παλίνορσος ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων 395  
 εἵματος ἀφάυστοιο τεῆς ἔψαυσε τεκούσης;  
 "Ἀρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ὀιστοί;  
 τίς πάλιν Ὠρίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτι κεῖται  
 κεῖνος, ὃς ὑμετέροιο τάλας ἔψαυσε χιτῶνος,  
 μητρὸς ἔσω λαγόνων ἰέκυς ἄπνοος· εἰ δέ τις αἰτῆρ 400  
 χερσὶ ποθοβλήτοισι τεῶν ἐδράξατο πέπλων,  
 σκορπίον ἄλλον ἄεξε τεῆς ποιήτορα μήτρης·  
 εἰ δέ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὠτος ἢ αὐχήμες Ἐφιάλτης  
 συζυγίην μενέαινε τεῶν ἀκίχητον Ἐρώτων,  
 κτεῖνον ἀνυμφεύτοιο τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης· 405  
 εἰ δέ γυνὴ πολύτεκνος ἀνιάζει σέο Λητώ,  
 ἄλλη λαϊνὴ Νιόβη κλαύσειε γενέθλην·  
 τίς φθόνος, εἰ λίθον ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο τελέσσω;

the curious description in Ammianus Marcellinus xiv. 11. 26,  
 where the attributes are wings, the wheel and a steering-oar,



a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: highcrested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of misery, like a self-rolling wheel.<sup>a</sup> When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

<sup>392</sup> "Your looks, Archeress, proclaim your anger. Artemis, what impious son of Earth persecutes you? What second Typhoeus has sprung up from the ground? Has Tityos risen again rolling a lovmad eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo's arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother's flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylus? Is

but no griffin. For more details, see the elaborate article "Nemesis" by O. Rossbach in Roscher's *Lexikon*, especially cols. 136-137, 159-160.

<sup>a</sup> The text is very obscure, perhaps defective (see note on 378), and the translation uncertain.

μή σε πατήρ διὰ λέκτρα μετὰ γλαυκῶπιν ὀρίνει;  
 μή τεδὸν Ἑρμῶνι γάμον κατένευσε Κρονίων, 410  
 οἶα καὶ Ἥφαίστῳ καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης;  
 εἰ δὲ γυνὴ κλονέει σε, τετὴν ἄτε μητέρα Λητώ,  
 ἔσσομαι ἀχνυμένης τιμήορος ἰοχεαίρης."

Οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔληγεν· ἀλεξικάκῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ  
 τοῖον ἔπος φθαμένη σκυλακοτρόφος ἴαχε κούρη· 415

" Παρθένε παιδαμάτειρα, κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,  
 οὐ Ζεὺς, οὐ Νιόβη με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς Ὀτος ὀρίνει·  
 οὐ Τιτυὸς βαθύπεπλον ἐμὴν ἀνσεύρασε Λητώ·  
 οὐ νέος Ὀρίων με βιάζεται, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης·  
 ἀλλὰ με κερτομέουσα βαρύστομος ὀξεί μύθῳ 420  
 ἤκαχε Ληλαῖντοιο πάϊς, δυσπάρθενος Λῦρη·  
 ἀλλὰ τί σοι τάδε πάντα διίξομαι; αἰδέομαι γὰρ  
 αἰσχος ἐμῶν μελέων ἐνέπειν καὶ ὄνειδεα μαζῶν·  
 μητρὶ δ' ἐμῇ πάθον ἄλγος ὁμοῖον· ἀμφότερον γὰρ  
 ἐν Φρυγίῃ Νιόβῃ διδυμητόκον ἤκαχε Λητώ, 425  
 καὶ πάλιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ με θεημάχος ἤκαχεν Λῦρη·  
 ἀλλ' ἢ μὲν νόθον εἶδος ἀμειψαμένη πόρε ποινήν,  
 Τανταλὶς αἰνοτόκεια, καὶ εἰσέτι δάκρυα λείβει  
 ὄμμασι πετραίοισιν· ἀνηθεῖσα δὲ μούνη  
 αἰσχος ἔχω νήπιον, ἐπεὶ φιλοπάρθενος Λῦρη 430  
 δάκρυσιν οὐ λίθον εἶχε λελουμένον, οὐκ ἴδε πηγὴν

\* Here once more Nonnos gives us a mythological catalogue, this time of the various impious persons who had tried to violate Artemis or her mother. Tityos assaulted Leto shortly after the birth of her twins, and Apollo and Artemis killed him with their arrows; for Orion's birth from the

your father pestering you to marry as he did with Athena? Surely Cronion has not promised you to Hermes for a wife, as he promised pure Athena to Hephaistos in wedlock? But if some woman is persecuting you as one did to your mother Leto, I will be the avenger of the offended Archeress."<sup>a</sup>

<sup>414</sup> She had not finished, when the puppybreeding maiden broke in and said to the goddess who saves from evil :

<sup>416</sup> " Virgin allvanquishing, guide of creation, Zeus pesters me not, nor Niobe, nor bold Otos ; no Tityos has dragged at the long robes of my Leto ; no new son of Earth like Orion forces me : no, it is that sour virgin Aura, the daughter of Lelantos, who mocks me and offends me with rude sharp words. But how can I tell you all she said ? I am ashamed to describe her calumny of my body and her abuse of my breasts. I have suffered just as my mother did : we are both alike—in Phrygia Niobe offended Leto the mother of twins, in Phrygia again impious Aura offended me. But Niobe paid for it by passing into a changeling form, that daughter of Tantalos whose children were her sorrow, and she still weeps with stony eyes ; I alone am insulted and bear my disgrace without vengeance, but Aura the champion of chastity has washed no stone with tears, she has seen no fountain

ground, see xiii. 99 ff. ; the allusion here is to his trying to violate Artemis, and being killed (not, as often, by her arrows, but) by the scorpion which sprang up from the earth ; a conflation of two versions, for the scorpion is properly the divine answer to his premature boast that he could kill all beasts. Otos and Ephialtes wanted to marry Artemis, and by a trick of hers or Apollo's they killed each other, *cf.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 28. 3 ; they were the gigantic sons of Poseidon and Iphimedeia. The story of Niobe needs no re-telling (406 ff.) ; for the attempt to make Athena marry Hephaistos, see on xiii. 172.

μῶμον ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἀφειδέος ἀνθερεῶνος.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τετὴν Τιτηνίδα φύτλην  
 δός μετὰ μητρῶν ἐτέρην χάριν, ὄφρα νοήσω  
 λαϊνέης ἀτίνακτον ἀμειβομένης δέμας Λῦρης· 435  
 μηδὲ τετὴν ἔμφυλον ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,  
 μή μοι ἐπεγγελόωσαν ἰδῶ πάλιν ἄτροπον Λῦρην,  
 ἥέ μιν οἰστρήσειε τετὴ χαλκήλατος ἄρπη.”

“Ὡς φαμείνην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“Λητῶν φυγόδεμνε, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου, 440  
 οὐ μὲν ἐμῷ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσω,  
 οὐδέ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελείσω πετρώδεα νύμφην,  
 Τιτήνων γεγαυῖα παλαίτατον αἷμα καὶ αὐτή,  
 μή ποτέ μοι μέμψαιτο πατήρ Λήλαντος ἀκούων·  
 ἐν δέ σοι, ἰοχέαιρα, χαρίζομαι ἀγρότις Λῦρῃ 445  
 παρθενικὴν ἤλεγξε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται·  
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσεις ὀρессиχύτου διὰ κόλπου  
 δάκρυσι πηγαίοισιν ὀδυρομένην ἔτι μήτρην.”

Ἐἶπε παρηγορεύουσα· καὶ οὔρεα κάλλιπε κούρῃ  
 “Ἀρτεμις ἐξομένη κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ, 450  
 καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινε· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείῃ  
 παρθένος Ἀδρήστεια μετήιε δύσμαχον Λῦρην,  
 γρυπας ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῷ·  
 καὶ ταχινὴ πεφόρητο δι’ ἡέρος ὀξεί δίφρῳ,  
 καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων 455  
 Τανταλίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήνιοι προσώπου,  
 πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιούς σφίγγουσα χαλινούς.  
 Λῦρης δ’ ἐγγὺς ἵκανε ἀγήνορος· ὑψίνοον δὲ  
 αὐχένα δειλαίης ὀφιώδει τύψεν ἰμάσθλῃ,  
 καὶ μιν ἀνεστυφέλιξε δίκης τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ, 460  
 καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάμψεν ἀκαμπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μήτρην

declaring the faults of her uncontrolled tongue. I pray you, uphold the dignity of your Titan birth. Grant me a boon like my mother, that I may see Aura's body transformed into stone immovable ; leave not a maiden of your own race in sorrow, that I may not see Aura mocking me again and not to be turned—or let your sickle of beaten bronze drive her to madness ! ”

<sup>439</sup> She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words :

<sup>440</sup> “ Chaste daughter of Leto, huntress, sister of Phoibos, I will not use my sickle to chastise a Titan girl, I will not make the maiden a stone in Phrygia, for I am myself born of the ancient race of Titans, and her father Lelantos might blame me when he heard : but one boon I will grant you, Archeress. Aura the maid of the hunt has reproached your virginity, and she shall be a virgin no longer. You shall see her in the bed of a mountain stream weeping fountains of tears for her maiden girdle.”

<sup>449</sup> So she consoled her ; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia <sup>a</sup> pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle ; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her fourfooted birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylos in front of the face of Tantalos's daughter <sup>b</sup> with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish

<sup>a</sup> Nemesis.

<sup>b</sup> Niobe.

παρθενικῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην  
 Ἀργολὶς Ἀδρήστεια· χαριζομένη δὲ θεαίνη,  
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοιτι κασιγιήτῳ Διονύσῳ,  
 ὥπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἑρώτων, 465  
 Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμένην Ἀριάδην,  
 τὴν μὲν λειπομένην ἐνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ  
 ἀλλοτρίῃ πετραῖον, Ἀχαιῖδος ὡς βρέτας Ἴρης,  
 καὶ Βερόης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.

Καὶ Νέμεσις πεπότῃτο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ, 470  
 εἰσόκε Κῦδιον ἵκανε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη  
 ἡδυβόλῳ<sup>1</sup> Διόνυσον Ἔρως οἴσטרησεν οἴστῳ,  
 καὶ πτερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπεβήσατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.

Καὶ θεὸς οὐρκεσίφοιτος ἱμάσσετο μείζονι πυρσῷ·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἦν ἐλάχεια παραίφασις· οὐ τότε κούρης 475  
 ἐλπίδα Κυπριδίην, οὐ φάρμακον εἶχεν Ἑρώτων·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἔφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἔρως θελξίφρονι πυρσῷ  
 θυιάδος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Αὔρης.  
 καὶ μογέων ἔκρυπτεν ἰὸν πόθον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ λόχμας 480  
 Κυπριδίῳις ὀάροισιν ὁμίλεεν ἐγγύθεν Αὔρης,  
 μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειε. τί κύντερον, ἢ ὅτε μούνοι  
 ἀνέρες ἱμεῖρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;  
 καὶ μέθεπε πρᾶπίδεσσι πεπηγμένον ἰὸν Ἑρώτων,  
 παρθένος εἰ δρόμον εἶχε κυνοσσόον ἐνδοθὶ λόχμης·  
 Κυπριδίῳις δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένῳιο χιτῶνος 485  
 μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης.  
 ὀψὲ δὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένος Αὔρης  
 Βάκχος ἀμηχανέων ἔπος ἱαχε λυσσάδι φωνῇ·

<sup>1</sup> So Keydell: Ludwich ἡδυμόλῳ, after L; M ἡδυπόλῳ.

\* Nemesis is called Adrasteia, if we may believe Antimachos of Colophon, Frag. 53 Wyss, because she was honoured by Adrastus king of Argos. The real connexion between the two names is of course that they both mean



unbending will. Argive<sup>a</sup> Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden's girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne—one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera—and more than all for the ill success with Beroë's bed.

<sup>470</sup> Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympos.

<sup>474</sup> And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl's love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mindbewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover's prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones—

“unavoidable,” the one being the sure vengeance which overtakes the wrongdoer, the other a great king and warrior whose power none could escape. Nonnos is showing off his knowledge, whether first-hand or not, of Antimachos's learned poem, the *Thebais*.



" Παιὸς ἐγὼ δυσέρωτος ἔχω τύπον, ὅττι με φεύγει  
 παρθένος ἡνεμόφοιτος, ἐρημονόμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ 490  
 πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθηήτου πλέον Ἰηχοῦς.  
 ὄλβιε, Πάν, Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι ματεύων  
 φάρμακον εὔρες ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελγίᾳ φωνῇ·  
 σὸν κτύπον ὑστερόφωτος ἀμείβεται ἄστατος Ἰχὼ 495  
 φθειγγομένη λάλον ἦχον ὁμοίον· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἐκ στομάτων εἶνα μῦθον ἀνήρυγε παρθένος Λῦρη.  
 οὗτος ἔρως οὐ πᾶσιν ὁμοῖος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ  
 παρθεγκαῖς ἐτέρησιν ὁμότροπον ἦθος αἰεῖ.  
 ποῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἥ ῥά ἐθέλξω 500  
 νεύματι Κυπριδίῳ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Λῦρη  
 κινυμένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων  
 τίς γαμίοις ὀάροισι παραπλάζει φρένας ἄρκτου  
 εἰς Παφίην, ἐς Ἑρωτα; τίς ὠμίλησε Λαίην;  
 τίς δρυὶ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τίς ἄπνοον ἦπαφε πεύκην;  
 τίς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἦγαγε πέτρην; 505  
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νόον Λῦρης;  
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν; ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρῃ  
 τίς γάμον ἢ φιλότῃτος ἀρηγόνα κεστὸν ἐνύψῃ;  
 τίς γλυκὺ κέντρον Ἑρωτος ἢ οὔνομα Κυπρογενείης;  
 μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ τάχα πείσεται· οὐδέ με φεύγει 510  
 Ἄρτεμις ἀπτοίητος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Λῦρη.  
 αἶθε φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἔπος τόδε μοῦνον ἐνύψῃ·  
 ' Βάκχε, μάτην ποθέεις,

μὴ δίξεο παρθένον Λῦρην.' "

" Ἐνέπεν ἀνθεμόεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων  
 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισι, καὶ εὐόδῳ παρὰ μύρτῳ 515  
 ἡδὺ μεσημβρίζων πόδας εὔνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ  
 κέκλιτο συρίζουσιν ἔχων Ζεφυρήιον αὔρην  
 καὶ καμάτῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κατάσχετος· ἐξομένῳ δὲ

489 " I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen ! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mindbewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips ! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain ? Shall I charm her with lovers' nod and beck ? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids ? Who by lovmad looks or wooing whispers could seduce the heart of a shebear to the Paphian, to Eros ? Who discourses to a lioness ? Who talks to an oak ? Who has beguiled a lifeless firtree ? Who ever persuaded a cornel-tree, and took a rock in marriage ? And what man could charm the mind of Aura proof against all charms ? What man could charm her—who will mention marriage, or the cestus which helps love, to this girl with no girdle to her tunic ? Who will mention the sweet sting of love or the name of Cyprogeneia ? I think Athena will listen sooner ; and not intrepid Artemis avoids me so much as prudish Aura. If she would only say as much as this with her dear lips—' Bacchos, your desire is vain ; seek not for maiden Aura.' "

514 So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at mid-day. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and

ἡλικος αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου  
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος Ἄμαδρυὰς ἔινεπε Νύμφη, 520  
Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἡμερόεντι Λυαίῳ·

“ Οὐ δύναται ποτε Βάκχος

ἄγειν ἐπὶ δέμνιον Λῦρην,  
εἰ μή μιν βαρύδεσμον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσῃ,  
δεσμοῖς Κυπριδίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας,  
ἥέ μιν ὑπνώουσιν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις 525  
παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδνον ὑποκλέψει κορείῃν.”

Ὡς φασμένη παλίνορσος ὁμήλικι κεύθετο θάμνῳ  
δυσασμένη δρυόειτα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων  
Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοισι νόον πόμπεινεν ὀνείροις.  
ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀποφθιμένης Ἀριάδνης, 530  
νῆδυμον ὑπνώοντι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,  
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρεῖω φάτο μύθῳ·

“ Ἀμνήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,  
Λῦρης ζῆλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης· 535  
ᾧμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἤρπασε πικρὸς αἴτης,  
ᾧμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἔλλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαῖδρῃ.  
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ψεύδορκον ἀκοίτην,  
εἰ γλυκὺς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου  
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἡπεροπῇ Λυαίῳ.  
ᾧμοι, ὅτ' οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην, 540  
καὶ κεν ἐρωμαιέοντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ  
Λημνιαδῶν γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.  
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,  
νυμφίον ὀρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησέα καὶ σὲ καλέσω·  
εἰ δέ σε δῶρον Ἔρωτος ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφη, 545  
δέξό μοι ἡλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων,  
ὄφρα πόρῃς, ἀθέμιστε, φιλοσκοπέλω σέο νύμφη

• Ariadne's sister, see Euripides, *Hippolytos* 339.

love ; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaïos :

<sup>522</sup> “ Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet ; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl’s maidenhood without brideprice.”

<sup>527</sup> Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home ; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade : the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream :

<sup>534</sup> “ Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride : you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole ! O my own Theseus, whom Phaidra <sup>a</sup> got for husband ! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaïos, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die ; then I might have armed myself against lovmad Dionysos and been one of the Lemnian women <sup>b</sup> myself. But after Theseus, now I must call you too a perjured bridegroom, the invader of many marriage beds. If your bride asks you for a gift, take this distaff at my hands, a friendly gift of love, that you may give your mountaineering bride what your

<sup>b</sup> Might have killed him for unfaithfulness, as the women of Lemnos did their men.

δῶρα τεῆς ἀλόχου Μινωίδος, ὅφρα τις εἴπῃ·  
 ' δῶκε μίτον Θησῆι καὶ ἡλακάτην Διονύσῳ.  
 καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίῳνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρον ἀμείβων 550  
 ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμήσαιο σείο τοκῆς,  
 οἴστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης·  
 Σιβονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων,  
 Παλλήνης, γάμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὑμεναίου· 555  
 σιγήσω φιλότητα Κορωνίδος, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων  
 τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασιν ὁμόζυγες· ἀλλὰ, Μυκῆναι,  
 πότμον ἐμὸν φθέγγασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὄμμα Μεδούσης,  
 καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἔρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,  
 ἡιόνες Νάξοιο, βοήσατε· ' νυμφίε Θησεῦ,  
 Μινώη καλέει σε χολωμένη Διονύσῳ. 560

ἀλλὰ τί Κεκροπίης μιμήσκομαι; εἰς Παφίην γὰρ  
 μέμφομαι ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Θησεί καὶ Διονύσῳ."

Ὡς φαμένη σκίοεντι παικίκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ.  
 καὶ θρασὺς ἔγρετο Βάκχος

ἀποσκεδάσας πτερὸν ὕπνου,  
 μυρομένην δ' ὤκτειρεν ὀνειρείην Ἀριάδην. 565  
 καὶ δόλον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίζετο πομπὸν Ἑρώτων·  
 νύμφης δ' Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμιήσατο λέκτρων,  
 πῶς ἐρατὴν δολόεντι ποτῷ νυμφεύσατο κούρην  
 ὕπνον ἔχων πομπῇ μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.

Ὅφρα μὲν ἤθελε Βάκχος ἐπειτύνειν δόλον εὐνῆς, 570  
 τόφρα δὲ φοιταλέη Ληλαντιάς ἔδραμε κούρην  
 πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δύψῃ.  
 οὐδὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ὀριδρόμος ἄστατος Λύρη

\* See xlili. 431. Dionysos is in some authors the father of Meleagros, usually the son of Oineus, Althaea's husband; see Hyginus, *Fab.* 129. Coronis as mother of the Charites is heard of only here; she seems to have nothing to do with Coronis the mother of Asclepius by Apollo.

Minoian wife gave you ; then people can say—‘ She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.’

<sup>550</sup> “ You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia <sup>a</sup> : I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa ! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne’s lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, ‘ O bridegroom Theseus, Minos’s daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos ! ’ But why do I think of Cecropia ? <sup>b</sup> To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos ! ”

<sup>563</sup> She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before,<sup>c</sup> how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

<sup>570</sup> While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos’s daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly

<sup>b</sup> Attica, from its mythical king Cecrops.

<sup>c</sup> The story of Nicaia, in books xv. and xvi.



διψαλή· ταχινὸς δὲ θορῶν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης  
 θύρῳ γαῖαν ἄρασσε· διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη 575  
 αὐτομάτην ὤδινε μέθην εἰώδει μαζῶ  
 χεύματι πορφύροντι· χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 δμῳίδες Ἡελίοιο κατέγραφον αἴθεσιν ὦραι  
 πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐόδομοισιν αἵταις  
 ἀρτιφύτου λειμῶνος ἱμάσσετο ἡδυμος αἴηρ· 580  
 εἶχε δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερώνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων  
 ἡθέου χαρίεντος, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ Λατμῷ  
 νυμφίος Ἐνδυμίων κεραῆς ἔσπειρε Σελήτης,  
 ὃς πάρος ἡπεροπῆος εὐχροος εἶδει κωφῷ  
 εἰς τύπον αὐτοτέλειστον ἰδὼν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ 585  
 κάτθανε, παπταίνων σκιοεἰδέα φάσματα μορφῆς·  
 καὶ φυτὸν ἔμπροσθεν εἶχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου· 587  
 ἰπτάμεναι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' αἰθεμόεντι κορύμβῳ 589  
 εἰαρινῶν ἐλίγαινον ἀηδόνες ὑφὸ θύλλων. 593

Κεῖθι δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβρίας ἔτρεχεν Λύρη,  
 εἴ ποθι διψώουσα Διὸς χυσιν ἢ τινα πηγὴν 590  
 ἢ ῥοὸν ἀθρήσειεν ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο· 592  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροισιν Ἔρως κατέχευεν ὁμίχλην. 591  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχείην ἀπατήλιον εἶδρακε πηγὴν, 594  
 δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκιοῖεν νέφος ἤλασε Πειθῷ 595  
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Λύρη·

“ Παρθενική, μόλε δεῦρο, τελεσσιγάμοιο δὲ πηγῆς  
 εἰς στόμα δέξο ῥέεθρα, καὶ εἰς σῆο κόλπον ἀκοίτην.”

Κούρη δ' ἄσμενος εἶδε· παραπροχυθεῖσα δὲ πηγῇ 000  
 χεῖλεσιν οἰγομένοισιν ἀνήφυσεν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου.  
 παρθενική δὲ πιούσα τόσσην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα;

πόθεν πέλε ἡδυμον ὕδωρ;  
 τίς ποτὸν ἔβλυσε τοῦτο; τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;



he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the foundation of a rock : the hill parted, and poured out of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios, to do grace to Lyaïos, painted with flowers the fountain's margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were the clustering blooms which have the name of Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene's bridegroom Endymion begat on leafy Latmos, Narcissos who long ago gazed on his own image formed in the water, that dumb image of a beautiful deceiver, and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape ; there was the living plant of Amyclaian iris <sup>a</sup> ; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying in troops above the clustering flowers.

<sup>590</sup> And there came running thirsty at midday Aura herself, seeking if anywhere she could find raindrops from Zeus, or some fountain, or the stream of a river pouring from the hills ; and Eros cast a mist over her eyelids : but when she saw the deceitful fountain of Bacchos, Peitho dispersed the shadowy cloud from her eyelids, and called out to Aura like a herald of her marriage—

<sup>597</sup> “ Maiden, come this way ! Take into your lips the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your bosom a lover.”

<sup>599</sup> Gladly the maiden saw it, and throwing herself down before the fountain drew in the liquid of Bacchos with open lips. When she had drunk, the girl exclaimed :

<sup>602</sup> “ Naiads, what marvel is this ? Whence comes this balmy water ? Who made this bubbling drink,

<sup>a</sup> Hyacinthos once more !

ἔμπης τοῦτο πιοῦσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω·  
ἀλλὰ πόδες βαρύνθουσι, καὶ ἡδέϊ θέλγομαι ὕπνῳ, 605  
καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἤχον ἰάλλω."

Εἶπε καὶ ἀστήρικτον ἰοῦ ποδὸς εἶχε πορείην·  
ἦε δ' εἶθα καὶ εἶθα πολυπλανέσσιν ἱρῳαῖς  
πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι τινασσομένοιο καρήνου·  
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἔκλινεν ἱρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὦμῳ· 610  
εὐδε δ' ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο τανυπτόρθῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ  
παρθενίην ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύνῃ.

Καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγονον Ἔρως

δεδοκημένος Λῦρην  
οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ  
μειδιῶν ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ· 615

" Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε·

μένει δέ σε παρθένος Λῦρῃ."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἐπείγετο,

καὶ πτερὰ πάντων  
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας·  
" νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεισον, ἕως ἔτι παρθένος εὐδῇ·  
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἰάσῃ." 620

Καί μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἐπ' ἀστρώτοιο χαμεύνῃς  
νυμφιδίου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ὑπνου,  
ἄσφοδος ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀσάμβalos ἵχνεσιν ἔρπων  
κωφὸν ἀφωνήτοιο μετήιε δέμνιον Λῦρης·  
χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρην 625  
παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,  
μὴ μιν οἰστεύσειε τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου·  
καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοισι πόδας σφηκώσατο κούρης,  
καὶ παλάμαις ἐλικηδὸν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σειρῇν,  
μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάσειεν· ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίῃ 630  
παρθενικὴν βαρύυπνον ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ  
Λῦρης ὑπναλῆς γαμῖν ἐκλεψεν ὁπώρην.

what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound."

<sup>607</sup> She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

<sup>613</sup> When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy :

<sup>616</sup> "Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!"

<sup>617</sup> With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—"Bridegroom, complete your marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden."

<sup>621</sup> Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaeon feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl's neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep's wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl's feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep. The

καὶ πόσις ἦν ἀνάεδνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ  
οἰνοβαρὴς ἀτίνακτος ἐνυμφεῖσθαι Διονύσῳ·  
καὶ σκιεραῖς πτερύγεσσι περισφίγγων δέμας Λῦρης 635  
Ἵπνος ἦν Βάκχοιο γαμοστολός, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἐστι Σελήνης,  
καὶ νυχίης φιλότῃτος ὁμόστολός ἐστιν Ἑρώτων·  
καὶ γάμος ὥς οἶαρ ἔσκε. πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ χορεῖν  
εἰς χορὸν αὐτοελικτον αἰεσκίρτησε κολώνη, 640  
ἡμιφαιῆς δ' ἐδόκησεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ἥλικα πύκην·  
μούνη δ' ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὔρεσι παρθένος Ἥχῳ,  
αἰδομένη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐκείθετο πυθμὲν πέτρης,  
μὴ γάμον ἀθρήσειε γυναιμανίος Διονύσου.

Καὶ τελέσας ὑμέναιον ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων 645  
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένον ἵχνος αἰίρας,  
νύμφης μὲν κύσε χεῖλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλινέας δὲ  
λύσε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρην  
χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάτθετο νύμφη.  
καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἔτι πικρίων ὑμεναίων, 650  
ὑπναλής ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψας λέχος Λῦρης.  
νύμφη δ' ἐκ φιλότῃτος ἀνέδραμε· λυσιμελῇ δὲ  
ὑπνον ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσεύσατο μάρτυν Ἑρώτων·  
θάμβει δ' εἰσορόωσα σαόφροινος ἔκτοθι μήτρης  
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ 655  
καὶ γαμῆν ῥαθάμιγγι περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,  
ἀρπαμένην ἀνάεδιον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείην,  
μαίνεται παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἥρμοσε κυκλάδα μήτρην  
στέρνα πάλιν σκιόωσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἄντυγα<sup>1</sup> μαζοῦ  
παρθενίῳ ζωστήρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ. 660  
ἀχνυμένη δ' ὀλόλυξε, κατὰσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης·  
ἀγρονόμους δ' ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδὸν ὄχθης  
τινυμένη δολόεντα πόσιν ποιμήτορι θεσμῷ

<sup>1</sup> MSS. ἵχνια: Marcellus ἄντυγα, Ludwig ἱμέδα.

husband brought no gift ; on the ground that hapless girl heavy with wine, unmoving, was wedded to Dionysos ; Sleep embraced the body of Aura with overshadowing wings, and he was marshal of the wedding for Bacchos, for he also had experience of love, he is yokefellow of the moon, he is companion of the Loves in nightly caresses. So the wedding was like a dream ; for the capering dances, the hill skipt and leapt of itself, the Hamadryad half-visible shook her agemate fir—only maiden Echo did not join in the mountain dance, but shamefast hid herself unapproachable under the foundations of the rock, that she might not behold the wedding of womanmad Dionysos.

<sup>645</sup> When the vinebridegroom had consummated his wedding on that silent bed, he lifted a cautious foot and kissed the bride's lovely lips, loosed the unmoving feet and hands, brought back the quiver and bow from the rock and laid them beside his bride. He left to the winds the bed of Aura still sleeping, and returned to his Satyrs with a breath of the bridal still about him.

<sup>652</sup> After these caresses, the bride started up ; she shook off limbloosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast—too late ! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness ; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her

μηλονόμους ἐδάϊξεν· ἀμειλίκτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 βουκόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ μάθε νυμφίον Ἴου̃ς, 665  
 Τιθωνὸν χαρίεϊτα, δυσίμερον ἀνέρα βούτην,  
 ὅττι βοῶν ἀγέλαις μεμελημένον ἔσχε καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Λάτμιον Ἐνδυμίωνα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·  
 ἔκλυε καὶ Φρυγίῳ, τὸν ἔκτανε παρθένος ἄλλη,  
 Ὕμνου πικρὸν ἔρωτα, ποθοβλήτοιο νομήος· 670  
 αἰπόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ὅλον χορὸν ἔκτανεν αἰγῶν  
 αἰνσπαθίης, ὅτι Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἔδρακε κούρη  
 ἰσοφυῇ μεθέποντα δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπῇ·  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ μάλα τοῦτο, πόθῳ διδονημένος Ἴχου̃ς  
 ὅττι μιν ὑπναλήν ἔβιήσατο μηλονόμος Πᾶν· 675  
 γειοπόιους δ' ἐδάμασσε πολὺ πλείον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 Κύπριδι θητεύουσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλε γηπόνος ἀνὴρ,  
 Ἰασίων, Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκου παρακοίτης·  
 ἔκτανε δ' ἀγρευτῆρα παλαιότερῳ τιῇ μίθῳ  
 πειθομένη· Κέφαλον γάρ, ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης, 680  
 ἔκλυε θηρητῆρα ῥοδοστεφίος πόσιν Ἴου̃ς·  
 Βακχείης δ' ἐδάϊξεν ὑποδρηστήρας ὀπώρης,  
 ὅττι φιλακρήτοιο μέθης βλύζοντες ἔερσην  
 οἶνοβαρεῖς δυσέρωτες ὁπάοιές εἰσι Λυαίου·  
 οὐ πῶ γὰρ δεδάηκε δολοφροσύνην Διονύσου 685  
 καὶ ποτὸν ἠπεροπῆα φιλακρήτου Κυθερείης,  
 ἀλλὰ φιλοσκοπέλων καλύβας ἐκένωσε νομήων  
 αἵματι φοιτήεντι περιρραίνουσα κολῶνας.  
 Καὶ νόον αἰθύσσουσα, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,  
 Κύπριδος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπειλητῆρα δὲ κεστοῦ 690  
 λυσαμένη ζωστήρα νεοκλώστοιο χιτῶνος

\* Perhaps the most unseasonable mythological excursus even in Nonnos. Tithonos may be presumed known to any English reader from Tennyson's poem; for Selene as driver of oxen, cf. note on *xliv.* 217; Endymion the



treacherous husband with avenging justice—still more she killed the oxherds with implacable steel, for she knew about charming Tithonos,<sup>a</sup> bridegroom of Dawn, the lovelorn oxherd, knew that Selene also the driver of bulls had her Latmian Endymion who was busy about the herds of cattle ; she had heard of Phrygian Hymnos too, and his love that made him rue, the lovelorn herdsman whom another maiden slew : still more she killed the goatherds, killed their whole flocks of goats, in agony of heart, because she had seen Pan the dangerous lover with a face like some shaggy goat ; for she felt quite sure that shepherd Pan tormented with desire for Echo had violated her asleep : much more she laid low the husbandmen, as being also slaves to Cypris, since a man who tilled the soil, Iasion, had been bedfellow of Demeter the mother of sheaves. The huntsmen she killed believing an ancient story ; for she had heard that a huntsman Cephalos, from the country of unmothered Athena, was husband of rosecrowned Dawn. Workmen of Bacchos about the vintage she killed, because they are servants of Lyaïos who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsman and drenched the hills with red blood.

<sup>689</sup> Still frantic in mind, shaken by throes of madness, she came to the temple of Cypris. She loosed the girdle from her newly spun robe, the enemy Latmian herdsman (though his country and legend alike vary) was her love, and she cast him into an unending sleep. Hymnos, *cf.* xv. 204 ff. ; Iasion, *Odyssey* v. 125 : Cephalos, see iv. 194.



ἄβρὸν ἀνικήτηιο δέμας μᾶστιζε θεαίνης·  
 καὶ βρέτας ἀρπάξασα τελεσσιγάμου Κυθερείης  
 Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθε, κυλιδομένην δὲ ῥείθροις  
 γυμναῖς Νηιάδεσσι πόρην γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην. 605  
 καὶ μετὰ θεῖον ἄγαλμα καὶ αὐτοελικτον ἱμάσθλην  
 δείκελον ἄβρὸν Ἴρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κοίη·  
 καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείης.  
 φοιταλή δ' ἀκίχητος ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχμην,  
 καὶ σταλίκων ἔψαυσε, πάλιν δ' ἐμνήσατο θήρης. 700  
 καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἦν στενάχιζε κορείην,  
 ὅξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·  
 “ Τίς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείης;  
 εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κνώσσουσιν ἐρημονόμων ἐπὶ λέκτρων  
 εἶδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβιήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς, 705  
 οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γείτονα Ῥεῖην,  
 ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θήρας οἰστεύσω πόλον ἄστρον·  
 εἰ δέ μοι ὑπναλήν παρελίξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 πέρσω πασιμέλουσαν ὅλην πετρώδεα Πυθῶ·  
 εἰ δὲ λέχος σύλησεν ἐμὸν Κυλλήνιος Ἑρμῆς, 710  
 Ἀρκαδίην προθέλυμνον ἐμοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀλέσσω,  
 καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθῶ·  
 εἰ δὲ δόλοισ γαμίοισιν ὀνειρεῖων ὑμεναίων  
 ἀπροῖδης Διόινυτος ἐμὴν σύλησε κορείην,  
 ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει Κυβέλης δόμος, ὑψιλόφου δὲ 715  
 οἰστρομανῇ Διόινυσον ἀπὸ Τμῳλοιο διώξω·  
 καὶ φονίην ὤμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσασα φಾರೆτρήν  
 εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήξομαι· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ  
 τόξον ἐμὸν τανύσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.  
 σοὶ πλέον, ἰοχέαιρα, χολώομαι, ὅττι με, κούρη, 720  
 οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλήν ἐτι παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ  
 σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθης παρακοίτη.”

of the cestus, and flogged the dainty body of the unconquerable goddess; she caught up the statue of marriage-consummating Cythereia, she went to the bank of Sangarios, and sent Aphrodite rolling into the stream, naked among the naked Naiads; and after the divine statue had gone with the scourge twisted round it, she threw into the dust the delicate image of Love, and left the temple of Cybelid Foamborn empty. Then she plunged into the familiar forest, wandering unperceived, handled her net-stakes, remembered the hunt again, lamenting her maidenhood with wet eyelids, and crying loudly in these words:

703 "What god has loosed the girdle of my maidenhood? If Zeus Allwise took some false aspect, and forced me, upon my lonely bed, if he did not respect our neighbour Rheia, I will leave the wild beasts and shoot the starry sky! If Phoibos Apollo lay by my side in sleep, I will raze the stones of worldfamous Pytho wholly to the ground! If Cyllenian Hermes has ravished my bed, I will utterly destroy Arcadia with my arrows, and make goldchaplet Peitho<sup>a</sup> my servant! If Dionysos came unseen and ravished my maidenhood in the crafty wooing of a dream-bridal, I will go where Cybele's hall stands, and chase that lustmad Dionysos from highcrested Tmolos! I will hang my quiver of death on my shoulders and attack Paphos, I will attack Phrygia—I will draw my bow on both Cypris and Dionysos! You, Archeress, you have enraged me most, because you, a maiden, did not kill me in my sleep still a virgin, yes and did not defend me even against my bedfellow with your pure shafts!"

<sup>a</sup> As being Hermes' wife.

Ἐννεπε, καὶ τρομέουσιν ἐὼν ἀνσεύρασε φωνὴν  
 δάκρυσιν νικηθεῖσα. τελεσσιγάμου δὲ Λυαίου 725  
 παιδοτόκου πλησθεῖσα γοιῆς δυσπάρθενος Λύρη  
 διπλόον ὄγκον αἶρε· γυνὴ δ' ἐπεμήνατο φόρτῳ  
 ἄσχετα βακχευθεῖσα γοιῆς, δυσπάρθενος Λύρη . . .  
 ἢ σπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων  
 ἢ θεοῦ δολίοιο· Διὸς δ' ἐμνήσατο νύμφης,  
 Πλουτοῦς αἰνοτόκου Βερεκυντιδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 730  
 Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἤθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,  
 ὄφρα δαῖζομένης ἀπὸ ιηδύος ἄφρονι λύσση  
 ἄτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον αἰστώσει γενέθλην.  
 καὶ ξίφος ἤέρταζε, διὰ στέρνιοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ 735  
 δεξιτερῇ μενέαιεν ἀφειδέι φάσγατον ἔλκειν.  
 πολλάκι δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετήιεν ἄντρα Λαίης,  
 ὥς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λινα Μοίρης·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὐρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε тарβαλή θήρ,  
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειε, μυχῶ δ' ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης 740  
 σκύμνον ἐρημαίῃσιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύναις.  
 πολλάκι δ' οἰδαλίοιο γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου  
 αὐτοφόνος μενέαιεν ἐκούσιον ἄορ ἐλάσσαι,  
 ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδαίκτος ὄνειδεα γαστρὸς ἀλύξῃ  
 καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἰοχαίρης·  
 καὶ νοέειν μενέαιεν ἐὼν πόσιν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ 745  
 νιέα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναινομένῳ παρακοίτῃ,  
 αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὁμευνέτις, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·  
 "Πρόκιη παιδολέτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Λύρη."  
 Καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμονα παίδων  
 Ἄρτεμις ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἐὼ γελόωντι προσώπῳ, 750  
 δευλαῖν δ' ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·  
 "Ὑπνον ἴδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον,  
 εἶδον Ἐρώτων

ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεύματα πηγῆς,

<sup>723</sup> She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecynthian Pluto,<sup>a</sup> so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—"Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."<sup>b</sup>

<sup>749</sup> Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

<sup>752</sup> "I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at

<sup>a</sup> Cf. i. 146.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. ii. 136.

ἤχι ποτῶ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἤλικα μέτρην  
 ἄρπαγι παρθενίης γαμίῳ λύουσιν ὀνείρῳ· 758  
 εἶδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἶδον, ὅπῃ ζυγίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ  
 ἀπροΐδης δολόεντι γυνὴ νυμφεύεται ὕπνῳ·  
 Κύπριδος εἶδον ὄρος φιλοτήσιον, ἤχι γυναικῶν  
 παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀκοῖται.  
 εἰπέ, γύναι φυγόδεμνε, τί σήμερον ἡρέμα βαίνεις; 760  
 ἢ πρὶν ἀελλήεσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνος ὀδεύεις;  
 νυμφεύθης ἀέκουσα, καὶ οὐ τεὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην·  
 οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρίφιον γάμον· οἶδαίλοι γὰρ  
 σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγίες σέο μαζοί.  
 εἰπέ δέ μοι, βαρύνυπε, συνοκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη, 765  
 πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;  
 τίς σέο λέκτρα μίγη; τίς ἤρπασε σείο κορείην;  
 ξανθαὶ Νηιάδες, μὴ κρίψατε νυμφίον Λῦρης.  
 οἶδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην·  
 σὸς γάμος οὐ με λέληθε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις, 770  
 σὸς πόσις οὐ με λέληθε· βαρυνομένη δέμας ὕπνῳ  
 εὐνέτις ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε τόξον· ἀναινομένη δὲ φαρέτρην  
 ὄργια μυστιπόλενε γυναιμανέος σέο Βάκχου,  
 τύμπανα χειρὶ φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόον αὐλῶν. 775  
 πρὸς δὲ τεῆς λίτομαί σε τελεσσιγάμοιο χαμεύνης,  
 ποῖά σοι ὥπασεν ἔδινα τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;  
 μή σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς;  
 μή σοι χάλκεα ῥόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παίδων;  
 πείθομαι, ὥς πόρε θύρσον, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων· 780

your loving bridal ! The fountain where young girls get a treacherous potion, and loosen the girdle they have worn all their lives, in a dream of marriage which steals their maidenhood. I have seen, I have seen the slope where a woman is made a bride unexpectedly, in treacherous sleep, beside a bridal rock. I have seen the love-mountain of Cypris, where lovers steal the maidenhood of women and run away.

<sup>760</sup> " Tell me, you young prude, why do you walk so slowly to-day ? Once as quick as the wind, why do you plod so heavily ? You were wooed unwilling, and you do not know your bedfellow ! You cannot hide your furtive bridal, for your breasts are swelling with new milk and they announce a husband. Tell me heavy sleeper, pigsticker, virgin, bride, how do you come by those pale cheeks, once ruddy ? Who disgraced your bed ? Who stole your maidenhood ? O fair-haired Naiads, do not hide Aura's bridegroom ! I know your furtive husband, you woman with a heavy burden. I saw your wedding, clearly enough, though you long to conceal it. I saw your husband clearly enough ; you were in the bed, your body heavy with sleep, you did not move when Dionysos wedded you.

<sup>773</sup> " Come then, leave your bow, renounce your quiver ; serve in the secret rites of your womanmad Bacchos ; carry your tambour and your tootling pipes of horn. I beseech you, in the name of that bed on the ground where the marriage was consummated, what bridegifts did Dionysos your husband bring ? Did he give you a fawnskin, enough to be news of your marriage-bed ? Did he give you brazen rattles for your children to play with ? I think he gave you



καὶ τάχα κύμβαλα δῶκε, τὰ περ δονέουσι τιθῆναι  
φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὀδυνάων."

"Ἔινεπε κερτομέουσα· καὶ ἔμπαλιν ῥαχτο δαίμων,  
θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ  
ἡερίοις ἀνέμοισιν εἰς μεθέηκε μερίμνας.

755

Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψόθι πέτρης  
ὄξυ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθείς τοκετοῖο  
φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχωίδος εἶχε λεαίνης·

πέτραι δ' ἀντιάχυσαν· ἐρισμαράγοιο δὲ κούρης  
φθόγγον ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἥχώ.

790

καὶ παλάμας, ἅτε πῶμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείῃ  
κλείε θοὴν ὠδίνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,

καὶ τόκον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἐρήτυεν· ἐχθομένην γὰρ  
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ μείναιεν ἐπ' ὠδίνεσσι καλέσσαι·

Ἥραιας δὲ θύγατρας αἰαίνετο, μή ποτε Βάκχου  
μητρυνῆς ἅτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείῃ.

795

κούρη δ' ἀσχαλώωσα κατηφέα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν,  
νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδιος ἀνάγκης·

"Οὕτως ἰοχέαιραν ἴδω καὶ θοῦριν Ἀθήνην,  
οὕτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὄφρα νοήσω·

800

Ἄρτεμιν ὠδίηνουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαιάδες Ὠραι,  
μαρτυρίῃ τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἶπατε Τριτογενεῖῃ·

ἑ παρθενικὴ γλαυκῶπι, νεητόκε μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ·  
οὕτω ξυνὰ παθοῦσαν ἴδω φιλοπάρθενον Ἥχώ

Πανὶ παρευνηθεῖσαν ἢ ἀρχεκάκῃ Διονύσῃ.

805

Ἄρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραίφασις ἔσσεαι Αὔρης,  
θῆλν γάλα στάζουσα λεχώιον ἄρσενι μαζῶ."

Εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη βαρυῶδυνα κέντρα λοχείης.

\* The Eileithyiai, goddesses of childbirth.



## DIONYSIACA, XLVIII. 781-808

a thyrsus to shoot lions ; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children."

<sup>783</sup> So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

<sup>786</sup> But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains ; she would not have the daughters of Hera,<sup>a</sup> lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth :

<sup>799</sup> " So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child ! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—' O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none ! ' So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles ! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman's milk from your man's breast."

<sup>808</sup> So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her

καὶ τόκον ἰοχέαιρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ  
νύμφῃ μόχθον ὅπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο.

810

Καὶ τελετῆς Νίκαια κυβερνήτειρα Λυαίου  
μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἰσχεα λυσσάδος Λῦρης  
τοίην κρυπταδίην οἰκτίρμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Λῦρη ξυνὰ παθοῦσα, κινῦρκο καὶ σὺ κορείην·  
γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτον ἔχουσα δυηπαθείος τοκετοῖο  
τέτλαθί μοι μετὰ λέκτρον ἔχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης,  
τέτλαθι καὶ βρεφέεσσιν ἀήθεια μαζὸν ὀρέξαι.  
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πῖες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;  
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πῖες οἶνον, ἕως πέλις ἔγκυος, Λῦρη;  
καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόδεμνε, τὰ περ πάθον·

815

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὕτῃ  
μέμφεο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὕπνον Ἑρώτων.  
εἰς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἤρμισεν,

820

εἰς πόσις Λῦρης  
παρθενικὴν Νίκαιαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παιδων·  
οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι κευρὴν,  
ὥς πάρος, αὖ ἐρίῳ καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ  
ἰστοπόνοιο θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών.”

825

Ἔινεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσσιγόνοιο πόνον Λῦρης,  
οἶά τε πειρηθεῖσα τόκου μογεροῖο καὶ αὐτῇ.  
Λητώῃ δ' αἰούσα βαρυφθόγγου κτύπον Λῦρης  
ἤλυθεν αὐχήμεσσα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης·  
τειρομένην δ' ἐρέθιζε καὶ ἴαχε κέντορι μύθῳ·

830

“ Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε

λεχωῖδα μητέρα παιδων;  
ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἔλλαχε μαζοῦ;  
οὐκ ἴδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένης υἷα λοχεύει.  
ἡ ῥα φύσιν μετάμειψε πατὴρ ἐμός; ἡ ῥα γυναῖκες  
νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; σὺ γάρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,

835

delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

<sup>811</sup> But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaïos, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity :

<sup>814</sup> " Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle ? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child ? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage ; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura's and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beastrying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows ; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon."

<sup>827</sup> She spoke, pitying Aura's labour to accomplish the birth, as one who herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words :

<sup>832</sup> " Virgin, who made you a mother in childbed ? You that knew nothing of marriage, how came that milk in your breast ? I never heard or saw that a virgin bears a child. Has my father changed nature ? Do women bear children without marriage ? For you, a maiden, the friend of maidenhood, bring forth

ὠδίνεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγείεις Ἀφροδίτην.  
 ἥ ῥα κυβερνήτειραν αἰαγκαίου τοκετοῖο  
 Ἄρτεμιν οὐ καλέουσι λεχωίδες, ὅττι σὺ μούνη  
 εἰς τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύκαι ἰοχαίρης;  
 οὐδὲ τεὸν Διόνυσον ἀμαιοῦτων ἀπὸ κόλπων  
 ἔδρακεν Εἰλείθυια, τῆς ἐλάτεια γενέθλης·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαιοῦσαντο κεραυνοί.  
 μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι παῖδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισι λοχεύεις·  
 ἥ σκοπέλων βασιλεια τόκου πειρήσατο Ῥεῖη·  
 τίς νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο; κατ' οὔρεα τέκνα λοχεύεις,  
 ὥς δάμαρ οὔρεσίφοιτος ὄρεσσινόμου Διονύσου."

840

845

850

855

860

865

"Εἰνεπε· καὶ κοτέουσα λεχωιάς ἄχυντο νύμφη  
 Ἄρτεμιν αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσιν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,  
 ἐγγὺς ἔην τοκετοῖο καὶ ἤθελε παρθένος εἶναι.  
 καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦλθε θωώτερον· Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ  
 φθεγγομένης ἔτι μῦθον ἀκοντιστήρα λοχεῖης  
 διπλόος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιοῦθη τόκος Λύρης  
 λυομένης ὠδίνος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παῖδων  
 Δίνδυμον ὑψικάρηνον ὄρος κικλήσκετο Ῥεῖης.  
 καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην  
 τοῖον ἔπος παλίνορος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

"Μαῖα, γυνὴ μοιῆ, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νύμφη,  
 νιάσι μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἀήθεα, παρθένε μήτηρ·  
 παππάζει σέο κούρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆα·  
 εἰπέ δὲ σοῖς τεκέεσσι τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.  
 Ἄρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἶδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφει νιέα μαζῶ·  
 σὸν λέχος οὔρεα ταῦτα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος  
 σπάργανα σῶν βρεφῶν

πολυδαῖδαλα δέρματα νεβρῶν."

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην.

\* Alluding to the birth of Zeus on the Arcadian (or Cretan) hills.

young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbed under the hard necessity of childbirth no longer call on Artemis to guide them, when you alone do not want Archeress the lady of the hunt? Nor did Eileithyia, who conducts your delivery, see your Dionysos born from his mother's womb; but thunderbolts were his midwives, and he only half-made! Do not be angry that you bear children among the crags, where Rheia queen of the crags has borne children.<sup>a</sup> What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountainranging Dionysos!"

<sup>848</sup> She spoke, and the nymph in childbirth was indignant and angry, but she was ashamed before Artemis even in her pains. Ah poor creature! she wished to remain a maiden, and she was near to childbirth. A babe came quickly into the light; for even as Artemis yet spoke the word that shot out the delivery, the womb of Aura was loosened, and twin children came forth of themselves; therefore from these twins (*δίδυμοι*) the highpeaked mountain of Rheia was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

<sup>858</sup> "Wetnurse, lonely ranger, twinmother, bride of a forced bridal, give your untaught breast to your sons, virgin mother. Your boy calls daddy, asking for his father; tell your children the name of your secret lover. Artemis knows nothing of marriage, she has not nursed a son at her breast. These mountains were your bed, and the spotted skins of fawns are swaddling-clothes for your babies, instead of the usual robe."

<sup>865</sup> She spoke, and swiftshoe plunged into the

καὶ καλέσας Νίκαιαν ἦν Κυβεληίδα νύμφην,  
μεμφομένην ἔτι λέκτρα λεχωίδα δείκνυεν Λῦρην  
μειδιῶν Διόνυσος· ἔρημοιόμοιο δὲ κούρης  
ἄρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὑμεναίοις·

“ Ἄρτι μόγεις, Νίκαια, παραίφασιν εὔρες Ἑρώτων· 870  
ἄρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπον ἦνυσεν εὐνήν,  
παρθενικῆς δ’ ἐτέρης γάμον ἤρπασεν·

ἐν δὲ κολώναις  
ἢ πρὶν ἀλυσκάζουσα καὶ οὔνομα μοῦνον Ἑρώτων  
σοῖς θαλάμοις τύπον ἴσον ὀρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Λῦρη.  
οὐ μούνη γλυκύν ὕπνον ἔδίδας πομπὸν Ἑρώτων, 875  
οὐ μούνη πῖες οἶνον ἐπὶ κλοπον ἄρπαγα μίτρης·  
ἀλλὰ νέης ἀγνώστος ἀνοιγομένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς  
ινυμφοκόμος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυε, καὶ πῖεν Λῦρη.  
ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδαυῖαν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο,  
πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαί σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης, 880  
σπεῦσον ἀερτάζειν ἐμὸν νύμφη, μή μιν ὀλέσση  
τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν ἐμῇ δυσμήχανος Λῦρη·  
οἶδα γάρ, ὥς διδύμων βρεφίων ἵνα παῖδα δαμάσσει  
ἄσχετα λυσσώουσα· σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰάκχῳ·  
ἔσσο φύλαξ ὠδίνος ἀρείοις, ὅφρα κεν εἴη 885  
σὴ Τελετῇ θεράπαινα καὶ νύμφη καὶ γενετῇρι.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ,  
κυδιῶν Φρυγίοισιν ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροις ὑμεναίοις  
πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοιο καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.  
καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ, 890  
παῖδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωιάς ἵαχε μήτηρ·

“ Ἡερόθεν γάμος οὗτος· ἐμὸν γόνον ἤερι ρίψω·  
ινυμφεύθην ἀνέμοισι καὶ οὐ βροτέην ἴδον εὐνήν,  
Λῦρης δ’ εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐπώνυμοι ἤλυθον αὖραι·  
καὶ λοχίας ἐχέτωσαν ἐμὰς ὠδῖνας ἀῆται.  
ἔρρετέ μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφέος γενετῆρος,



shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleïd nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said :

<sup>870</sup> " Now at last, Nicaia, you have found consolation for your love. Now again Dionysos has stolen a marriage bed, and ravished another maiden : woodland Aura in the mountains, who shrank once from the very name of love, has seen a marriage the image of yours. Not you alone had sweet sleep as a guide to love, not you alone drank deceitful wine which stole your maiden girdle ; but once more a fountain of nuptial wine has burst from a new opening rock unrecognized, and Aura drank. You who have learnt the throes of childbirth in hard necessity, by Telete your danceweaving daughter I beseech you, hasten to lift up my son, that my desperate Aura may not destroy him with daring hands—for I know she will kill one of the two baby boys in her intolerable frenzy, but do you help Iacchos : guard the better boy, that your Telete may be the servant of son and father both."

<sup>887</sup> With this appeal Bacchos departed, triumphant and proud of his two Phrygian marriages, with the elder wife and the younger bride. And in deep distress beside the rock where they had been born, the mother in childbed held up the two boys and cried aloud—

<sup>892</sup> " From the sky came this marriage—I will throw my offspring into the sky ! I was wooed by the breezes, and I saw no mortal bed. Winds my namesakes came down to the marriage of the Windmaid, then let the breezes take the offspring of my womb. Away with you, children accursed of a treacherous



ὑμέας οὐκ ἐλόχευσα· τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων;  
 ἄμφαδὸν ἄρτι, λείοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ὕλης  
 ἔλθετε θαρσύνετε, ὅτ' οὐκέτι μάρναται Λῦρη·  
 καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἀρείονές ἐστε λαγωοί· 900  
 θῶες, ἐμοὶ τέρπεισθε· παρ' ἡμετέρῃ δὲ χαμεῖνῃ  
 πόρδαλιν ἀπτοίητον ἐπισκαίροντα νοήσω·  
 ἄξατε σύννομον ἄρκτον ἀταρβία· παιδοτόκου γὰρ  
 Λῦρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθελύνθησαν οἰστοί.  
 αἰδέομαι μεθέπειν μετὰ παρθέιον οὔνομα νύμφης, 905  
 μὴ βριαρὸν τεκείσσω ἐμὸν ποτε μαζὸν ὁπάσσω·  
 μὴ παλάμη θλίψοιμι νόθον γάλα, μηδ' ἐνὶ λόχμας  
 θηροφόιος γεγαυῖα γυνὴ φιλότεκνος ἀκούσω." 908

. . . θῆκεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι λεχώια δεῖπνα λεαίνης· 910  
 ἀλλὰ Διωνύσοιο νῆν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην,  
 πόρδαλις ὠμοβόροισι δέμας λιχιμῶσα γενεῖοις,  
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα σοφῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ·  
 θαμβάλοισι δὲ δράκοιτες ἐκυκλώσαντο λοχεῖην 915  
 ἰοβόλοισι στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νῖα τέκνα φυλάσσω  
 μειλιχίους καὶ θῆρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Λῦρης.

Καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέῳ Ληλαιτίας ἀνθορε κούρη  
 ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης,  
 ἡερίαις δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀέλλαις  
 θηρείων εἷα παῖδα διαρπάξασα γενεῖων· 920  
 καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχευτος ἐνὶ στροφάλλιγγι κοίτης  
 ἡερόθεν προκάρητος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη·  
 καὶ μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῶ,  
 δαιτυμέτῃ φίλα δεῖπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης  
 ταρβαλέῃ τέκος ἄλλο λεχωῖδος ἤρπασεν Λῦρης 925  
 παρθέιος ἰοχέαιρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην  
 παιδοκόμῳ κοῦφιζεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ.

father, you are none of mine—what have I to do with the sorrows of women? Show yourselves now, lions, come freely to forage in the woods; have no fear, for Aura is your enemy no more. Hares with your rolling eyes, you are better than hounds. Jackals, let me be your favourite; I will watch the panther jumping fearless beside my bed. Bring your friend the bear without fear; for now that Aura has children her arrows in bronze armour have become womanish. I am ashamed to have the name of bride who once was virgin; lest I sometime offer my strong breast to babes, lest I press out the bastard milk with my hand, or be called tender mother in the woods where I slew wild beasts!”

<sup>910</sup> [She took the babes and] laid them in the den of a lioness for her dinner. But a panther with understanding mind licked their bodies with her ravening lips, and nursed the beautiful boys of Dionysos with intelligent breast; wondering serpents with poisonspitting mouth surrounded the birthplace, for Aura's bridegroom had made even the ravening beasts gentle to guard his newborn children.

<sup>917</sup> Then Lelantos's daughter sprang up with wandering foot in the wild temper of a shaggycrested lioness, tore one child from the wild beast's jaws and hurled it like a flash into the stormy air: the newborn child fell from the air headlong into the whirling dust upon the ground, and she caught him up and gave him a tomb in her own maw—a family dinner indeed! The maiden Archeress was terrified at this heartless mother, and seized the other child of Aura, then she hastened away through the wood; holding the boy, an unfamiliar burden in her nursing arm.

Καὶ Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα,

μετὰ στροφάλιγγα λοχείης  
 μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Λῦρη,  
 ἀρχαίης μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς, 930  
 Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἤλθεν· ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ἄμα τόξῳ  
 εἰς προχοᾶς ἀκόμιστον ἔην ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,  
 καὶ βυθίῳ προκάρηνος ἐπισκίρτησε ρείθρῳ  
 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναινομένη φάος Ἥους,  
 καὶ ῥοθίοις ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο· τὴν δὲ Κρονίων 935  
 εἰς κρήνην μετάμειψεν· ὀρεσσιχύτοιο δὲ πηγῆς  
 μαζοὶ κρουνὸς ἔην, προχὴ δέμας, αἶθια χαῖται,  
 καὶ κέρας ἔπλετο τόξον ἐγκραίρου ποταμοῖο  
 ταυροφυῖς, καὶ σχοῖνος ἀμειβομένη πέλε νευρή,  
 καὶ δόνακες γεγαῶτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστοί, 940  
 καὶ βυθὸν ἱλύοντα διεσσυμένη ποταμοῖο  
 εἰς γλαφυρὸν κευθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.

Καὶ χόλον ἰοχέαιρα κατεύνασεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμῃ  
 ἶχνια μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπέλοιο Λυαίου  
 ἦεν, ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρέφος Λῦρης, 945  
 πήχεϊ κουφίζουσα νόθον βάρος· αἰδομένη δὲ  
 ὤπασεν ἄρσενά παῖδα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Νικαίῃ δ' εἶον νῆα πατὴρ πόρε, μαιάδι νύμφῃ·  
 ἥ δέ μιν ἡέρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς  
 παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερίσβιον ἱκμάδα μαζῶν 950  
 κοῦρον αἰτηέζησε. λαβὼν δέ μιν ὑπόθι δίφρου  
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐπώνυμον νῆα τοκῆος  
 Ἀθλίδι μυστιπόλῳ παρακάτθετο Βάκχος Ἀθήνῃ,  
 Εὖνᾳ παππάζοντα· θεὰ δέ μιν ἔνδοθι νηοῦ  
 Παλλὰς ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεοδέγμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ· 955  
 παιδὶ δὲ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασε μῦθος Ἐρεχθεύς,  
 αὐτοχύτῳ στάζοντα νόθον γάλαγος ὄμφακι μαζῶ.

<sup>928</sup> After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain: her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

<sup>943</sup> Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaïos in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura's newborn babe, carrying in her arms another's burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

<sup>948</sup> The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father's namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling "Euoi." Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien milk trickle of itself from

καί μιν Ἑλευσινίῃσι θεὰ παρακάτθετο Βάκχαις·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορείῃ 960  
 νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἀρτιτόκῃ δὲ  
 δαίμονι νυκτιχόρευτον ἐκούφισαν Ἀτθίδα πύκην·  
 καὶ θεὸν ἰλάσκειτο μεθ' υἷα Περσεφονείης,  
 καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παῖδα, θυηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῃ  
 ὀψιγόνῳ στήσαιτο καὶ ἀρχηγόνῃ Διονύσῳ,  
 καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεισμαράγησαν Ἰάκχῳ. 963  
 καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσῇσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθηναί·  
 καὶ χορὸν ὀψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολῖται  
 Ζαγρέα κυδαίοντες ἅμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.

Οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἑρώτων,  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὀλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνήσατο νύμφης· 970  
 καὶ Στέφαιον περίκυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης  
 μάρτυν εἰς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοιτα φιλοστεφάνων ὑμεναίων.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις πατρώιον αἰθέρα βαίνων 973  
 πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδιι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,  
 καὶ βροτέην μετὰ δαῖτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου  
 οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀρειοτέροισι κυπέλλοις,  
 σύνθροισι Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος υἷϊ Μαίης.

her unripe breast. The goddess gave him in trust to the Bacchantes of Eleusis ; the wives of Marathon wearing ivy tript around the boy Iacchos, and lifted the Attic torch in the nightly dances of the deity lately born. They honoured him as a god next after the son of Persephoneia, and after Semele's son ; they established sacrifices for Dionysos late born and Dionysos first born, and third they chanted a new hymn for Iacchos.<sup>a</sup> In these three celebrations Athens held high revel ; in the dance lately made, the Athenians beat the step in honour of Zagreus and Bromios and Iacchos all together.

<sup>969</sup> But Bacchos had not forgotten his Cydonian darling, no, he remembered still the bride once his, then lost, and he placed in Olympos the rounded crown of Ariadne passed away, a witness of his love, an everlasting proclaimer of garlanded wedding.

<sup>974</sup> Then the vinegod ascended into his father's heaven, and touched one table with the father who had brought him to birth ; after the banquets of mortals, after the wine once poured out, he quaffed heavenly nectar from nobler goblets, on a throne beside Apollo, at the hearth beside Maia's son.

<sup>a</sup> An Eleusinian deity, associated with Demeter and Core. It is to Nonnos's credit that he seems uncertain of the popular identification of this god with Bacchos-Dionysos.





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